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**THE**  
**I L I A D**  
**OF**  
**H O M E R.**  
**VOL. I.**

HISTE

THE  
ILIAD  
OF  
HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY  
JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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## PREFACE.



**THE** self-conceit, which is so disgusting in individuals, rises into a kind of virtue in nations. In the first, when not carefully concealed, it becomes an invariable mark of folly: In the latter, it is frequently an incentive to the more noble exertions of the human mind. Though the envy, which is almost inseparable from the nature of mankind, throws ever a cloud on the merit of their cotemporaries: There is scarce any people, that have not placed among their ancestors, persons who ascend in every human excellence, above the rest of the world. In the cabinet, in arms, in arts, in philosophy, in all the branches of literature; the petty state, as well as the potent empire, has, in its annals, a man who excels all other nations, and must not be equalled by his own.

In the department of poetry, there seems to be an exception from this general rule. The least impartial nations have contented themselves, with giving the second place, to the most favoured of their native

poets: And to allow the first seat to Homer. He has descended, through three thousand years, the almost undisputed monarch of verse: And mankind, who scarce ever agree in any thing else, have always vied with one another, to keep the laurel fresh, on his brows. The extinction of the numerous states of Greece, who were interested in his fame, affected, in nothing, his renown. Mankind adopted him for their own: And every polished nation seemed, as fond of his memory, as the seven petty cities, who, with so much warmth and so little efficacy, contended of old for his birth.

THE merit of Homer, though very great, was not the sole cause of this unrivalled despotism, which he has established, in the regions of poetry. The impenetrable cloud, which covered his life, contributed to his fame. The honour, which one state of Greece might acquire from his birth, would inevitably have lessened the veneration of the rest. Envy, the never-absent attendant of merit, would step in, and men would affect to despise, what added no reputation, in particular, to themselves. His silence concerning himself is a sort of proof, that he foresaw the benefit, which an uncertainty of this kind, might bring to his fame. His judicious flattery of all the states of

Greece induced them to join, in his praise: And prevented those local prejudices, against his person, which might make the Iliad itself to be coldly received.

THE Romans, though the greatest, the most imitative of all nations, received Homer, with his laurels, from the little communities of Greece, which their arms had subdued. Prudent in all their policy, they not only adopted the useful knowledge, but the very gods; and superstitions of their vassals. The conquests, which filled Rome with arts, filled also the vacant niches of their pantheon, with powers divine. When they deprived the conquered of their liberty, they flattered their vanity, by receiving their very prejudices: But by enriching themselves, with the literature of Greece, they destroyed that originality of composition, for which even their own native force and elegance have scarcely made amends. Unlimited in their admiration of Homer and the dramatic writers of Greece, even Virgil himself sunk into an imitator; and their drama, excepting a few pieces, which their uncommon elegance of language has preserved, vanished into that oblivion, which ought ever to be the fate of imitative composition.

HOMER, with all the weight of Greece and Rome, came down, through time, on

the nations of modern Europe. With a natural gratitude to those, to whom they owed their literature, they placed the ancients at the head of every branch of polite learning. Their merit deserved the distinction: And the implicit admiration, which is paid to their excellence, is the most certain means of continuing to them the superiority, which, it is to be feared, they still possess. A happy imitation, especially in the department of the Epopœa, seems to have been the utmost ambition of the moderns. Impressed in youth, with a high idea of Homer, they wished to make his beauties their own: And, with a weakness, inseparable from excessive admiration, they endeavoured to adorn their works, with his very errors. This is one other cause of the unrivalled pre-eminence, which that great writer still enjoys. A Poet, like Cæsar, ought to own no superior. The moment, he acts a secondary part, he sinks into a slave. His genius, as from resentment, deserts him, in all his efforts. His compositions become vapid and mean: And his very beauties, by being misplaced, offend the eye.

THE ancient critics have been a source of error to modern epic poets. Forming their rules of excellence of composition, on the works of Homer; to imitate him

## PREFACE.

and to write well, were thought the same thing. He was the great original, from which they drew; and though the copies were seldom strikingly like, they bore too great a resemblance, to entitle their authors to the first palm of fame. Though, in some parts, they might even excel, or at least equal their master: They were unhappy in the sum of their work. The purple patch appeared, on the tattered garment; and, instead of adorning it, rendered more conspicuous its meanness. The monster, which is mentioned by Horace, was too often realized in their compositions. The beauteous woman terminated frequently, in a hideous fish.

THE poets, who, imitating Homer, have attempted the Epic, seem all, excepting ONE, to be much more deficient in judgment than in fancy. When they loosed themselves, from the chariot wheels of this triumphant lord of the Epopœa, some of them shewed a strength and genius, which makes us regret, that they were marked out by destiny for slaves. The very high reputation of Homer, among the ancients, made him appear in the eyes of some of their best critics, as almost exempted from faults. They formed their rules upon his work: And, only through his medium, approached to Nature. The poet spread his warp, on the frame,

which the critic had made: And the chief excellence, at which he aimed, was the absence of daring transgressions, upon the established rules.

THIS minute attention to the laws established, upon the works of Homer, must have necessarily given birth to an imitation, which could never approach to the excellence of the original. The greatest genius, when employed merely in copying, must be unhinged: The fancy, which should animate genuine poetry, is curbed and depraved; and the judgment, which ought to preconcert the whole frame of a perfect work, becomes languid, from want of employment. The necessary consequence was, that though they never lost sight of their original, not one of them attained to even his most obvious excellences; the unity of action, and the preservation of character. In a few flights of poetry some of them, as has been already observed, have equalled, if not surpassed their master: But none of them seems previously to have measured, in his own mind, the ground over which he was to travel: Or to have graspt, in one thought, the whole fabric of his design. In composition they fail more than in language. The building has its beauties, if separately viewed: But the whole frame

comes forward, with monstrous disproportions, upon the eye.

THIS want of a comprehension of the whole fabric of their works, in the successors of Homer, must, in the nature of things, have left him unrivalled, in the epic walk. In vain a poet crowds his work, with beauteous imagery, or elevates it with diction, if propriety is wanting and that undeviating attention to composition, without which genuine taste is never pleased. If judgment draws not the outlines, Fancy's gaudy colouring may dazzle, but can never charm. The beauteous symmetry, which alone can engage the soul, is lost: A mass of bright confusion remains, which hurts the eye and fatigues the mind, To drop the metaphor: It is in composition, the most of modern poets have failed. Their works, for the most part, are a string of inequalities: Which they have, in vain, endeavoured to adorn with language. The distorted frame appears, through the clothing: And a reader of taste, with a degree of regret, is obliged to return to the ancients, for that satisfactory elegance, which the moderns, fail to afford.

BUT the chief cause, which still keeps Homer, on the throne of epic poetry, lies in the judgment of his composition, and in the masterly preservation of his charac-

ters. He seems to have comprehended, at one view, his whole subject, before he entered, upon his narration. He plunged not headlong into his work: Nor did he leave the great outlines of its conduct to chance. He saw, beforehand, the line, which he was to tread: But he seems to have trusted to the immediate resources of his genius, for the means of carrying him, through his journey. He advances, with apparent ease: Nor seems he ever to exert all his strength. He never deviates from his course, in search of ornament. He is not anxious about his language: Nor laborious, in his versification. When he is himself warmed, with his subject, his diction glows: Common transactions he expresses, in common words. He mixes the gravity of the historian with the dignity of the poet: And the orator's arguments, with his figures of rhetoric. When he deviates, from narration to simile, he brings forward Nature, rather characteristically, than adorned: And when he ascends to the sublime, he chuses to shine, with an assemblage of great ideas, rather than with picturesque attitudes of magnificent objects.

In sublimity of expression and language he may be equalled: In simplicity and ease, it is difficult to ascend to his sphere. In luxuriance of imagery, he is not intmi-

table: But in eloquence and precision, he, hitherto, stands unrivalled. Others may have arrived at the same point of excellence in representing natural objects, in glowing and striking colours: But in the strict justness of his pictures, to come up to his merit, is a task, that is hard. In his most sublime passages, you are convinced that he could, if he chose, rise higher still: And you ascribe his worst parts to a pardonable carelessness, rather than to a want of either judgment or genius. He, in short, joins the force of the orator to the liveliness of the poet: And his fancy, though very great, is still less than his good sense and judgment.

NOTWITHSTANDING excellencies, in which he remains unrivalled, even Homer has his faults. He is sometimes too minute and talkative: His language is unequal; and his periods, though seldom involved, become often languid, from their length. His battles, though varied, are too long: And from his dwelling so much on wounds, he seems to have had no aversion to blood. Though he seldom passes cruelty in the extreme, without some animadversion: The ferocity of his heroes raises not the most amiable idea of his own mind. His gods are frequently introduced, without a sufficient cause: And they seem, sometimes, to be employed

only to deliver the poet himself, from difficulties, into which he had inadvertently fallen.

AFTER raising our expectations, concerning his hero, to the highest pitch, he disappoints us, when he comes to the field, by the languor of a tedious single combat; which neither forwards the action, nor amuses, with its singularity and fancy. He is throughout evidently partial to Achilles, yet Hector has been ever the favourite of the reader. In raising the valour of his hero, he disgraces it, with the cowardice of his foe: And, for once, commits an outrage on character, by making Hector fly round the walls of Troy. In his general actions, we scarce have any complete view of the whole field. Achilles would seem to be the only person present, on the side of Greece, in the last battle: And this circumstance, by impressing on the whole, the idea of improbability, prevents his hero, from leaving on the mind of the reader, the very high opinion of his valour, which the poet evidently intended. But we ought to remember, that our Author was only a man: Had he committed no errors, we should cease to admire.

THE high reputation, which Homer brought down, from antiquity, rendered the less learned part of mankind, anxious

to know something of an original, so much admired. To gratify their curiosity, translations have repeatedly been made of his works, especially of the Iliad, into most of the languages of modern Europe. These versions were rather paraphrases, than faithful translations: Attempts to give the spirit of Homer, without the character and peculiarities of his poetry and diction. Few succeeded even in the line, which they had avowedly chosen: And those, who have displayed the most animation, strength, and elegance, have left a regret, in the minds of many, that they have not been more attentive to the magnificent simplicity, if the epithet may be used, of an original, which can never be characteristically expressed in the antithetical quaintness of modern fine writing.

THE fetters, which the prevailing taste of modern Europe, has imposed on poetry, may well be admitted, as an excuse, for a man of the best genius, for not succeeding in the characteristical simplicity of Homer. The same taste may likewise be permitted to seduce him into those modernized turns of language, which, however pleasing they may be in themselves, are utterly inconsistent, with the solemn gravity of an ancient epic poem. The best translators have not, in short, occupied the whole ground.

The simplicity, the gravity, the characteristic diction, and, perhaps, a great part of the dignity of Homer, are left untouched. They have rendered the father of poetry, in a great measure, their own: And, in stripping him of his ancient weeds, they have made him too much of a modern beau.

MEN of taste, who had long given into this opinion, communicated it, several years ago, to the present Translator. With a partiality to him, which, he fears, his abilities did not deserve, they pressed him to undertake a version of the Iliad; which might preserve the simplicity and retain as much as possible of the gravity and dignity of the original. He declined, for the time, the work: Both from its magnitude and from, perhaps, a well-founded opinion of his own want of powers. He even, he will candidly confess the truth, was afraid, that, notwithstanding the great force of Homer, he was too diffuse in his diction, and too minute in his circumstances, to bear a literal translation: Where vigour and elegance must necessarily be joined, with simplicity and dignity. They dropt their solicitations at his request: And he thought no more of the subject.

Not very long ago, a friend, for whose judgment and taste, the Translator

has a high respect, mentioned accidentally, in conversation, the desire, which he and others had before expressed, of seeing some parts of the Iliad, translated in the manner, in which the whole is now offered to the Public. To please him, more than from any hopes of success, the trial was made. He approved of the specimen: And the Translator, finding that he had been too rash, in his prior judgment of the diffusiveness of Homer, continued his version: And he hopes he is not so partial to himself, as to suppose without reason, that it may convey some new idea of the original to readers of real taste.

THOUGH nothing can be more disagreeable to the Translator, than even to mention either himself or his works, before the Public, he must beg their indulgence, for a moment. He will, he owns, be much disappointed, if his readers will take the following version for MERE PROSE. Though he has avoided, with great attention, to fall into the cadence of the English heroic verse, a fault scarce ever separated from poetical prose, he has measured the whole in his ear: Which he finds has been, in some degree, guided by the sound of the original Greek. To bring the eye of the reader to the assistance of his ear, where the

pointing does not occasion a stop, the fall of the cadence is frequently marked, with a short line.

NEXT to the giving, with undiminished force, the fire and vigour of his original, the Translator has studied simplicity of expression and smoothness of language. He has the vanity to think, that, with the expence of a little more time, than he has employed, in his present version, he might have been able to have presented the Iliad to the Public, in English blank verse. He preferred this mode, as presenting fewer fetters; and, he trusts, a greater variety of cadence and even more harmony of sound. To do all the justice, in his power, to his Author, as well, as to render his version useful to such, as may wish to study the original, through an English medium, he has translated the Greek **VERBATIM**: Even to a minute attention to the very arrangement of the words, where the different idioms of the two languages required not a freedom of expression, to preserve the strength and elegance of the thought. Almost all Homer's compound epithets are rendered into English; and his characteristical modes of expression are imitated, if not retained, throughout the translation.

THE Translator has not crowded his pages with notes: Nor swelled his work,

with critical dissertations. Homer, he apprehends, is sufficiently clear without the first; and the latter have been already exhausted, by other Writers. His opinion of his Author's genius, he has already conveyed: His thoughts, concerning his person and the age, in which he lived, are so singular in themselves, that, without a more minute examination of the subject, he shall not venture to lay them before the Public. The extent of his design has been, to give Homer as he really is: And to endeavour, as much as possible, to make him speak English, with his own dignified simplicity and energy. How far he has succeeded, he leaves to the candour and judgment of the impartial Public: Who, he hopes, will not attribute either to self-sufficiency or vanity, what he meant only for explanation.



THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK I.

**THE** wrath of the son of Peleus—O goddess of song, unfold! The deadly wrath of Achilles: To Greece the source of many woes! Which peopled the regions of death—with shades of heroes untimely slain: While pale they lay along the shore: Torn by beasts and birds of prey: But such was the will of Jove! Begin the verse, from the source of rage—between Achilles and the sovereign of men.

**WHO** of the gods was **HE**? Who kindled rage between the chiefs? **Who**, but the son of Latona and ligh-thundering Jove? **HE**—rouzed to wrath against the king—threw death and disease, among the host. The people perished before him. The son of Atreus had dishonoured his priest. White-haired, the aged Chryses came—to the swift ships of the Argive powers. He came to redeem his daughter. The high-prized ransom is borne before. In his hands is the wreath of the god—the golden scepter of

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far-shooting Phœbus. The aged suppliant, Greece addressed—but most addressed the sons of Atreus: 'The two leaders of the nations in war!'

"Sons of Atreus!" he said: "Other warriors of Achaia, hear! May the gods crown all your desires! May the deathless dwellers of heaven give ear—and grant to you, the city of Priam: With a safe return to your native land. But release my much-loved daughter. Receive her ransom from these hands. Revere the son of thundering Jove: Apollo, who shoots from afar!"

APPLAUDING Greece arose around. The holy man they all revered. They wished to take the splendid prize. But the soul of Agamemnon refused. HIM he dismissed with contempt—and thus added threats to his rage—"Take heed, old man, lest in my wrath—while here thou loiter'st—while hereafter thou presun'st to return. Take heed, I say, old man! Lest that scepter, that wreath of thy god—should not in ought avail. HER I will never release—till age her lovely form invades—within our lofty halls in Argos—far from her native land: While she runs o'er the web—and ascends the bed of her lord. Hence! Provoke me not—that safe thou may'st still retire." +

HE, frowning, spoke: The old man feared—and shrunk from his high commands. Sad, silent, slow, he took his way—along the wide-resounding main. Apart and distant from the host—he poured his mournful soul in prayer: He poured it forth to bowyer Phœbus—whom the long-haired Latona bore.

"HEAR, bearer of the splendid bow! Guardian of Chrysa, of Cilla, the divine! Thou that

oe'r Tenedos reign'st with fame ! O Smintheus, hear my prayer ! If ever with wreaths I adorned—O Phœbus ! thy beauteous fane : If ever thine altars smoked with offerings—from the flocks and herds of Chryses : If ME thou regardest in ought—O Phœbus, hear my Prayer ! Punish Greece for these tears of mine. Send thy deadly arrow abroad.”

HE praying spoke. Apollo heard. He descended from heaven, enraged in soul. On his shoulders his bow is hung : His quiver filled with deadly shafts : Which harshly rattled, as he strode in his wrath. Like Night he is borne along : Then darkly-sitting, apart from the host—he sends an arrow abroad. The bright bow emits a dreadful sound—as the shaft flies, unseen, from the string. Mules, first, the angry god invades ; Then fleetly-bounding dogs are slain : Soon, on the heroes themselves—the death-devoting arrow falls. The frequent piles are flaming to heaven. Nine days rush the shafts of the god. But when the tenth arose in light—Achilles called to council the host. A goddess raised the thought within : The white-armed spouse of thundering Jove. Her favoured Argives command her care : Whom devoted to death she beheld. When the host were all convened : Tall, in the midst, Achilles rose. They listened forward, as he spoke.

“ Now, son of Atreus, I now perceive—that fortune has left our side. Now, we must return, disgraced—should death permit us to return. A double rain invades the host. Disease has joined its rage to war. The times demand a sudden aid. Let us consult some holy seer—Some priest, some diviner of dreams : For dreams, they say, descend from Jove ! Let us

learn the source of our woes: The secret cause of Apollo's rage. Whether vows unpaid provoke his wrath. Or solemn sacrifice denied. Let us learn the cause of grief—and with chosen victims, avert the rage of the god."

HE spoke and sat. Old Calchas arose—the son of Thestor, best of seers! The present, future, and the past—lay pictured within his soul. He led the Argive fleet to Troy: Skilled in those prophet-arts, which great Apollo gave. With soul devoted to the host—the seer arose, and thus began:

"O ACHILLES, beloved of Jove! At thy command I will unfold—the dreadful wrath of Phœbus: The king who shoots from afar! I will lay open the cause of wrath: But THOU must plight thy faith and swear: With words, with deeds to protect the seer—whom thy high commands have raised. Much, son of Peleus, much I suspect—that the rage of a chief will arise: the rage of HIM who reigns o'er all: Whom Greece, o'er her nations, obeys. Dreadful is the wrath of a king—when roused on men of low degree: Though suppressed, for the day, it may rest—it grows in silence, in his breast—then bursts, with redoubled force. Pledge then thy faith, son of Peleus—to defend Calchas from harm."

"WITH boldness speak," Achilles said: "Speak all, reveal the fates! By great Apollo, beloved of Jove! By him to whom thy vows were paid—when Greece was lightened by thy prophetic voice: By him I swear, that NONE: While yet I view this heaven's fair light—or tread this earth below: Of all the Argives NONE—shall dare to stretch his hand to Calchas: Should he even accuse Atreus' son: Who

boasts, o'er our armies, the supreme command."

CONFIRMED in soul, the prophet spoke;  
 "Nor for vows unpaid rages Apollo: Nor  
 solemn sacrifice denied. His wrath flames for  
 his priest—dishonoured by Agamemnon. The  
 king refused to release his daughter: The splen-  
 did price of her freedom refused. From this  
 arose our sorrows past—for this they shall still  
 arise—from him, who shoots from afar! Nor  
 shall his deadly hand be removed; till to her  
 father's aged arms—the king shall restore the  
 black-eyed maid. Till he shall restore her,  
 unbought, without ransom—and send an offer-  
 ing to Chrysa. Then the God, perhaps, may  
 deign—to incline his ear to our prayers."

HE scarce had spoke, when Atrides arose:  
 The far-commanding Agamemnon, Troubled  
 the hero arose: Darkness involved his wrathful  
 soul, as it swelled. His eyes seemed two sud-  
 denly kindled flames. Sidelong he first looked  
 fiercely on Calchas—"Prophet of disasters!"  
 he said: "Thy voice has ever been ungrateful  
 to ME. In mischief delights thy soul: In  
 omens of dire portent. Good never issued  
 from thy words: No virtuous deed arose from  
 thy hands. Now, foreboding wanted ill—thou  
 raisest thy voice amid the host. The god, who  
 shoots from afar—so Calchas wills! builds woes  
 on woes—as I refused the price of freedom—for  
 the daughter of aged Chryses; As I have re-  
 tained in my arms—Chryseis of dark eyes!  
 For her I hold more dear to my soul—than  
 Clytemnestra's glowing charms: The virgin  
 spouse of my youth. Nor to the queen yields  
 the maid of Chrysa—in stature, in face, in soul,  
 in female arts. But loved as she is, let her go  
 hence; If hence to go is best for Greece. I

chuse rather my people should live—than thus to perish before my sight. But straight prepare some prize for ME: That I, alone, of the Greeks, may not want: A state ill-suiting to your king. Straight prepare some prize for ME: Mine, you see, for the army is lost.”

To him the mighty Achilles replied: “Vain-glorious son of Atreus! Thou lover of spoil above all! Who, of the Argive host—shall yield to THEE his prize? No common hoard of booty is ours: The spoil of cities is divided to all. Nor becomes it the host to resign—the well-earned price of toil. But send thou the maid to the god. Thy loss shall be thrice repaid, by the Argives: Should Jove submit the high-walled Troy—a reward to our many toils.”

“DECEIVE thee not!” said the king: “Though brave thou art, and like a god: Deceive not thyself Achilles—ME thou shalt neither prevent nor persuade. Would'st THOU, great as THOU art! Would'st THOU retain thy spoils—and bid the king sit down deprived? Dost THOU command to restore the maid? And restored the maid shall BE: But Greece shall give a prize to me—or suiting to my mind, or equal to my loss. Should Greece refuse, I will right myself. I will take THY prize, even THINE: Or that of Ajax, or that of great Ulysses. HE, to whom I shall come, shall tremblingly obey. Of this, hereafter. Another care demands our thoughts. Launch the dark ship to the main: With skilful rowers man her sides. Within, place an offering for Phœbus: Let the fair daughter of Chryses ascend. Some chief shall command the ship: Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, or the noble Ulysses: Or even THOU, son of Peleus! Thou the most dreadful

of men! shalt, with sacred rites, appease—the god, who shodst from afar!”

ROLLING his wrathful eyes on the king— Achilles thus replied: Ha! lost to shame! as studious of paltry gain! Who of the Argives unjust as thou art! Who henceforth shall obey thy commands? Who shall move afar at thy nod? Who here face thy foes in fight? Nor have I come to war with Troy: To slay her gallant sons! THEY never injured Achilles: Never drove away his herds—never seized his warlike steeds. They trod not the harvests of Phthia—fertile in fruits and valiant men. Many are the shady mountains that lie between. Many the hoarse-resounding waves! THEE, O lost to decency and shame! THEE we have followed to gladden THY soul: To punish the Trojans, for thy brother—and for THEE, thou last of men! But on thee our favours are lost. No value thou hast placed on our toil. To be ungrateful thou art unjust. Even now thou threatenest to take my prize. The prize, for which I laboured in bloody fields! The prize which applauding Greece bestowed. Nor shared I ever equal with thee: When the populous towns of the Trojans—lay smoking beneath our swords. The greater portion of fight is mine. The shock of battle falls most on my hands. But when the division of plunder comes—the largest portion is thine. Content with my scanty lot—I silently retire to my ships—and feel, o'er my limbs, the fatigues of war. These I shall feel no more! This instant, I return to Phthia: And point my dark ships to my native land. Nor, if my soul deceive me not—while I am gone, or here dishonoured re-

main—will the mighty son of Atreus—add much to his hoard of spoil.”

“FLY then,” replied the king, “if such thy desire to fly. Thee I request not to remain. Defer not thy return for me. Others will honour Agamemnon: But chief he relies on prescient Jove. To me thou art hateful the most—of kings descended from the gods. Strife is grateful to thy soul. In wars, in battles, thy sole delight. If brave thou art—the gift is from God, and not thine. Go—return to thy native land. Launch thy ships. Man them with thy friends. Go, return. Reign o’er thy Myrmidons in Phthia. Thee I detain not. I disdain thine aid: And know thou, from my threats—how little I value thy rage. Since then Apollo demands Chryseis: HER I will return, in MY ship, and with MY friends. HER I will return: But I myself will come. I will come to thy very tent—and seize the fair Briséis: Thy loved Briséis, thy valued prize—and take her to my arms: That the proud Achilles may know—how much my power transcends his own: That others, trembling, may avoid—to match themselves with the king of men.”

DARK in the breast of Achilles—grief, blended with wrath, arose. His soul hung in troubled suspence—within his bosom, heaving with rage: Whether, rushing through the chiefs—to transfix the king, with his sword: Or to appease the furies within—and allay the rising storm. Whilst thus he weighed a doubt in his soul; his hand, unconscious, half-drew the blade. Sudden from heaven, Minerva came—sent by the white-armed spouse of Jove: For both the chiefs were her equal care. Behind Achilles she stood. She seized him by the yellow hair: To him alone

disclosed; by other eyes unseen. Starting, he turned round with awe. He knew the daughter of Jove: For the dreadful glory of her eyes was displayed. Her he suddenly addressed:

“DAUGHTER of Ægis-bearing Jove! Why comest thou thus to my sight? Is it to behold my wrongs—from the unjust son of Atreus? But this to thee I avow—the firm resolve of my soul: That suddenly his life shall pay—for the wounds which his pride has made.”

“I COME, replied the blue-eyed maid, “from heaven I come to appease thy rage—should'st thou attend to my voice. From the white-armed spouse of Jove, I come: For both the chiefs are her equal care. But thou allay thy swelling soul—nor unsheath that sword, with thy hand. Abstain from death, son of Peleus! And give a loose to words. For this to thee I foretel: and what Pallas foretels is fate: That thrice shall be repaid, with splendid gifts—the loss which thy wrongs sustain. But THOU, allay thy swelling soul. Restrain thyself. Obey the gods.”

“It is but just,” said Achilles, “O goddess! to hear thy words. It becomes ME to obey. Though wrath flames o'er all my soul. It is best to obey: For to him, who listens to the gods—the gods will incline their ear.”

“THUS, as he spoke, with his broad hand—he pressed the silver head of his sword—and returned the huge blade in the sheath:—Observant of the words of Minerva. She arose, from view, to heaven—to the halls of Ægis-bearing Jove: And sat among the gods. Achilles again resumed his rage: He poured these bitter words on Atrides:

“THOU, given to debauch and riot! Fierce as the bound in looks—but timid in heart as

the hind!—When didst thou arm, with thy people, in open war?—When aid, in ambush, the chiefs of Argos?—Battle suits not thy soul—Danger is death in thine eyes. 'Tis safer to be unjust than to fight: To rob the army, than to plunder the foe. O people-devouring king! A tyrant only from knowing thy slaves! Else this thy injustice had been thy last. But here I pledge my faith—and bind, with an oath, my solemn vow. By this scepter, I swear—which never more shall bear, or blossom, or branch: Which never shall flourish more: Since on the mountains, it has been torn from its tree—Since round it the steel has moved—and shorn it of its leaf and rind. I swear, by this scepter—which the kings of Argos bear: A sacred ensign of power! A mark, that the laws are protected by Jove! By this scepter, I say, I swear—and great and binding is the oath! That when the loss of Achilles shall be felt by all: When thy feeble arm shall fail: When grief shall overwhelm thy soul—when dreadful Hector shall riot in blood and death: That THOU, with bitter anguish torn—shalt, when too late, lament—that thus thou hast presumed to dishonour—the bravest of the Argive powers.”

THUS spoke the son of Peleus: On the ground he threw his scepter—distinct with studs of gold. In sullen silence he sat. On the other side, the son of Atreus raged. To them arose the soft-voiced Nestor—the pleasing speaker of sandy Pylos: While slow from his lips—words sweeter than honey flowed. Two ages had passed o'er the chief. Twice had mankind shrunk to death from his side—in the beauteous limits of Pylos. Now o'er the third race he reigned.

“O GODS!” the aged chief began: “What mighty woe invades our land! How would Priam rejoice! how his sons! how all our foes exult in their souls! Should ever the news of your strife—ascend o’er the walls of Troy! But listen to the voice of Nestor: The years of both are much fewer than mine. To other chiefs I once was known: To braver chiefs than you, though brave. I was known in early youth, to kings; and then they listened to my voice. Such heroes I never beheld: And never shall those eyes behold: As Perithous great in fight—Dryas the leader of armies—Ceneus afar renowned—Polyphemus the divine—and Theseus like the immortal gods. These were the bravest of earth-born men: The bravest these, and with the bravest fought: When, driven from their shaggy hills—the Centaurs fell by their swords. To these in youth I was known—remote from Pylos, far from my native land. By these called forth to war—I fought proportioned to my strength: For who of those, that now tread the earth—could equal such heroes in fight?”

“YET my advice the heroes heard. They always listened to my voice. Listen then, O chiefs! and obey: For to obey is best for both. Nor thou, though like the gods in power—tear the loved maid from his arms: But let his prize remain;—as first the sons of Greece bestowed. Nor thou, O son of Peleus—contend in rage, with Agamemnon: As never equal honours before—fell to the lot of sceptre-bearing king: Whom Jove delights to cover with glory round. If thou excellest him in fight: If of a goddess thou art born: HE is greater far in power, and over many reigns. THOU, son of Atreus, allay thy wrath. It suits thy place and years. But I will

Illes—to lay his rage aside. I will  
 Illes—the great bulwark of Greece,  
 war!”

“Are thy words, O aged chief!” The  
 son of Menæchus then began: “Wise are thy words,  
 O chief! and suited to the times. Yet this man  
 would be placed above ALL—would ALL com-  
 mand, would reign o’er ALL—of ALL the tyrant  
 would be! But mankind, if right I judge—will  
 scarce ever yield to his power. What! if the  
 gods, who always live—have made him brave  
 and great in war—have they therefore permitted  
 Achilles—to throw reproach on his king?”

INTERRUPTING, the hero spoke: “Timid I  
 ought to be called: Of spirit destitute and vile;  
 —should I yield in ALL to thee. Reign o’er other  
 slaves: Presume not ME to command: Sure of  
 being never obeyed. Another thing I will tell  
 thee—and thou record it in thy soul! For a  
 WOMAN, these hands shall never fight: With  
 thee nor with thy foes. Come, seize Briseïs:  
 Ye Argives take the prize ye gave! But be-  
 ware of other spoil—which lies stowed in my  
 ships on the shore. I WILL NOT be plundered  
 farther. If otherwise thy thoughts, Atrides!  
 come in arms, a trial make: And these very  
 slaves of thine—shall behold thy blood pouring  
 around my spear.”

THE contending chiefs, frowning, arose: And  
 the council dissolved at the hollow ships. Achil-  
 les moved to his tents. The son of Menœtius  
 attends, with a faithful train. But the king  
 launched a ship to the deep: with twenty rowers  
 manned her sides—and stowed within a holy of-  
 fering to Phœbus. Then he led forth Chriseïs—  
 in the glow of her radiant charms. HER he  
 placed aloft on the deck: Which Ulysses, as

commander, ascends. The sails are spread to the wind. They rush through the watry way. The son of Atreus commands. They purify the heaven-infected host. The lustration is made in his presence. The ablutions are thrown in the main. They offer to far-shooting Apollo a perfect sacrifice of bulls and goats: Along the shore of the sterile main. The savour ascends to heaven—involving in curling smoke.

THUS THEY through the host of Greece: Nor Agamemnon forgot his strife—nor threatened vengeance on Achilles. Eurybates and Talthybius he called—the sacred heralds and servants of his commands: “Go to the tent of the son of Peleus: Bring hither, by the beauteous hand—the blushing daughter of aged Brises. Should the chief refuse the maid—tell him, that I myself will come: That I will come, with many in arms—and join disgrace to his haughty rage.”

THUS speaking, he sent them forth: Adding harsh words to his high commands. Unwilling the heralds took their way—along the shore of the sterile main. They came, at length, to the tents—the hollow ships of the son of Peleus. Him they found sitting alone—near the stern of his own dark ship. Nor when they came in view—rejoiced Achilles in soul. They, trembling, at distance stood—revering the awful presence of the king. Silent they stood, nor spoke—the high commands of their lord. He knew their message in his soul—and mildly thus began:

“HAIL, sacred heralds! Hail messengers of Jove as of men: Approach. I blame you not: Agamemnon I only blame—who sent you, for the daughter of Brises. But thou arise, Patroclus divine! Arise! Bring forth the maid: Give her to these—let them bear her hence, to their lord. But let these also witness for ME—

before the gods that live in bliss: Before men devoted to death—before their inhuman king! I never more will lend mine aid: Nor from others avert the storm. He surely rages in pernicious counsels: He views not the present with the past—to judge of the future from both—to save the host of the Argives—when at this fleet they engage, in fight.”

PATROCLUS, as the hero spoke—obeyed his friend beloved. He led forth from her tent Brisëis—in the glow of her charms—and to the heralds gave her hand. They returned to the ships of Greece. The maid, unwilling, moved slowly along. Weeping, the hero distant sat—in sadness apart from his friends: On the shore of the foamy main he sat—bending on dark Ocean his eyes. Much to his mother he prayed—stretching his broad hand o’er the wave.

“O MOTHER Thetis,” he said, “since short of life thy son was born: His span should have been crowded, with honours—by high-thundering Jove. But my fame he regards not in aught: Nor pays my loss of years with renown. Insulted I am by Atrides—by far-commanding Agamemnon: who holds the prize he seized—and profits from my wrongs.”

DISSOLVED in tears, the hero spoke. His mother heard the voice of her son: As she sat in the depth of Ocean, by her aged sire. Sudden, and like a mist—she rose from the foamy sea. Sitting confessed before him—she seized his hand as he wept—and soothed, with tender words, his grief: “Why weepest thou, my son? What sorrow hath invaded thy soul? Speak, conceal not aught from Thetis. Let her share in the woes of her son.”

DEEPLY sighing Achilles replied—"Thou knowest all: Why should I repeat my woes? We moved against the high-walled Thebè—the sacred city of great Eëtion. It sunk beneath our arms. To these shores its rich spoils were borne—and shared among the Argive host. The lovely daughter of Chryses—was chosen by great Atrides. Chryses came to the fleet: The priest of far-shooting Phœbus. He came to redeem his daughter. The high-prized ransom is borne before. In his hand is the wreath of the god—the golden crown of the far-shooting king. The aged suppliant Greece addressed: But most addressed the sons of Atreus—the two leaders of the nations in war."

"APPLAUDING the host arose around. The holy man they revered—and wished to take the splendid gifts for the maid. But the soul of Agamemnon refused. The priest he dismissed—and added threats to his rage. In wrath the hoary seer retired. Apollo heard his suppliant voice: For beloved by the god was the seer. He sent a deadly arrow abroad. Heaps on heaps, the people died. Wide flew the shafts of Apollo—through the Argive host. A holy prophet then arose. He declared the will of the god: And I, the first, advised the chiefs—to appease the far-shooting Phœbus. Wrath seized the soul of Atrides. Sudden he arose with threats: And what he threatened performed. In a dark ship to Chrysa—the black-eyed Argives sent the maid: They have sent her with offerings to the king—whose arrows fly from afar—And now, this instant, from my tent—the sacred heralds have borne Briseis: The lovely prize which the Argives gave."

“**BUT THOU**, if such thy power, assist: **O** Thetis, assist thy son. Ascend to heaven: **A** suppliant become to Jove: If ever **THOU**, with word or deed—hast aided the first of the gods. Often have I heard thee, with pride—boasting in the halls of Peleus—that **THOU** alone, of all the immortal powers: That thou alone avertedst disgrace—from the storm-ruling offspring of Saturn: When Juno, Neptune, and blue-eyed Pallas—with other dwellers of heaven, conspired—to throw the father of gods in chains. But **THOU**, with timely aid, **O** goddess!—cam’st to the relief of Jove. To lofty Olympus, at thy voice—the hundred-handed giant rose—Briareus named by the gods—by mortal men the dreadful *Ægeon*. He, surpassing his father in strength—sat proud of the honour, on the right-hand of Jove. The shuddering gods shrunk away from his eyes. They gave their designs to the wind.—To this recal the mind of Jove. Bend before him. Seize his knees. Let him aid the Trojan arms: Let Argos leave the field to her foes;—and, closed between the sword and the main—enjoy o’er heaps of dead, her king. Let the son of Atreus his folly behold—the far-commanding Agamemnon his error lament; that **HE** has not honoured in aught—the first of the Argives in arms.”

“**ALAS**, my son!” said Thetis, bursting into tears. “Alas! why have I bred thee to grief? Why brought thee forth devoted to woe? Would! thou had’st remained at thy ships—unbathed in tears, remote from war: Since short is thy portion of life: Since the gloomy point of thy departure is near. But now death approaches apace: and sorrow fills the space between. **Alas!** to what an untoward fate—

have I born a son in our halls ! But I, my son, will ascend ;—and bear thy words to the thunder-delighted Jove. I will ascend the snow-crowned Olympus : And he, perhaps, will incline his ear. But THOU, in sullen silence sit. Indulge at thy ships, thy wrath : And wholly abstain from war. Jove, yesterday, to Ocean went—to feast with the blameless Æthiopians afar. The Gods have followed their king : On the twelfth day, they return to their skies. Then will I ascend to Olympus : To the golden halls of high-thundering Jove. I will embrace his knees, for Achilles. My suit, I deem, will prevail with the god.”

SHE ended and failed on the sight. Him she left wrathful in soul—for the loss of the graceful maid—just torn by force from his arms.—Now had Ulysses arrived at Chrysa—bearing the sacred offering to Phœbus. Entering the deep port with the ship—they furled the sails and stowed them away. The mast is removed from its place. The slackened cordage sounds as it falls. With oars they drive her to her place. The anchor is thrown : The cable is tied to the shore. They issue forth on the strand : Displaying the sacred hecatomb—to Apollo, who shoots from afar. Last from the sea-dividing ship—descended the daughter of Chryses. To the altar, Ulysses led the maid. He placed her in the hands of her sire : And, thus the chief began :

“ O CHRYSER ! I come from the Argives—hither sent by the king of men—to bear thy daughter to thee : A sacred hecatomb to Phœbus : To sacrifice for the army—to appease the wrath of the god : Who poured his bitterest woes on the Argives.”

THUS speaking, he gave the maid. With joy the aged took his daughter beloved. Sudden THEY around the altar—the splendid offerings in order displayed. Their hands they washed—and raised aloft the sacred flour before the god. Chryses reared his voice in prayer—with hands stretched forth to the skies :

“HEAR, bearer of the silver bow ! Guardian of Chrysa and Cilla, the divine ! THOU who reignest over Tenedos—attend to the voice of Chryses. THOU, heretofore, hast heard my voice : Thou hast honoured thy aged priest : And, whelmed the Argive host in woes. Hear me, far-shooting Phœbus !—Listen again to my prayer !—Remove this dreadful plague away—from the Argives assembled in arms.”

THUS praying, spoke the aged priest : Apollo listened and forgave. The rest raised their voice to the god : And, on the offering they strewed the flour. Then turning back the necks of the victims—they slay and flea them, before the god. The thighs cut off they double all—wrapt twice in a caul of fat : And, on these, the choicest morsels, in order, they laid. Chryses placed them on the fire. He poured, o'er the offering, the ruddy wine. Near him stood the Argive youths—and held the pronged spits in their hands. But when the fire had consumed the thighs—the sacred entrails were tasted by all. The rest in pieces minutely cut—were transfix'd with the spits—and roasted against the flame. Then ceasing from their toil, they sat down. They feasted before the altar of Phœbus : Each mind content with the allotted share. When thirst and hunger were both removed—the youths crowned their goblets with wine. The bowl is handed round to all. With songs they

appease the god. Holy Pæans from morn to night, ascend. With song they praise the far-shooting king. He hears from heaven, and is pleased as he hears.

WHEN the sun sunk from sight in the West : When darkness arose o'er the world—they lay, near their ship, on the shore : Till the daughter of morning—the rosy-fingered Aurora appeared. Then, loosing at once from the strand, they hastened to divide the waves—to the wide camp of the Argive powers. A favouring gale sprang from heaven—sent by Apollo, who shoots afar. They raise aloft the mast. The white sail is spread to the breeze : And bellying, bears forward the ship. The dark wave, divided in foam—hoarsely sounds as the vessel moves. she rushes along the billows—shortening her course, as she yields to the winds. But when they came to the wide camp of Argos—they dragged the dark vessel ashore : And, on long rollers, placed her high on the sand. Then, dispersing each to his place—they are lost, through the ships and tents.

THE son of Jove-descended Peleus—Achilles, sat, retired in his ships in grief—indulging the wrath of his soul. Nor in council is the warrior seen : Nor in assemblies which cover men with renown. In battle he fights no more. He sits, moping, and wastes his soul. Yet, in secret, he sighs for the field : He longs for battle and the tumult of arms.

Now when the twelfth day arose in light—the deathless gods, return to the skies. They return to lofty Olympus—preceded by Jove in his might. Nor Thetis forgot her son. She rose from the wave of the main. Early she mounts the heavens—the broad top of snow-clad

Olympus. There, sitting apart from the gods—she found the far-resounding Jove. He sat on the highest point of Olympus, whose hundred summits ascend to the skies. Suppliant she stood before him. With her left hand she seized the knees of the god—with her right, held his sacred beard.

“O FATHER, Jove,” she thus began, “if ever among the immortal gods, with word, with deed I aided thee : O hear and grant my prayer. Honour her son, for Thetis. Give in glory, what in years is denied. Disgraced as he is by the king of men, by Agamemnon wronged; who holds the prize he seized, and profits from his crimes!—Honour thou her son for Thetis—king of Olympus, first in wisdom, Jove!—Honour the injured Achilles. Give victory to Troy, till Greece shall make amends for his wrongs, and add glory to his renown.”

SHE spoke : Nor aught replied, the ruler of tempests, Jove. Dark in silence long he sat. Thetis holding his knees, still hung on the God : And thus again renewed her prayer.—“Now promise,” she said—“refuse or grant my request. Fear dwells not in the breast of Jove. Speak—let me know, how little honoured is Thetis—among the gods.”

PROFOUNDLY sighing from his breast, the cloud-compelling Jove replied: “Ha! what destructive request is this? Thus to involve me in strife with Juno—To draw a torrent of reproach on mine ear? For she, in the presence of the immortal gods, ever contends rashly with Jove—and says that in battle I favour Troy. But depart from hence, lest here thou shouldst meet her eyes. Depart: To grant thy request is mine.—But first behold!—With my

sacred nod, I confirm thy faith: The certain sign, among the gods, of the unchanging decrees of Jove—For what I grant, with my sacred head, shall never be recalled. The promise deceives not—nor shall it be left unperformed.”

He said; and with his dark, shaggy brows, the son of Saturn nodded above. His sacred locks flew streaming round the immortal head of the king: And broad Olympus shook to its base. This done: From the splendid skies the goddess plunged in the deep profound. Jove returned to his heavenly halls. The gods at once, rose from their seats, before him: And moved toward the approach of their sire. None durst, sitting, await his approach—They all stood forward, with awe, as he came. Thus Jove ascended his throne. Nor unconscious of his promise was Juno: For, at his knees, she had seen the silver-footed daughter of aged Nereus. With reproaches, she thus began to Jove the ruler of storms:

“Who was that a suppliant before thee—O artful manager of all? Who was that of the gods, who now thy counsels partakes? Thou ever delightest, apart from me to plan thy secret designs: Nor ever, willing, to mine ears, did Jove his counsels convey.”

To her replied the father of gods and of men: “Hope not thou, O Juno, to know all my great designs. The weight were too heavy for thee;—though thou art the spouse of Jove. But what suits thy powers to know; nor god, nor man shall sooner hear. But what apart from the gods, I darkly conceive within my soul—Nor thou search, O Juno! nor narrowly enquire.”

MAJESTIC Juno then replied, turning her large eyes on Jove—“Severe son of Saturn!

What words have escaped, from thy lips? When did I question Jove before? When search into his high designs? Undisturbed thou plannest them all—whatever seems good to thy soul. But now my fears arise; lest thy councils are led astray—by the silver-footed Thetis, the daughter of aged Nereus. Early she sat before thy feet; holding thy knees in her embrace. Thou hast granted, much I dread—thou hast granted her request—to honour enraged Achilles—to slay the Greeks along the shore.”

To her in wrath replied, the tempest-collecting Jove. “Ha! ever suspicious!—restless pryer into all my designs! yet thou never shalt profit aught—But become more ungrateful to my soul;—A thought to be dreaded by Juno. If, what thou suspectest is true—me it pleases, and it shall be done. Sit thou, in silence, in thy place—Obey the commands of Jove. Should I approach thee, in my wrath, not all the gods on Olympus shall stop my rage—when I shall throw upon thee, these invincible hands.”

THIS he spoke in his wrath—Shuddering the goddess sat down; and rolled, in awful silence, her large majestic eyes. Her heart shrinks in her breast—and, through the halls of Jove, the dwellers of heaven are heard to sigh. Vulcan arose in the midst, and thus the artist renowned, began—soothing his mother beloved, soothing Juno graceful, with snow-white arms:

“WHAT dreadful deeds are these?—Or how in heaven to be borne? If thus ye contend for mortal men: and kindle tumult among the gods? The joys of the feast will fly away; as the gloom of contest prevails. But thee I advise, O mother!—though Juno needs not the

advice of her son—thee I advise to obey the commands of our father Jove—lest his wrath should again disturb the feast of the gods. Should the high thunderer of Olympus incline, —from our seats he may hurl us all—for than all he is far greater in power. But thou soothe him, with relenting voice—and the ruler of heaven will smile again on the gods.”

HE said; and rising before them, placed the double bowl in the hands of Juno: and thus addressed his mother beloved:—“Bear with the god, my mother—bear with patience, though sad in thy son. Let not these eyes behold thee, dear as thou art, beneath the wrathful hand of Jove—when I cannot aid a parent, though grieving for her fate. For dreadful is the king of heaven! who can resist his wrath? When, heretofore, I strove to aid thee—seized by the foot, he threw me from the threshold divine. All day, borne down through the air; on Lemnos I fell with the setting sun. Little remained of my soul; when the Sintiars received me below.”

He said. The white-armed goddess smiled; and, smiling, received the bowl. He—beginning at the right—bore round the nectar to all the gods; and, from the urns, replenished the bowl. Loud laughter arose among the blest—as eager Vulcan served all, in the halls of Jove. Thus they, through the day, to the setting sun, sat feasting, replete with joy. Nor wanting was the lovely harp, which Apollo held in his hand: While the alternate muses sung, with enchanting voice. But when the splendid light of the sun had failed, each retired to his halls to rest. Each to his halls retired, built by Vulcan, renowned in arts. To his own lofty bed ascends,

the high-thunderer of heaven, Jove : Where he was wont to recline, when pleasing sleep invaded his lids. There, ascending, lay the god. The golden-throned Juno lay, by his side.

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THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK II.

THE other gods are sunk in sleep. Men resign the night to repose. But pleasing slumber rested not—on the eye-lids of wakeful Jove. He anxiously revolved in his mind ; how soonest he could honour Achilles, and slay the Greeks along the shore. At length it seemed best to his soul—to send a deluding dream to Atrides. He called the shade to his presence ; and thus, with winged words, began :

“HENCE—go, disastrous dream—to the swift ships of Achaia, go. Enter the tent of Agamemnon. Pour, with care, my commands in his ear. Bid him to arm the long-haired Greeks;—to call all his force to the field:—For now into his hands must fall, the wide-streeted city of Troy. Dissention has ceased among the gods. The immortal dwellers of heaven are agreed. Juno has bent all to her side:—O'er the Trojans disasters impend.”

He spoke. Obedient to his voice, the shade descended through night. He lighted, sudden, amid the ships. He held his dark way to Atrides. The king in his tent he found reclined, with pleasing sleep involved around. Bent o'er his head the phantom stood, in form like the son of Neleus;—like Nestor—whom among the aged, Agamemnon honoured the most.—Resembling the chief in his form, thus spoke the dream divine:

“SLEEPS the son of warlike Atreus? Dwells the breaker of steeds in rest?—It ill-fits a chief in high command—to slumber the night away. Him it ill-fits the night to sleep—to whom nations are given, in charge: And o'er whose bosom hover so many cares. But now incline thy soul to me. I am the messenger of Jove; who though from thee so far remote, employs for Greece his heavenly care, and pities thy untoward fate. He commands thee to arm the long-haired Greeks:—To call all thy force to the field:—For now into thy hands must fall the wide-streeted city of Troy. Dissention has ceased among the gods. The immortal dwellers of heaven are agreed. Juno has bent all to her side: O'er the Trojans disasters impend from Jove. But thou, retain this in thy soul—

nor let oblivion prevail, when pleasing sleep shall desert thine eyes."

THIS saying the phantom mixed with night. He left the king revolving, in soul, things never to be fulfilled. He vainly thought, that on that day, Priam's ample city should fall. Imprudent man! unconscious of Jove's design's!—for he prepared, through bloody fields, to cover both Greece and Troy, with mighty woes. The hero started from sleep. The voice divine still involves him around. He sits erect; and round him draws a slender vest, both beauteous and new; and on his broad shoulders the regal mantle throws. The stately buskins are bound on his feet. The silver-studded sword hangs loose, by his side. His hand grasps the scepter of Atreus—the immortal gift of a line of kings.

Now Aurora ascends broad Olympus—displaying light to the gods and to Jove. Atreides came to the ships, and sent his loud-voiced heralds abroad;—to call the long-haired Greeks to council—along the wide-resounding shore. The voice of the heralds is heard. The warriors pour from every side. In the ship of Nestor the senate sate;—an awful council of magnanimous kings. To them assembled in state, arose the far-commanding Agamemnon.

"LISTEN, my friends" he said "a dream divine came, through night, to mine eyes. A shade stood dimly before me, like Nestor in form—in stature—in gait. He hovered a while o'er my head: And poured these words in mine ears.—Sleeps the son of warlike Atreus? Dwells the breaker of steeds in rest? It ill-fits a chief in high command to slumber the night away. Him it ill-fits to sleep the night—to

whom nations are given in charge: And o'er whose bosom hover so many cares!—But thou incline to me thy soul. I am the messenger of Jove; who, though from thee so far remote, employs for Greece his heavenly care; and pities thy distress. He commands thee to arm the long-haired Greeks:—To call all thy force to the field;—for now into thy hands must fall, the wide-streeted city of Troy. Dissension has ceased among the gods. The immortal dwellers of heaven are agreed. Juno has bent all to her side:—O'er the Trojans disasters impend from Jove. But thou retain this in thy soul.—Thus saying the shade failed on my sight: And pleasing sleep deserted mine eyes. But let us consult the means—O chiefs!—to rouse the host to arms. First, I will try their spirit with art—and bid them to turn their ships to their native land. Be yours with soothing words to exhort them here to remain.”

THIS having said, the hero sat. To them the aged Nestor arose; the grey-haired monarch of sandy Pylos. With prudence, as was wont, he began:—“O friends!—Ye leaders and sovereigns of Greece!—Had any other, among the host, brought to our councils a dream:—We might have called it deceit, and spurned him from our side. But the heavenly vision came to the chief—who boasts, o'er the army, the supreme command. Haste then, O warriors!—Rouse the sons of Greece to arms.”

HE said, and moved onward as he spoke. At once the Senate arose: And all the sceptre-bearing kings obeyed the leader of armies. The people came pouring abroad:—As when, from the cleft of a rock—issue forth whole nations of bees. Successive the swarms came abroad: And

fly, in clusters, over the vernal flowers. Now this, now that way, they move: Various murmurs fill the valleys around. Thus, from their tents and ships, the many nations of Greece come abroad, Successive, in troops, they move, to council—along the wide shore of the main. Fame in the midst appears—the messenger of Jove inflames their souls, and urges them to proceed. The huge assembly grows apace:—Earth groans as the nations sit down. Clamour and tumult spread around. Nine heralds aloud for silence call, and bid the host to attend to the kings—the sacred children of thundering Jove.

SCARCE had the nations sat down:—Scarce ceased the murmur along their lines; when Agamemnon rose in the midst, holding his scepter in his hand. The sceptre, which the labour of Vulcan formed;—which Vulcan gave to the sovereign of heaven, Jove;—Jove presented it to Hermes;—far-ruling Hermes to Pelops, the breaker of steeds. Pelops the sacred gift resigned, to the shepherd of nations, Atreus. Atreus bequeathed it to Thyestes, rich in flocks and herds. From him it fell to Agamemnon, to rule Greece and her thousand isles. On this the hero leaned his hand; and thus addressed his feigned words to the host:

“ O FRIENDS ! O heroes of Greece !—Fierce followers of Mars in arms ! sore am I smote in my fame—by the hand of Saturnian Jove. He cruel, heretofore, his promise gave; that, after the fall of high-walled Troy—I should return home with renown. But now he deceives all my hopes. He sends me dishonoured to Argos;—after losing my people in war. But such is the heavenly will of almighty Jove;—who many proud cities has bent to the dust—who many

hereafter will bend:—For he is unrivaled in power!—Our tale shall be recorded with shame, that such an army of Greeks warred in vain:—That with so few in number they fought—yet found no happy period to toil. Should the Trojans and Greeks agree—to strike a truce, to number their hosts:—Should the Trojans be numbered each one:—And we the Greeks be ranked by tens. Should our decades sit down to the feast—and to each, a son of Troy pour the wine;—many decades a cup-bearer would want;—So much out-numbered by our host, are the warriors, who dwell in Troy. But then the aids of Troy are near—wielding their spears from an hundred states. These break my measures all: Aid prop the well-peopled town from its fall. Nine years of great Jove are rolled away. The timbers of our ships are decayed. The cordage falls torn from the mast. Our wives, our children sit in grief. They languish for our return, in their halls. But our designs unfinished remain:—The work for which we came from afar. Then hasten all. Obey my words:—Obey the pressure of the times. Let us fly in our ships, to the loved shore of our native land:—For never shall we take, in arms, the wide-streeted city of Troy.”

He spoke. The souls of the crowd are moved; the minds of all, who knew not the King's design. O'er its lines the assembly heaves:—Like the huge billows of the Icarian main:—When the east and south come by turns on the deep—loud-rushing from the clouds of their father Jove. Or as when the western wind—collecting all its force from above, descends at once on a wide field of corn—bearing forward the yellow ears:—So to one side the assembly leaned. They rush with loud shouts to the fleet. The

rouzed dust is gathered behind their steps. They urge one another with words—to fit the ships—to launch them into the main. The canals are cleared away:— On their rollers the vessels move; and the noise of the departing host, to heaven itself ascends. Then had the Greeks returned to their land—against the will of fate and Jove: If Juno had not addressed to Minerva, sudden words like these :

O INVINCIBLE daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove!—Shall thus the Argives return to the loved shore of their native land?—Shall they thus return, o'er the wide bosom of the main? Shall they leave such glory to Priam?—Or Argive Helen to the warriors of Troy?—Shall they leave HER, in whose cause so many heroes fell?—So many fell before these walls—So far remote from their native home? But thou to the sons of Greece descend.—Retain each with thy soothing words:—Nor suffer their many-oared ships to cleave the foamy main.”

SHE spoke. The blue-eyed daughter of Jove obeyed. Rouzed from the tops of high Olympus, she suddenly descends to the swift ships of the Grecian powers. Ulysses, equal in prudence to Jove, she found standing—sullen—alone. Nor he his dark ship had launched to the main;—for grief had invaded the hero's soul. Near him stood the blue-eyed Minerva, and thus addressed the chief:

“ O GENEROUS son of Laërtes!—Ulysses, most prudent of men!—Thus do ye fly, sons of Greece—to the loved shore of your native land? Thus do ye fly, in your many-oared ships, along the heaving seas? Shall ye leave such glory to Priam? Or Argive Helen to the warriors of Troy?—Shall ye leave Helen, in whose cause so many heroes fell?—So many fell before Troy—so far

remote from their native home? But thou to the sons of Greece repair. Retain each with thy soothing words:—Nor suffer their many-oared ships to cleave the foamy main.”

SHE said. The hero knew the voice of the speaking power. He hastened his steps along. He threw his royal mantle on earth. Eurybates, the herald, received the cloak; as he trod in the path of his native king. The son of Atreus he met, as he strode; and received, from his hands, the sceptre—the immortal gift of the hero’s race. With the sceptre he rushed to the ships; and as he met, or king or chief, he thus detained him, with soothing words:

“O BEST of men!—It suits thee ill, to tremble like the timid in soul. But thou thyself remain;—and with thy courage detain the host. To thee is still unknown the secret soul of the great Atrides. He now but sounds—hereafter he will punish the Greeks. His firm resolves, in council, have not yet come to all our ears. Beware:—Lest in his wrath he plunge the host in ills;—for dreadful is the wrath of the king—the sacred offspring of thundering Jove. His glory he derives from Jove;—and much he is loved by the prescient father of gods.”

BUT when any of the people he saw—kindling sedition with noise. Him with his sceptre he smote; and reproached with bitter words.—“Rest quiet—thou wretch,” he said—“of others hear the voice. Listen to thy betters, slave—unfit for aught but sedition and noise. Thou little esteemed in council—unequal to the toils of the field!—Here we all must not reign as kings. The command of the many is never good in war. Let one prince—one leader rule all; one monarch, to whom the great son of Saturn,

gives his scepter—his laws to govern mankind.”

Thus he, as commander, appeased the host. To the council they rush again from the tents and ships, and fill with loud tumult the shore:—As when the billows of the resounding main roll large, on some echoing coast, and ocean murmurs o'er all its waves. The rest took their seats on the plain. Silence deepened o'er all their lines. Thersites alone is babbling heard, distinguished for reproaches and noise:—A shameless railer against all—but most against the kings of men. A promoter of laughter among the Greeks:—The vilest figure that came to Troy. Clump-footed, lame of one leg, with mountain-shoulders, contracted breast. Above, his long, lean head arose, spread with a few torn, ragged hairs. The foe professed of great Achilles—of Ulysses the mortal foe. On them he was wont to vent the rage—which now he turns on the noble Atrides. He—shrilly loud—poured forth abuse: Incensed the Argives heard his voice; and felt it trembling through their indignant souls. But thus the loud brawler began, and threw reproach on the king of men:

“WHY complain'st thou, son of Atreus? Whence are thy new demands? Thy tents are filled with heaps of gold—thy tents with chosen women are thronged; whom we, the Greeks, bestow on thee, the first; when we take a town with our arms. Still dost thou thirst for gold; Would'st thou, that some father may descend from Troy—with a rich ransom for a son—whom, either I shall bring thee bound—or some other warrior of Greece?—Or is some buxom maid thy choice, with whom the king may mix in love?—Whom, apart in his tents, he may by force detain?—It fits thee ill—it ill becomes a

prince—who boasts command o'er all—to cover his host with wrongs. O cowards! disgrace to men! Greek women! not Argive warriors!—Let us return home, in our ships. Let us leave our monarch here. Let him waste his wealth before Troy. Let him by experience learn;—whether we have aided in aught, or he owes to himself his spoil. With the Greeks he affronts Achilles—than himself a much braver man:—Even now, the plundered prize he holds—which the warrior had obtained by his arms. But no spirit dwells in the breast of Achilles, His sluggish soul feels no disgrace;—Else, thy first injustice, Atrides, would have been thy last.”

THUS reproachful spoke Thersites—to Agamemnon, the shepherd of nations. Sudden, arose, by his side, Ulysses descended from Jove, Sternly eyeing the slave, the hero harshly spoke:—“Loquacious Thersites,” he said—“Thou brawling counsellor, forbear!—Nor singly thus presume to strive, with kings, the children of Jove. Not such another wretch, I deem, followed the sons of Atreus to Troy. Pollute not kings with thy breath. Involve not their names in words like thine. Throw no reproach on the chiefs:—Presume not to talk of return. Not even dimly yet we see, what fate on the Greeks attends: Whether with glory or disgrace, we shall re-visit our native land. Yet thou sittest, throwing reproach on Agamemnon—on Atrides, the leader of armies;—because the heroes of Greece have loaded their king with spoil:—Because he derives not aught from thee, but invective and foul reproach. But this I tell thee slave, and what I tell shall be performed:—If I, hereafter, shall find Thersites, thus babbling amid the host: May the head of Ulysses,

on his shoulders, cease to remain; may I cease to be called the father of Telemachus;—if, seizing thee—I strip thee not,—leaving thee bare to the winds, and send thee, weeping, to the ships—torn with stripes and derided by all.”

THE hero spoke, and, with his scepter, struck the mountain-back of the slave. He writhed himself beneath the blow. The big tears came rolling down: And the bloody tumour, sudden, arose, under the scepter of gold. He sat and looked timid around. Sadness hung on his rueful face: And from his red eye he wiped the tear. The host, though sad, laughed o'er the slave, and thus each to his neighbour spoke:—“Ye gods! What good has sprung from Ulysses—in council great, and renowned in war!—But this his best deed, among the host—to humble a babbler, and to silence a slave. His fierce soul shall excite the wretch no more—to throw reproach and dishonour on kings.”

WORDS like these moved o'er the host. The destroyer of cities, Ulysses, arose. In his hand is his scepter of gold:—And, near, stood the blue-eyed Minerva. She, in a herald's sacred form, commands silence, along the lines;—that his words might extend to all;—that all might listen to the voice of the chief. The king, with wonted prudence, began:

“O son of Atreus!” he said, “unhappy leader of Greece in Arms!—Thee thy people wish to dishonour:—To the world to expose thy shame. Their promises are all forgot—their faith, plighted in Argos, betrayed;—that thou shouldst return with renown, from the fall of the high-walled Troy. Like tender infants, they weep;—like deserted widows they mourn;

and, o'er the host, languish all for their native land ! True ! it is hard indeed—much afflicting to the soul to remain. Even he, who but for a month, far-distant, is detained from his spouse, bears ill his untoward fate. In sadness he sits by his ship, which the wintry winds confine ; and the roused wrath of the troubled main. But to us the ninth year is rolling round, since, on this shore, we lay in arms :—Nor, therefore, blame I the Greeks, who long to point their ships to their native home.”

“ YET here so long to remain, and disappointed to return, would cover Greece, with lasting disgrace. Bear for a while, O friends, with patience bear a short delay. Let us know whether Calchas foretold the truth ;—or whether in all failed the holy secr. You all can witness bear, you whom the fates have spared, on the Trojan shore : That when the Argive ships assembled in Aulis, bearing death to Priam and Troy—we round a sacred fountain stood. To the gods the holy altars flamed. A perfect offering is paid to heaven, under the broad shade of a beauteous plane ; from whose deep root flowed a limpid stream. Sudden a prodigy appeared !—A serpent, distinct with spots of blood—horrid to the eyes to behold— which Jove himself had sent to light. Issuing forth from the altars foot, the roused omen rolled on to the plane. Involving the trunk he rose aloft—to where beneath the topmost branch, and hid by the leaves, eight sparrows, unfledged, a nest possessed ;—the mother, the ninth, who had hatched the young. These, as they chirped, the serpent devoured. The mourning mother flew fluttering around ;—and her, though aloud she screamed, the monster

seized by the wing. But after the serpent had all devoured: Himself a wonder became, beneath the hand of the god, who produced the dire portent. For the great son of Saturn converted the monster to stone. Gazing we stood silent around, and wondered at the change;—for, in the midst of our holy vows, the dreadful omens of the gods had appeared.”

“CALCHAS suddenly arose; and thus spoke the holy seer:—“Why mute stand the chiefs around?—Why in silence the long-haired Greeks?—This great portent is from heaven;—the awful signal of prescient Jove. This omen so late, portends a far-distant event, whose glory shall never die:—For as the serpent eight sparrows devoured, and the mother the ninth, who had hatched the young;—so nine years shall we war with Troy:—On the tenth the wide-streeted town shall fall, before our arms.—So spoke the holy seer; and his words shall be soon fulfilled. Remain, therefore, sons of Greece—on these shores a while remain: Till the lofty city of Priam shall tumble beneath our swords.”

Thus spoke the prudent chief. Applause burst aloud from the nations around. The ships echo back the dreadful noise: As Greece is shouting, o'er all her tribes. In the midst, the aged Nestor arose:—And thus began the breaker of steeds.

Just gods!” said the grey-haired king, —“How like to children we speak? Like infants, on whose young thoughts, never hover the cares of war? Say, how have vanished all our vows? Whither fled are the oaths we made?—Mixed with the winds are our resolves?—The leaguers with solemn rites con-

firmed?—The plighted faith that binds mankind?—In vain debates we waste the time; nor find any resource in words. But thou, son of Atreus, as heretofore—thou, confirmed in thy resolves, lead forth the warriors of Argos: Preside in the bloody conflicts of war. Should one or more the battle forego, permit them to repine unmarked: Should they, apart from Greece combine—to return to distant Argos: their vain designs must not succeed; till all shall know, whether true or false, was the sacred promise of Ægis-bearing Jove. This I affirm, and all must know,—that, on that day, when Greece ascended her ships,—bearing ruin and death to Troy; full on the right was heard the thunder of Jove; and his auspicious signs came abroad on the winds. Let none, therefore, wish to return—till each ascend the bed of some Trojan dame;—till the rape and sorrow of Helen are both revenged. Should any still languish for his home—let him launch his dark ship to the main; and meet, before others, the fate, which he longs to shun. But thou, O king, weigh all in thy soul;—and listen to my words: Nor to be neglected by thee, is the counsel, which Nestor unfolds. Divide the warriors into tribes;—by nations divide the host: That nation its nation may aid—and tribe, its tribe sustain. This shouldst thou perform, son of Atreus, and shouldst the Greeks in all obey: To thee will soon be known, O king! who of the chiefs from battle shrinks, who of the soldiers is brave:—For each, distinct in his place, will engage. To thee also it shall be known—whether the gods prop Troy in its fall: Or whether the lofty city stands—for want of courage and skill in the foe.”

To him replied the king of men: "In council, O chief, thou excellest all, in speaking well, the warriors of Greece. O would to father Jove—to Pallas—to far-shooting Phœbus—that ten in wisdom like Nestor, were found in the Grecian host:—Soon would the city of Priam fall; and smoke in long ruins beneath our swords. But me hath Ægis-bearing Jove covered over with many woes. He has plunged me in vain debates;—in contests overwhelmed my soul. With Achilles I strove for a captive maid: And I was the first, whose resentment arose. But should we hereafter, join as friends: Delay of ruin would no longer remain to Troy. But hasten all to a short repast: That all may be ready for war. Let each well sharpen his lance:—Let each prepare his shield:—Let each feed well his swift-footed steeds:—Each mindful of battle, his flying car explore:—That all prepared for the dreadful strife, may waste the whole day in the field. There shall be no respite hereafter from battle—no moment of rest from blood—till night descending in clouds, restrains the fury of men. The breast-plate on each breast shall sweat:—The shield grow weighty on each arm:—Each hand, fatigued, shall grasp the spear. At the bright car the steed shall sweat; and drag it slowly o'er the slain. But whoever, apart, shall decline the fight, and hide his terror within the ships on the shore;—him the death he avoids shall meet;—nor shall his body escape from dogs nor from birds of prey."

Thus spoke the son of Atreus. Greece shouted o'er all her tribes:—Loud as the heaving wave, on the abrupt shore of the main—when the South, coming forth in its strength, rolls it.

large on opposing rocks:—Rocks, which the billows never leave—from whatever quarter of heaven, the winds arise. The host arose; they rushed from the plain, and spread through all the ships. Through the tents they kindle fires—and all take a short repast. Each to some power some offering burns, some ever-living god adores; and by prayer hopes to escape death and all the dangers of war. A bull is sacrificed by the king of men: Fat, five years old, a sacred offering to all-powerful Jove. The leaders of Greece he called. Nestor the first, then Idomeneus ruling afar. The two Ajaces came: The son of Tydeus renowned in arms;—and the sixth, Ulysses, equal in wisdom to Jove. Unasked, at the feast, appeared, Menelaus, unconquered in war. He knew his brother from his soul;—and how the hero toiled in his cause.

THE warriors stand around the bull. They lift the sacred barley with awe. In the midst Agamemnon arose, and, praying, thus began:—“O Jove, first in glory! greatest being! high ruler of storms!—O dweller of heaven, Jove! Let not the sun descend, nor darkness grow over the world—till I shall throw to the earth, the proud towers of the aged Priam—’Till with hostile fires, I consume the gates of devoted Troy:—’Till I break with this spear, the mail that folds round Hector’s martial breast;—’till many of his people, prone on earth, shall bite, in death, the ground.”

THUS spoke the hero aloud: Nor Jove then granted his prayer:—But his offering the god received and swelled before him the toils of war. When all had prayed to resistless Jove; on the offering the barley they strewed. Bending back the neck of the victim, they slay and flea him

before the god. The thighs cut off, they doubled all—wrapt twice in a caul of fat; and on these the choicest morsels in order they laid. Split wood, shorn of the leaf, formed the fire—on which the holy offering flamed; and, o'er the whole, on skewers fixed, the sacred entrails they held. But when the fire had consumed the thighs:—The entrails are tasted by all. The rest, in pieces minutely cut, are transfix'd, with spits, and roasted before the flame. Then ceasing from their toil, they sat down, to the treat; nor wanting was aught to the soul of the equal joys of the feast. When thirst and hunger were both removed; the aged monarch of Pylos arose.

“ATRIDES, first in renown! Agamemnon, sovereign of heroes!—Let us here no farther waste the time: No longer delay the glorious work—which Jove has left on our swords. Send forth the heralds to the host—to the sons of Argos with brazen mails. Send them forth to convene our people before us:—Let ourselves, in a body, move, to rouse fierce battle o'er all the lines.”

THUS spoke the breaker of steeds. The king of men his words obeyed. The loud-tongued heralds are ordered forth; to call the long-haired Greeks to arms. At once they raised their warning voice. The host grew suddenly around. The kings, who, with Atrides, strode—the sacred children of thundering Jove;—moved each, in haste, to his tribe; and formed them, distinct, on the field. In the midst rushed the blue-eyed Minerva, holding forth, in her hand, her dreadful shield:—The precious, undecaying, immortal Ægis of Jove. A hundred fringes of gold hung round its orb—each valued at a hundred

beeves: And this she held forth, as she moved, rousing the Greeks to arms. Courage kindled o'er all their souls, urging them forward to battle and blood. To them war more pleasing became, than to return, in their hollow ships—to the loved shore of their native land.

As when devouring fire, through some vast forest resounds: The mountain's huge brow is wrapt in flame: And the dismal splendour is seen afar, through the night. So, as they moved—from their gorgeous arms, beams forth to heaven a dreadful light. As when many tribes of flying birds, of geese, of cranes, of long-necked swans, hover o'er the plain of Asius—round the roaring streams of Cayster. This way and that, exulting in their pinions, they fly:—With the noise of those, who settle before the rest—from side to side, the whole valley resounds. Thus, from the tents and ships, issued the many nations of Greece in arms, and poured wide o'er the fields of Scamander. Under their steps—beneath their steeds—the earth emits a dreadful sound. On the broad fields of Scamander, they stood, in number equal to leaves and flowers—which shoot forth in the vernal year.

As a thousand tribes of swarming flies, wander in the season of spring, through the shepherd's cot—when the milk overflows the pails:—So stood in the field, against the Trojans, the long-haired nations of Greece—breathing destruction and death. As goat herds distinguish their own, when numerous flocks together are mixed as they rove over the pastures and wilds:—So the leaders distinguished their tribes; and formed them, as they moved to the foe. Amid the host is seen Agamemnon—in mien, in sta-

ture like Jove—when he hurls the red bolt with joy. In size like Mars in arms, like Neptune in firmness of soul. Conspicuous amid the host—as a bull, who, far in beauty excells the rest;—and o'er the gathered herd extends his command. So stately had Jove made Atrides, on that day;—conspicuous amid the many, and illustrious among the heroes.

UNFOLD to me, O muses!—bright dwellers of heaven's high halls!—for ye are powers divine—ye are present to all, and all things know. Report only came down to our ears. In darkness we wander below. Unfold to me, the leaders of Greece—the chiefs who led the armies to war. The multitude I could neither number nor name, though ten tongues and ten mouths were mine;—were I gifted with a voice unknown to yield—were lungs of brass placed within my breast. Unless the celestial muses, the daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove—shall recount the powers who came to the high walled Troy. The leaders all I shall name; and the ships, which followed each, o'er the main.

THE Bœotians were led by Peneleus—by Leitus great in arms. Arcisilaus was joined in command; Prothoënor and Clonius renowned. The youth, who Hyria possessed;—who dwelt in Aulis of many rocks;—who Thespia and Græa held—who Mycalessus with spacious fields;—who inhabited the far-famed Harma;—Elesion and rich Erythræ:—who Eleon and woody Hylë possessed, Peteon, Ocalea, and Medeon's high-built towers;—who dwelt in Copæ, in Eutresis, in Thisbe abounding with doves, in Coronea on its lake—in Haliartus of pastures green. Those who held the fair Plataea—who Glissa renowned for vines. Those

who dwelt in Hypothæbæ, within its well-built walls; who sacred Onchestus held—the beautiful grove of the god of the main. The youth, who inhabited Arnè, abounding with luxuriant grapes;—who dwelt in Midea—in Nissa the divine, and in the sea-washed Anthedon—on the utmost bounds of the land. With these fifty ships sailed to Troy; in each ship twice sixty youths of Bœotia came.

THE warriors, who dwelt in Asplèdon, in Orchomenus, surrounded with plains, obeyed the voice of Ascalaphus and Iälmenus, the sons of Mars. These the fair Astyochè bore, in the house of the son of Azis:—A blushing virgin, when she ascended to rest, in the upper halls of her father, Actor. Mars came on her charms by night;—and mixed, with the maid, in secret love. Thirty hollow vessels followed the chiefs, along the bosom of the main.

THE Phocians to the strife of arms, Epistrophus and Schedius led—the sons of the great Iphitus, unknown to yield in war. Those who Cyparyssus possessed—who dwelt, on Pytho's rocky shore—who holy Crissa—who Daulis held—who Panopæa, surveying the plain. Those, who Anemoria inhabit—who round Hyampolis plow the soil;—the warriors, thro' whose fields, the noble Cephissus strays. The youths, who dwelt in Lilæa, round the cold source of the sacred stream. Forty dark ships, o'er the deep, bore all to the Trojan shore. The chiefs, rushing along the lines, placed in array the Phœcean bands. Next to the Bœotians they stood; and, on the left, they shone in arms.

THE Locrians are led by Ajax, the swift-footed race of Oileus. Less in stature, in battle less, than Telamon's warlike son. Small in

his size, the hero wore of linen quilted a corslet slight ;—But, in skill to launch the spear the first of all the Greeks in war. Those, who sea-beat Cynus plowed,—who Opoens—who Calliarus held. Those, who shrubby Bessa possessed,—Scarphe and the pleasant Augæa ; those, who in Tarphe, in Thronius dwelt,—round the rushing streams of the roaring Boægrius ;—All, in forty dark ships, followed Ajax from distant Locris ;—Locris beyond the limits of the sacred Eubœa.

Those, who dwelt in the wide Eubœa—the Abantes breathing strength in war ;—who lived in Chalisc, Eretria held, and Hestizea abounding in vines. Those, who Cerinthus along the main—who the lofty towers of Dia possessed. Those, who proud Carystus held and the high walls of the neighbouring Styra. Their leader was great Elephenor ;—branch of Mars himself in arms ; Elephenor the son of Chalcedon, king of the Abantes unequalled in war. Him the swift Abantes followed to Troy—combing their long hair behind :—Warriors, skilled, with protended spears, to break the corslets on the breasts of the foe. In forty dark ships, they followed their chief, along the billowy main.

THE warriors, who proud Athens possessed ;—the stately city of great Erechtheus ; whom blue-eyed Pallas reared, the daughter of thundering Jove. Him the sacred earth brought forth. Minerva placed him, in high-built Athens, in the court of her splendid fane. Where, with the blood of bulls and lambs, the sons of Athens appease the power, when the stated time comes around, with the revolving years. O'er these presides Menestheus the son

of Peteus;—the first of mortal men to array the field;—whether with warlike steeds, or brazen-shielded men. Nestor alone strove with the chief—with all the art derived from years. He fifty dark ships, from his native land, led to the Trojan shore.—Ajax, from Salamis, twelve ships brought, before the winds. His warriors he ranged on the shore—where the phalanx of Athens formed.

THE youth who resided in Argos—in Tiryntha with walls unscaled—in Hermion in rocky Asine placed both on the deep bay of the main. Those, who high Træzènè possessed;—the land-locked Eïönæ,—Epidaurus planted with vines. Those, who held the sea-surrounded Ægina, the warriors of Greece, who dwelt at Masëta, obeyed the son of Tydeus—Diomedes, unequalled in arms. Sthenelus they also obeyed, the loved son of renowned Capanëus. Third in command is Euryalus, a hero equal in form to the gods: The offspring of Megisteus, the son of great Talaïon. But Diomedes commanded o'er all. He led eighty ships to the Trojan shores.

THOSE who possessed Mycænæ, renowned for lofty towers. Those who dwelt in the opulent Corinth, and within the well-built walls of Cleōne. Those who Ornia held—Arethyrîa's pleasing vales; and the far-famed Sicyon, where Adrastus held the sceptre of old. Those who Hyperesia possessed and Genoëssa exposed to the winds: Who fleecy Pellena held, who o'er the plains of Ægium guided the plow:—The dwellers of the coast of the main, round the wide bounds of Helicè. O'er all their hundred ships, Agamemnon held the chief command;—the king of men—the son

of Atreus—the breaker of steeds. He o'er the bosom of the main, led the most, the bravest troops. Tall in the midst he stood, clothed around with splendid steel—exulting in his fame; and beaming the brightest forth, of all the heroes of Greece: For he the greatest was of all, and led the greatest force to Troy.

THOSE who Lacedæmon, surrounded with mountains, possessed. Those who Phares—who Sparta held, and Messa, abounding with doves. Those who in Brysia dwelt—in Augiæ of pleasing vales;—who held the quiet Amyclæ, and Helos on the shore of the main. Those who Laïs possessed, who round Oëtylos had fixed their seats—were led to war by Menelaus, the valiant brother of the great Agamemnon. In sixty ships they came over the main: and armed apart, from the rest. The chief moves quick along their lines, confiding in his daring soul; and urging his people to war. Much the king wished, in his mind, to revenge the rape of Helen and her sighs in a foreign land.

THOSE who led the plough in Pylos, and, on the pleasing banks of Arène; those who dwelt in Thryon, by the fords of Alpheus; and within the walls of the lofty Æpy. Those who Cyparissè possessed;—the fertile fields of Amphigeneia. Those who held Pteleon, stream-washed Helos and Dorion, along the main. There the muses Thomyris found; and deprived the proud Thracian of the powers of song; as he returned from Oechalia—from Eurytus, Oechalia's king. He vainly boasted, that HE could obtain the prize—should the muses contend in song—the tuneful daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove! In rage they deprived the boaster of

sight;—silenced his voice divine; and made his hands forget the art of touching the harp.—O'er all aged Nestor presides, leading ninety hollow ships through the main.

THOSE who Arcadia possessed, beneath the shaggy brows of the high Cyllènè; near the tomb of the great Æpytus—where heroes strive in arms for the prize. Those who dwelt in Pheneus—in Orchomenus of many flocks;—in Ripè—in lowly Stratiè—in Enispè, exposed to the winds:—Who fair Tegèa possessed and Mantinea's lovely fields;—who the woody Stymphalus held and high Parrhasia, crowned with snows:—Over them reigned the son of Ancrus, the king of heroes, Agapënor. Sixty ships bore his people to war: Many were the warriors who ascended each ship;—skilled in the bloody strife of the field. The king of men the vessels gave, to bear them across the dark-blue deep:—For the knowledge of Ocean employed not aught of their care!

THOSE who dwelt in Buprasion, within the walls of the noble Elis—the fields, which Hyminè bound—the distant-far Myrsinus—the rugged rocks of Olènos, and the plains, watered by the roaring Alysion:—These, four chiefs led to war, and ten vessels obeyed each chief, filled with the warlike Epèi. Amphimachus was the first in command, the son of great Cteätus: The next was warlike Thalpius, the race of Eurytus divine; the third was the brave Diöres, Amarynces' valiant son;—and the fourth was Polyxënus, equal to the gods in form; Polyxënus, the son of Agasthenes, descended of a line of kings.

THOSE who came from Dulichium—from Echinades, sacred isles!—which lie surrounded

by ocean, opposed to the sea-washed shores of Elis. O'er the warriors presided Megeſ, equal to Mars in arms:—Megeſ, whom Phyleus begot, a chief beloved by mighty Jove;—who, flying the wrath of his father, in Dulichium had fixed his abode. Twice twenty dark ſhips, from his iſles, followed the dauntleſſ chief to Troy.

ULYSSES next led to war, the Cephaleſians, undaunted in ſoul— thoſe who Ithaca poſſeſſed, and Neritus, covered with woods;— Thoſe who Crocylea held and Ægilipa, rugged with rocks; who in green Zacynthus lived—who, in Samos, waſhed round with waves;—who dwelt in Epirus and plowed the fields on the ſhores oppoſed. O'er theſe the great Ulyſſes reigned, equal in wiſdom to Jove. With him twelve veſſels came to Troy, cleaving, with red beaks, the foaming ſeas.

THOAS, the ſon of Andraemon, o'er the Ætolians extended his ſway. Thoſe who dwelt in Pleuron—in Olenos—in high Pylène—in Chalcis along the ocean—in Calydon, rugged with rocks;—for now no longer beheld the light, the magnanimous ſons of mighty Oeneus. The chief himſelf was now no more: Dead was the yellow-haired Meleager. The ſcepter deſcended to Thoas, to lead the Ætolians to war. In forty dark ſhips, they followed their chief, along the heaving ſeas.

THE Cretans are led to battle, by Idomeneus, renowned at the ſpear. Thoſe who Cnoſſus poſſeſſed—Gortyna, well-surrounded with walls:— thoſe who dwelt in Lyctus,—in Miletus—in white Lycuſtus ſeen from afar:— Who held the high-walled Phœſtus,—who Rhytion's well-inhabited town:— And all the other warriors of Crete, from her hundred cities ſent forth to

arms. O'er these great Idomeneus reigned;  
and Meriones, equal to Mars, the destroyer of  
heroes in war! In eighty ships they plowed  
the ocean, to the hostile shores of Troy.

**TLEPOLEMUS**; the race of Hercules—brave  
in battle and great in arms, nine ships led to  
Troy, with magnanimous Rhodians filled.  
Those who dwelt in Rhodes, distinguished in  
nations three:—Who held Lindus—Lallyssus,  
and white Camirus, beheld from afar. Their  
leader in arms was Tlepolemus, renowned at the  
spear. Him to the strength of Hercules, the  
lovely Astyochæa bore;—led off by the chief  
from Ephyra—from Sellè's resounding stream:  
When he laid waste many cities of heroes, de-  
scended from thundering Jove. When Tlepo-  
lemus grew up, in the stately hall—his father's  
uncle he, unwittingly, slew: Licymnius now  
whitened with years—a branch of Mars him-  
self in arms! Sudden he launched his ships;  
and, collecting a martial train, o'er the dark  
ocean took his way; flying afar, from the threat-  
ened rage of his father's house. To bright  
Rhodes, the wanderer came, with tempests  
tossed and worn with toil. In three tribes they  
possessed the land; high-favoured of Jove, who  
reigns over gods and men!—On them the  
great son of Saturn showered wealth, from his  
cloud of gold.

**NIREUS** from Syma of waves, three equal  
vessels led;—Nireus the son of Aglaia and of  
great Charopus;—Nireus, the most lovely that  
came to Troy of all the Argive race—in  
form, in beauty the next to the blameless son of  
Pelens. But his hand was cold in war, and  
few were in his train.

**THOSE** who possessed Nissyru—**who Cra-**

C.

pathus and lofty Casus;—those who dwelt in Cos, the city of great Eurypylus—and in rocky Calydnæ, surrounded by the waves. O'er these the brave Phidippus, with Antiphus bore command; and their thirty dark ships rushed in order along the main.

Now, daughters of Jove, relate the force of Pelasgic Argos:—Those who Alos possessed—who dwelt in Alopè and low Trachina:—Those who Phthia held and Hellas of lovely maids. Myrmidons—Hellenians—Achaians the warriors were called; and their fifty ships were led, by the great Achilles. But they remembered dreadful battle no more;—for there was none to arrange in order their lines. At his ships lay the swift son of Peleus, brooding o'er his rage for the maid;—the beauteous daughter of Brises, with the heavy locks!—Her from Lynnessus he took, bearing much of the toils of war;—when he laid waste the town of her fathers, and levelled the walls of the sacred Thebè:—When Mynetus fell by his sword and Epistrophus, unequalled in arms—the sons of the great Evenus, descended from a line of kings. He, mourning, lay, retired, for the maid;—but soon to be roused to battle and blood!

Those who Phylace possessed—who Pyrrhasus covered with flowers;—who the sacred grove of Ceres, and Itöna, the mother of flocks. Those who held Antron, along the main, and Pteleon for ever green;—obeyed the brave Protesilaüs, while yet the hero lived: But now the dark earth detained, from battle, the chief! His spouse, tearing both her fair cheeks with her hands—in Phylacè is left alone;—while half-finished his house, neglected, stands. Him

a Trojan warrior slew, as he leaped—far the first of the Greeks, on the shore. Nor without a leader are seen his troops, though much they mourned their leader slain. The lines are formed by Podárceſ, equal to Mars in arms; the ſon of Phylacian Iphícľuſ, rich in flockſ and herds;—the much loved brother of Proteſilaüſ, of ſoul undaunted in war:—His younger brother, for in years, in battle excelled, the hero Proteſilaüſ.—Nor yet a leader wanted the troops;—though much they mourned their leader ſlain!

THOSE who ſteamy Phëræ poſſeſſed, by Bæbè's beauteouſ lake:—Thoſe who Bæbè—who Glaphyræ held, and the well built towerſ of Iölcöſ:—All, in eleven ſhipſ, obeyed the loved ſon of Admetuſ—the warlike Eumeluſ, whom the firſt of women, Alceſtiſ bore;—Alceſtiſ, of the daughterſ of Peliaſ, by far the lovelieſt in form.

THOSE who dwelt in Methöne,—in Thaumacia's fertile fieldſ;—who Melibæa poſſeſſed and Olyzon, rugged with rockſ;—in ſeven dark ſhipſ were led to war, by Philoctèteſ, ſkilled at the bow. Fifty rowers had aſcended each ſhip, famed to wing the arrow in fight. But HE lay, in the lonely iſle—torn with pain and broke with grief;—in ſacred Lemnoſ thé hero lay, deſerted by the warriorſ of Greece:—Labouring under the wound, which the dreadful ſerpent made. There he lay in hiſ grief; but ſoon, at their ſhipſ remembered, the ſonſ of Argoſ ſhall the king recall. Nor without a leader, hiſ troopſ are ſeen: Though much they regret their hapleſſ chief. Medon formſ their array, the ſecret offſpring of great Oileuſ;—whom lovely Rhèna bore to Oileuſ, the deſtroyer of townſ.

THOSE who dwell in Tricca—in the mountainous bounds of Ithomè:—Those who possessed Oëchalia, the city of Eurytus Oëchalia's king—were led, by the sons of Æsculapius—Podalirius, and Machaon renowned—skilled both in the healing arts. With these, thirty hollow ships came to Troy, in long order, across the main.

THOSE who Ormenion held—who Hyperia's sacred spring. Those who Asterion possessed and Titanus, crowned with snow:—Them Eurypylus led to war, the gallant son of the great Eugemon. Twice twenty dark ships came, with the warrior to Troy.

THE youths, who Argissa's valley plowed—who dwell in mountain covered Gyrtoné: Those who pleasant Orthè held—who fair Olondè and the far-seen towers of white Oloösson;—all were led by Polypætes, unmoved in the strife of arms:—The stately son of Perithöus, begot by immortal Jove. Him the graceful Hippodamia bore to Perithöus, on that day—when on the shaggy Centaurs, the hero revenged his wrongs;—and drove them from Pelion, to the distant bounds of Æthicæ. Nor alone in command was the chief. Leonteus, equal to Mars, was near;—the son of CorönuS, undaunted in soul. Them forty dark ships of their land, followed, in long order, to Troy.

GUNEUS, from Cyphus, led two-and-twenty hollow vessels to Troy. Him the Eniënes obeyed—the Peræbi, unyielding in war—who round the cold Dodöna had fixed their abodes—who plowed the lowly vales, on the pleasant banks of Titaresius—where it pours its fair-flowing waters, into the silver stream of Penëus. Nor mix its waters with the rushing

Penëus : High on the surface they float, and roll, like oil into the main ;—a branch of the sacred Styx—the binding oath of the deathless gods !

PROTHÖUS, the son of Tenthrëdon, led the warlike Magnëtès to arms :—Those who dwelt at the stream of Penëus—on the sides of Peleon, with forests crowned ;—were led by Prothöus to arms. Forty dark ships came with the hero to the shores of high-walled Troy.

THESE were the leaders of Greece, the kings who ranged her armies these. Who was the bravest among the host—thou, O sacred muse, record ? Who led the noblest steeds to battle, —of those, who followed the sons of Atreus to Troy ?—The steeds, the noblest by far, were those, who great Eumélus bore. Swift of foot on the field, in speed like the birds of heaven. In colour, in age, in size the same—bred in Piëria by Apollo, bearer of the silver bow. Both females ; carrying forward in their course, the dismal terror of war. The bravest of the heroes, was the great Telamonian Ajax :—The bravest he—while Achilles remained in wrath. In valour, o'er all, Achilles himself arose : And the noblest were the steeds, who bore the son of Peleus to war. But, retired in his crooked ships—wont to cleave the foamy main, the hero darkly lay in grief—brooding o'er his wrath to Agamemnon, the son of Atreus—the leader of armies ! His troops, along the shore of the main, or whirl the disk or launch the spear, or bend the stubborn bow. The steeds, each at his chariot, stood, feeding on the broad-leaved lotos, or parsley of the fenny fields. The martial cars lay, covered in the tents of their lords ;—whilst longing for their warlike

chief, the soldiers wandered through the camp, and abstained from the strife of arms.

THE host moved forward in arms: The wide field seemed covered with flame. The earth groaned beneath their feet as they moved;—as when the thunder-launching Jove, in his rage, redoubles his red bolts on the earth, which involves Typhæus. All Arimè shakes to its base, round the huge bed of the horrid Typhon. Thus beneath the feet of the host, the earth groaned, as they moved along:—For quick was their course through the plain.

SWIFT to the Trojans from Olympus, the wind-footed Iris descends;—the messenger of Ægis-bearing Jove, bearing sad tidings to Troy. The warriors were in council met, within the lofty halls of Priam: All were convened together: Both youthful warriors and aged chiefs. In the midst stood descended Iris—in voice, in form like Polites, the son of Priam;—who, trusting to the speed of his feet, sat, as scout to the Trojans, beyond the wall;—on the lofty tomb of Æsyetes, a hero of other years, watching the coming forth of the Greeks to war. In voice and form, like the youth, the swift-footed Iris began:

“O AGED king,” she said, “still is thy delight in long debates? As when the day of peace was bright and silent around!—Darkly advances o’er the field, the unavoidable tempest of war. Many a battle of heroes have I seen;—but so great, so tremendous a host, never did these eyes behold:—Numerous as the leaves of a hundred groves, as the sands, on all the shores of the main—they move, forward, along the field, to waken battle around our walls. Hector, to thee in chief, I now my words address.

Many are the warlike aids, that wander through the city of Priam; varying, each tribe, in their tongue, as they mix, in the streets of Troy. Let its native leader each nation command:—Each prince form his tribe, as he moves to war.”

SHE spoke:—Nor, unperceived by Hector, the goddess her words addressed. Straight he dismissed the council. They rush at once to arms. All the gates are opened wide. Forth issue the troops to the plain: Both foot and horse together crowd. Loud tumult is spread around. Before the city there rises a mound, apart on the plain and pervious on every side;—by mortal men Batiëa called, but the tomb of the swift Myrinne, by the deathless gods: On this the Trojans form in array—on this the lines of their allies arise.

O’ER the Trojans extends his command, great Hector the son of Priam, skilled to kindle battle, through all the lines of war. Around the chief, the most, the bravest forces arm—ready each to stretch to the foe his spear.

THE Dardanians are led to war, by the gallant son of Anchises;—by Æneas, whom, to the great Anchises, the divine Venus bore;—high on the cloud-topt Ida:—A goddess yielding to man her charms. Nor alone, in command, was the chief. The sons of Antenor arose, by his side—Archilochus and the swift Acamas, skilled both in each motion of war.

THOSE who Zelëa possessed, by the foot of the lofty Ida;—The rich Trojans, who drank, as it passed, the deep stream of the winding Æsëpus, were led by the renowned son of Lycæon—by Pandarus, to whom Apollo himself gave his bow.

THOSE who Adrastëa held and the populous state of Apæsus:—Who in Pityëa dwelt—in

the lofty mountain of shaggy Terëa ;—o'er all Adrastus bore sway, and Amphius clothed with mail ;—the two sons of Percösian Merops—skilled, above all, in the prophet-arts. Nor would he permit his sons to move, to war, the destroyer of men. But they his voice disobeyed :—Driven, by the dark fates, which lead to death.

THOSE who Percöté—who Prætius held— who Sestos and Abydos possessed :—Those who the noble Arisbè, by its rushing stream : Were led by the son of Hyrtacus—Asius, the leader of heroes—Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, whom his steeds from Arisbè bore ;—his white, high-pacing steeds, from Sellè's resounding stream !

HIPPOTHÖUS led to the field, the tribes of the Pelasgi, the launchers of spears ;—those who had fixed their abode in Larissa of fertile fields. O'er them Hippothöus bore command, and Pylæus, equal to Mars in arms—the two sons of Lethus, who o'er the Pelasgi reigned.

THE Thracians were led by Acamas—by Piorös, a hero in war: Those whom, with its winding shores, the roaring Hellespont confines.

EUPHEMUS conducted in arms, the Ciconians in battle fierce ;—the son of Træzenian Cëus, beloved by high-thundering Jove.

PERÆCHMES the Pæönes led—renowned for bending the bow : From distant Amydon, the hero came, from the wide-spreading streams of Axios ;—Axios, whose beauteous waters are diffused o'er all the land.

THE Paphlagonians are formed in the field, by Pylæmènes, undaunted in danger :—Those who in Eneëtia dwelt, the land of savage mules—those who Cytorus possessed—whose lofty Sa-

samus held, and the aspiring domes, round the rushing streams of Parthenius:—Those who in Cromna dwelt, in Ægialus, in high Erythini.

HODIUS and Epistrophus formed in the field, the Halizonians come from afar:—The warriors of distant Alybè, renowned for her silver mines.

CHROMIS, o'er the Mysians, presides, and Ennomus, skilled in the flight of birds. But with his auguries, he could not avert the dark fate, which involved him around:—Slain by the hands of great Achilles, in the river, where the Trojans fell by the hero's sword.

PHORCYS the Phrygians led and Ascanius, in form like the gods. From far Ascania, the heroes came—burning for the strife of the field.

MESTHLES and Antiphus the Mæonians conduct to war;—the sons of the great Pylæmènes, whom the lake of Gyges bore. They led the warlike Mæonians, born on the shaded sides of the cloudy Tmolus.

NASTES, o'er the Carians presides, distinguished by their jarring sounds:—Those who Miletus possessed, and the wood-covered mountain of lofty Ptheres—the banks of the streamy Mæander, and Mycalé, hiding its brows in clouds. O'er all Amphimachus and Nastes preside;—Nastes and Amphimachus, Nomion's sons renowned. The latter, decked, with gold, descended, like a vain girl, to the field. Imprudent youth!—Nor could all avert the fate, which hung over his head:—Slain by the hands of the great son of Peleus, in the sacred stream of Scamander. Stript of his gold, he lay in death, beneath Achilles, in battle renowned.

THE Lycians, were led by Sarpëdon, and by the blameless Glaucus—far from Lycia, their native land—from the gulphy streams of resounding Xanthus.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK III.

WHEN the armies were formed in array—each tribe round its native chief: The Trojans, with loud tumult, advanced—with noise, like the birds of heaven. As the clangor of cranes on the wing, sailing through the midway sky, when they avoid the winter, and the dark tempest, swelling along the wind. Screaming, in a body they fly, o'er the waves, that roll on the main, bearing slaughter and death to the low-sized Pygmæi—pouring dreadful battle, from the air, on the foe. With silence the Argives advanced, breathing strength, as they moved along. Resolved, with mutual aid, to support the wild conflict o'er all their lines.

As when, on the mountain's brows abrupt, loud Notus pours a sudden mist; displeasing to the wandering swains, to thieves more grateful than night. The eye scarce pierces the shade. Dim confusion prevails around. Thus from their feet, as they moved, disturbed, the dust is roused in clouds;—for swiftly they passed, along the plain, to the foe.

WHEN now, from wing to wing opposed, the hosts were plunging forward to war—tall, in the front of the Trojans, stood Alexander's form divine. A panther's hide his shoulders spread: O'er it is thrown careless his crooked bow. His sword hung loose by his side. He shook two steel-pointed spears in his hand, daring the bravest of all the Greeks, to meet him in dreadful fight:

HIM, when the great Menelaüs beheld, moving before the line, and stretching forward his haughty strides: Like a lion the hero rejoiced, who, lighting by chance on his bulky prize—the branching deer, as he bounds, or huge goat of the desert wild. Raging in his hunger the prey he devours, though fleet hounds pursue, with all the tumult of youthful hinds. Thus Menelaüs rejoiced, beholding Paris of form divine. Revenge kindles o'er all his thoughts. In arms he bounds, from his car, on the ground.

WHEN Alexander, in form like the gods, saw the chief gleaming, in the front of the line; with terror his heart is struck at once. In the troop of his friends he shrinks back, avoiding the death he fears. As when, on the traveller's sight, a serpent shoots forth, from the mountain-grove. Backward-bounding he flies. A sudden tremor pervades his joints; and paleness wanders o'er both his cheeks. Thus, through the ranks of the haughty Trojans, crept the shuddering Paris of form divine; fearing the roused rage of the son of Atreus.

HIM Hector beholds, as he flies, and thus upbraids him, with bitter words:—"Ill-fated Paris," he said, "first in form! Deceiver of maids! Would thou hadst never been born, or,

unwedded, thou hadst sunk to the grave! That had been better for thy race, for thy people better far!—than thus to remain a disgrace to Troy—a sight of shame to the wondering world. How the long-haired Greeks now laugh thee to scorn! Thee, whom they deemed the defender of all in arms! Thy looks bear the aspect of war: But no force resides in thy mind—no vigour dwells in thine arm. Didst thou, so timid in soul, in thy ships, measure Ocean afar, with thy gathered friends?—Such, didst thou mix with strangers? And bear a beauteous woman from her native land? the spouse of heroes renowned in arms?—Thou ruin to thy father, to the state, to all the people of Troy!—Thou joy to thy foes!—thou dire disgrace to thyself!—Couldst thou not sustain the approach of Menelaüs, renowned in war? But hadst thou his approach sustained, soon to thee were known, whose blooming spouse thou retain'st in thine arms, Thy tuneful harp—the wanton gifts of alluring Venus—thy flowing hair—thy specious form, will little avail, when thou art laid low in the dust. But the Trojans are timid in soul, else in the tomb had been long inclosed, the author of all their woes.”

To him, with downward look, replied, Alexander, of form divine:—“Hector, thy rage is just; nor injures thy reproof severe. Thy dauntless heart is formed like steel; like the ax in the ship-wright's hand; which blunts not as it cleaves the wood; but adds force to his every blow;—such within thy bosom, Hector, is thy intrepid soul. But thou despise not, the lovely presents of golden Venus. Not to be rejected, with scorn, are the splendid gifts of

the gods; whatever they bestow on mankind: For these no mortal receives at will. But thou bid the Trojans to sit down. Bid all the Argives to rest on their arms. Place me between the lines, with Menelaüs, beloved of Mars. Let us contend for Helen—for all the wealth she brought to our shores. Let him, who overcomes in the field—who, from the combat arises with fame;—lead home, in triumph, the lovely prize, with all the treasure, which came from afar. Whilst you, the rest, with friendship—with plighted treaties confirmed—shall the fertile regions of Troy possess: And THEY return, through the main to Argos the mother of warlike steeds—to Achaia renowned for beauteous maids.”

HECTOR, with joy, heard his words. He rushed forth between the hosts. Grasping, in the middle, the shaft of his spear, he pressed backward the Trojan line; and the warriors stood all on their arms. On him the Greeks their arrows poured—with missive darts and showers of stones. But Agamemnon aloud began:—“Repress your ardour, O Argives! Sons of Achaia, restrain your darts. Hector would something propose:—Hear the awaker of battle, along the lines.” They abstained from fight at the word. Sudden silence spread over the host. Between the armies Hector stood, and thus, to both, his words addressed:

“HEAR me, O Trojans! Attend O Argives renowned in arms! Hear the words of Alexander, in whose cause this war arose. He bids the rest of the Trojans, he bids all the Grecian host—to lay their bright arms in order, along the ground: Whilst he between the lines, and Menelaüs beloved of Mars, shall, for Helen

contend, and all the wealth she brought to Troy. Let him who overcomes, in the field, who from the combat arises with fame, bear home, in triumph, the lovely prize, with all the treasure come from afar. Let then the rest retire in peace: Beneath the plighted faith of treaties, retire."

DEEP silence involves the armies. The loud-voiced Menelaüs, in the midst, arose:—"Hear also me," the hero said. "Much grief for both has invaded my soul. But an end to misfortune is come—between the Greeks and the sons of Troy. Many are the ills you have borne—for the crimes of Paris and my revenge. Fall he, for whom death is decreed; but let the nations depart in peace. Two lambs, O Trojans, prepare: One white, one of sable hue. The first for the splendid sun, the latter for mother earth: A third, the sons of Greece will produce to high-thundering Jove. Let Priam himself attend; and strike the peace with Greece; for faithless are his sons, regardless of all their oaths. Then all shall avoid to transgress, on the sacred treaty witnessed by Jove. Youth wavers o'er all its deeds: But stable are the councils of age. The old behold the future and past; and judge of the present from both."

HE spoke: The Argives rejoiced. Gladness ran through the Trojan lines. Both hoped to see a sudden end to the disastrous war. In order their steeds they placed: Themselves descended to the ground. Their arms they quickly threw off and laid them, near, on the plain: For narrow was the space, between the hostile lines. Hector two heralds sent to Troy, to bring the lambs, and Priam to call.

Agamemnon commands Talthibius to hasten his steps to the hollow ships—for the sacred offering to Jove. Nor disobeyed the aged herald the words of the noble Atrides.

IRIS descends from heaven to Helen with snow-white arms; bearing the form of the lovely spouse of Antenor's warlike son: Laödicè, whom king Helicæon possessed, the first in beauty of the daughters of Priam. Her she found in her lofty hall: Before her a large double web, embroidered with gold. In this she wove the many toils, which Troy and Greece had borne in her cause: The toils, which the nations sustained, beneath the hands of destructive war. Near her stood wind-footed Iris, and thus, with friendly voice, began:

ARISE, lovely nymph," she said, "arise! Things full of wonder behold, between the Trojans, the breakers of steeds, and the Argives, clothed with mails. But late, toward each other, the hosts approached; bearing destructive war on their arms: Eager to meet, in dreadful fight, along the resounding plain. Now silent they sit on either side. War ceases along their lines. On their shields the heroes lean. Their long lances stand fixed in the ground. With beamy spears, for thee, in fight, Alexander with Menelaüs, contends: And to him, who prevails in the combat, Helen is the beauteous prize."

THUS, as the goddess spoke; a soft regret rose over her soul, for her former husband, her native home, her parents distant far. Throwing a white veil around her head, she hastened forth from the hall, dropping a tender tear. Nor alone moved the queen abroad: Two maidens attend her stately steps: Æthra the daughter of Pittheus, and Clymené, with large blue eyes.

To the Scæan gate they came with speed, where Priam sat aloft in his tower. The aged chiefs were around the king, Prothous and grey Thymætēs—Lampus, Clytius and great Hece-tæion, once a branch of Mars in arms—with Ucalegon and Antenor, both for wisdom renowned. The aged among the people sat, in the gate; exempted by years from war. But pleasing was their voice in council. Like grasshoppers aloft on a tree, when they emit a soft sound in the sun, and not a breath is stirring along the grove. Thus the aged leaders of Troy sat, aloft, in the Scæan tower: When Helen approached to the chiefs, in all the glow of her stately charms. In secret, to each other, they thus addressed their words.

“Nor unworthy is the cause of strife, between the Trojans and warlike Greeks. Who would not, for such a woman, bear a long train of woes?—In stately steps—in face she excels the deathless daughters of thundering Jove. But lovely, as she is, let her go hence; and return, in ships, to her native land. Nor let her be left on these shores—a ruin to us, to our children, to Troy.”

Thus to each other spoke the aged. Priam called Helen, with gentle voice:—“Draw near, loved daughter,” he said, “sit by thy father’s side. Behold thy former spouse—thy kindred and all thy friends. I blame thee not, daughter beloved!—The gods I only blame;—who poured upon me disastrous war. Come hither—name that stately man. What Argive hero is that, so ample and great?—Others in stature exceed the chief: But such a beautiful form, have these eyes never beheld! Nor such a majestic mien! He looks a king, as he moves along.”

THE first of women, blushing, replied: "O father beloved," she said, "at once dreaded and revered, by my soul! Would I had perished by these hands, when I followed thy son o'er the main; leaving my husband, my brothers, my daughter, the loved troop of my faithful friends!—But this was neglected by Helen: And she dissolves in tears at Troy. Now with thy request I comply. The son of Atreus thine eyes behold—the far-commanding Agamemnon: A monarch renowned for justice; a warrior unequalled in arms. Once, the brother of Helen. Would! he were her brother still!"

THE aged Priam, admiring the king, began:—"O blest son of Atreus," he said, "born under propitious stars! Happy in all thy wars!—Many are the youths of Greece, who form beneath thy high command! Once I entered in war, the vales of Phrygia, fruitful in vines; where many Phrygians were assembled in arms—skilful breakers of warlike steeds: The troops of gallant Otreus and of Migdon, in form like the gods. They then their wide camp had disposed on the banks of the roaring Sangarius. An ally I came from Troy, and was numbered among their host; on the day, that the manlike Amazons, turned on the Phrygians their arms. But these were not so numerous all; as the huge host of the black-eyed Greeks."

ULYSSES next appearing in view, the aged king again began:—"Tell me also this hero," he said, "Who, daughter beloved, is that stately chief? Less in size, than the son of Atreus, but broader in shoulders and more ample in breast? His arms lie, on earth, before him: He, like a huge ram, wanders through all the lines. To a ram, I compare the hero, whose heavy

fleece has reached the ground—when he walks, slowly, through a large flock of snow-white sheep.”

“ THAT hero is the son of Laërtes,” replied the fair daughter of Jove, “ Ulysses wise in council, though born in Ithaca’s rugged isle! Skilled in each stratagem of war; in all the milder arts of peace !”

“ O LOVELY Helen !” began Antenor, “ true are the words thou hast spoke. In former years to our city came, Ulysses, in council equal to Jove: bearing the demands of Greece, with Menelaüs, renowned in arms. Thee to demand, the heroes came. Under my roof, both the chiefs were received; and with friendship were treated within my halls. When ’midst the assembled Trojans, the noble warriors appeared: When they stood—~~over~~ his friend, the broad shoulders of Menelaüs arose: But sitting, the form of Ulysses seemed the most august. When to the people the heroes spoke; the king of Sparta was in speech concise. Few were his words, but with sense replete: For no babbler was the great Menelaüs. Nor wandered his words in vain around: though less than his colleague in years. But when the wise Ulysses arose; he stood awhile with bended look—rolling his silent eyes on the ground. Nor backward his scepter he turns; nor forward points it in his hand. Unmoved he holds it forth: like a mere novice in speech. A man lost in rage you would have called the chief;—a wanderer beyond his mind. But when he sent forth his loud voice, from his breast: His words like showers of winter-snow—what other mortal could contend with Ulysses? His gestures were lost in our surprise at his words.”

“Who is that other Argive chief?” Priam, seeing Ajax, began. “Who is he, so large, so great? The tallest of the sons of Argos—with lofty head and shoulders wide?” “Ajax,” the first of women replied, “the great Ajax, thou beholdest afar—the bulwark of the Argives in arms!—Amid his Cretans, near the hero, stands Idomeneus, in size like a god. Around him are all convened the bold chiefs of his native isle. Often have I seen the warrior, received in friendship, by great Menelaüs: When he came to our lofty halls from wide Crete, o’er the stormy main: Now all the chiefs of Greece I behold: For to me the heroes are known, and, with ease, I could recount their names. But two chiefs here meet not mine eyes—two leaders of nations in war—Castor, the ruler of steeds, and Pollux, unyielding in fight: The brothers of desolate Helen, whom the same mother bore. Have they not followed Greece in arms, from Lacedæmon’s pleasant fields? Or have they come to the Trojan shores, in their wave-dividing ships? But the battle of heroes they shun—avoid the foul disgrace which Helen has brought on her race?”

THUS spoke Helen divine: But, long since, on her brothers, the earth had closed; far-distant in Lacedæmon, on the loved shore of their native land.

THE heralds, meantime, through Troy, the confirming offerings of the gods conveyed—the lambs, the joy-inspiring wine, the fruit of earth, in goatskins confined. Idæus held forth, in his hands, the splendid urn, with the cups of gold; and, standing in the presence of Priam, thus roused the aged king with words.

“ARISE, son of Laomedon ! Both armies call forth the king : The chiefs of the car-borne Trojans, and of the Argives covered with mails. They bid thee to descend to the plain ! To strike a lasting peace with Greece. Alexander of form divine, and Menelaüs in battle renowned—with beaming spears, will contend for the noble dame ; and he, that overcomes in the field, both Helen and her wealth shall enjoy. While *we* the rest, with friendship, with sacred treaties confirmed—the fertile regions of Troy shall possess. While *they* return to Argos, the mother of warlike steeds—to Achaia of lovely maids.

He spoke. The old man, shuddering, arose. He commands to join his steeds to the car. His friends obey the voice of the king. Priam ascends on high ; and draws the reins back to his hand. By his side sits the aged Antenor, aloft in the splendid car. Through the Scæan gate they rush forth, guiding the fleet steeds to the plain.

WHEN to the Trojans and Greeks, the heroes came ; descending from the car to the ground—they moved forward, between the lines. At the approach of the aged, the king of men, Agamemnon, arose. Ulysses stood forth before them. The sacred heralds the rites prepared. In the urn they mixed the wine ; and poured water on the hands of the kings. Atreides drew forth, with his hands, the knife ; which always hung, by the large sheath of his deathful sword. He cut the wool, from the heads of the lambs : which the heralds, among the princes divide. The son of Atreus, with lofty voice, and hands spread to heaven, a prayer prefers :

“O FATHER Jove,” he said, “who reignst

on Ida ! thou greatest and best !—and thou, O sun, who all things seest, and hearest all !—O rivers !—thou mother, Earth !—ye powers, that dwell under the ground, and punish perjured mortals in death !—bear witness—confirm our league ;—give sanction to the oaths which we swear. Should Menelaüs in combat fall, beneath the hand of Alexander ; let HIM lovely Helen retain, with all the wealth, which she brought to Troy ; and we, in our hollow ships, shall return to our native land. But should Alexander in combat fall, beneath the hands of the fair-haired king ; then the Trojans shall Helen restore, with all her wealth, to her lawful lord. They shall also pay a just fine to the Greeks ;—to be remembered in future times. But should Priam and Priam's sons refuse to pay the fine to Greece—when Alexander lies slain on the field :—Then will I fight, for the sake of the fine ;—here remaining before these walls, till this sword shall find a period to war."

HE said, and slew both the lambs. He threw them, as they quivered, on earth. The spirit issued forth, round the steel. Deprived of motion the victims lay. The wine drawn, from the urns in cups, is poured forth in libations to heaven : And holy vows are made to the gods, who for ever live. Thus o'er the lines, of each host, arose the general prayer :

" O Jove most august ! thou greatest in power !—and ye, the other deathless gods ! Let those, who first this treaty shall break—let their blood flow, like this wine, on the ground : Their blood and that of all their race : And their wives mix in love with their foes."—Thus they prayed over the lines :—Jove delayed to grant their request.

IN the midst of the armies, Dardanian Priam

arose:—"Hear me," he said, "O Trojans! Warriors of Achaia, hear. I will retire from the field—to Ilium, exposed to the winds. These eyes cannot bear to behold, my much-loved son, engaged, with his foe. To Jove alone is known, and to the other immortal gods, o'er which of the warriors hovers the destined death."

He spoke, and placed the lambs in the car. He ascended the chariot with speed; and drew the reins back to his hand. By his side sat the aged Antenor, in the polished car. Returning they drove along the field, to Ilium guiding the steeds. But Hector, the son of Priam and Ulysses descended from Jove, measured out for the combat, a space between the hosts. The lots in a helmet are thrown, to decide, between the chiefs—who first should launch the brazen spear. The people are in prayer around; raising to the gods their hands; and thus the Greeks and Trojans aloud their vows preferred:

"O FATHER Jove!" they said, "who reignest on Ida, thou most awful and greatest of powers! Let him, who the cause is of woes, whichever is the author of war:—Let him, slain by the hand of his foe, descend to the shades of death. Grant, thus, to the nations peace, with sacred treaties confirmed to all."—Thus, as they spoke in prayer, great Hector the helmet shook, turning his eyes away. The lot of Alexander flew forth. The armies sat down, o'er their lines; each by his swift-footed steeds, where his bright arms gleamed on the ground. Straight the noble Alexander arose—the spouse of Helen with lovely locks. The beauteous greaves, round his ankles he placed: Bound fast with silver clasps before. The corslet of his brother

Lycæon, fitting his shape, round his bosom, he threw. His bright sword, from his shoulders hung, distinguished with silver studs. On his arm is displayed his shield, a wide and solid orb. Above, on his gallant head, the splendid helmet arose. With horse-hair shaggy around, the dreadful crest is nodding on high. In his hand he seized a spear, which suited well his manly arm. Like the chief, and with equal speed, the great Menelaüs assumed his arms.

THUS, covered with steel, from either host, to the center the chiefs advance. Stern are their eyes, as they move. Horror runs through the lines around. Now, in the measured space, they stand, shaking their spears, and kindling to mutual rage. First Alexander threw his lance; and smote the round shield of the great Atrides. Nor pierced it the plate of brass. On the strong buckler the point is bent. Menelaüs advanced in act to throw; addressing thus a prayer to father Jove:—"Ruler of heaven, Jove," he said, "grant me to revenge my cause. Subdue Paris beneath my hands. Punish him, who wronged, the first: That future ages may grow wise from his fall: And men shudder to injure their hosts; or break the laws that bind mankind."

HE said: And threw his long spear, with force. He struck the wide shield of the son of Priam. Through the bright buckler the javelin passed. In the well-wrought corslet it, fixed, remained. Behind—the point his garment tore, as, by his flank, the spear descends. Inclining his body, as it came, the warrior avoided death. The son of Atreus unsheathing his sword, struck the crest of his helmet aloft. In broken shivers flew the blade from his hand. Groaning aloud

from his soul, the broad face of the heavens the chief surveys:—"O father Jove," he said, "none, above, is more cruel than thee.—I hoped for vengeance on this Alexander:—But now, broken, in my hands, is my sword; and the spear flies in vain from mine arm."

He said: and rushing forward, seized his foe by the casque. By the horse-hair crest he seized the chief, and dragged him toward the Argive line; half-strangled by the embroidered thong, that bound the helmet below the chin. Then glory had covered Atrides; if Venus had not aided his foe. The daughter of Jove broke the thong in twain: The empty helmet followed the hero's hand. With force he whirled it toward the Greeks: His loved friends took it up, as it rolled. Again he rushed on the chief, with wild desire to pierce the foe. But he was rescued, from death, by Venus: With ease the gods can save mankind! Him she wrapt in a cloud of darkness; and in his fragrant chamber placed him, far from the dangers of war.

To call Helen the goddess moved: Her in a lofty tower she found: In a circle of Trojan dames. With her hand, she touched her fragrant robe; like a withered matron in years, skilled in teasing the fleece with her hands:—An ancient maid, who in high Lacedæmon, had culled, for the queen, the wool: Who, much of her love had gained. Resembling HER, in form and voice, thus spoke Venus divine!—"Come, lovely Helen," she said, "Alexander demands thee to come. He waits, in the secret chamber, on the polished ivory bed: Splendid in beauty, and bright in robes. Nor like a warrior, from combat is he!—but a youth, when he moves to

the feast; or when he sits from the sprightly dance."

She said: And moved her secret soul. But when she saw the beauteous neck of the queen of love—her bosom, heaving white to view—her eyes rolling, in splendour divine!—She shrunk in her presence with fear; and thus at length, her words addressed:—"Why, goddess, again deceive? Whither wouldst thou bear me away? To some well-peopled town afar, of wide Phrygia or delightful Mæonia? To some youthful favourite of thine? Or is it because Menelaüs, having vanquished Alexander in fight, would ME, odious as I am, receive—thou hither comest to ensnare my soul?—Go thou, and sit by his side. Renounce thy place among the gods: Return to Olympus no more. Bear human woes in his cause. Save thy favourite from peril: Till he makes thee his wife or his slave. To his presence I never will go. It were foul disgrace to adorn his bed. The Trojan dames would reproach me all. My soul is overwhelmed with woes."

INCENSED replied high-bosomed Venus:—"Unhappy woman! enrage me not; lest in my wrath, I forsake thy side. Lest I hate thee, from my soul, more than I ever have loved. Lest I kindle between these hosts, the dreadful hatred of both to thee; and thou perish, in wretched death, by the joint consent of Greece and of Troy."

SHE spoke in wrath; and, at her voice, sudden terror seized the daughter of Jove. Silent she moved, in a snow-white veil. She left, unperceived, the dames of Troy: For the goddess led, onward, the way. When to the beauteous halls of Alexander they came: The fair hand-

maids quick repaired to their tasks. To the lofty chamber of Paris, the first of women ascends in her charms. A couch to Alexander opposed, is placed by laughter-loving Venus. There Helen, in her beauty, sat—the daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove. With averted eyes she sat down, and thus with words upbraided the chief:

“Thou comest from war!” she said,  
 “Would! that in war thou hadst fallen—slain  
 by the valiant man, who, once, was the spouse  
 of Helen!—Thou often hast boasted, before  
 me; that, in strength, in valour, in arms, thou  
 excellest the great Menelaüs. Go—call the  
 warrior to fight.—Dofy him again in the field.  
 But thee to abstain I advise: Nor rashly con-  
 tend, with the yellow-haired king; lest thou  
 shouldst fall in blood, beneath the hero’s spear.”

To her words thus Paris replies:—“Torment  
 not my soul, O woman! nor add to my grief  
 with reproach. Now Menelaüs prevails, with  
 the aid of the wise Minerva. Him, hereafter  
 I may also subdue:—For guardian gods are  
 not wanting in Troy. But let us return to  
 favour, to our former raptures return. Never  
 did the flame of love, so warmly involve my  
 soul. Not, when from the fair Lacedæmon, I  
 rose with thee, on the waves of the main;—and  
 forced thee away, a lovely prize, in my sea-  
 dividing ships. Not when, first in the isle of  
 Cranaë, I mixed, in fierce joy, with thy charms—  
 felt I thy power so much as now, or pleasure  
 thrilling through every vein.”—He spoke:  
 And first ascended the bed. She followed, in  
 the glow of her charms.

WHILE THEY are dissolved in pleasing re-  
 pose: Atrides wanders through all the lines.  
 He searches around for his prey—for Alexan-

der of form divine. But none of all the Trojan host—of all the far-famed allies none—could point out the retreat of Paris, to Menelaüs beloved of Mars: Nor for friendship would they conceal the chief. Not death itself was more odious to all.

IN the midst Agamemnon arose; and thus began the king of men: "Hear me, O warriors of Ilium, Dardanians and allies of Troy!—With conquest crowned, Menelaüs possesses the field. Restore, then, Argive Helen—all the treasure she brought, restore. Pay also a just fine to the Greeks;—a memorial to after years."—Thus spoke the son of Atreus. Greece o'er her armies approved.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.

BOOK IV.

THE gods sat in council with Jove, in the golden-paved halls of the sky. To all—the delightful Hebe bore the sprightly Nectar, around. Each other they pledge in golden cups; rolling, on Troy, their radiant eyes. The son of Saturn, straight, began, to awaken the rage of Juno. With cutting words, the god began: And, by comparing, thus kindled her wrath:

“Two daughters of heaven,” he said, “aid the great Menelaüs in arms: Juno, renowned in Argos, and the powerfully-assisting Minerva: Yet they sit apart, at the feast—behold all, and with all, are pleased. But, from the side of her favoured Paris, removes not laughter-loving Venus. She drives from him the fates away; and saves him in the moment of death. But conqueror in the listed field, remains Menelaüs, beloved of Mars. Let us determine in heaven, what end to impose on these events. Shall we kindle, again, dreadful war? Waken bloody battle, o’er all the lines?—Or whelm the nations in peace?—Should the latter please all the gods; the Trojans shall dwell in the city of Priam, and Argive Helen return, o’er the main.

HE said. In silence, murmuring, they sat: Minerva and the sister of Jove:—Near to each other they sat, revolving mischief to Troy, in their souls. Minerva restrained her words, though enraged at her father Jove—though fierce wrath had possessed her all. But Juno repressed not her fury: And, thus to her spouse, she replied:

“SEVERE son of Saturn,” she said, “What words have escaped from thy lips? Why wouldst thou render fruitless my toil? Render vain all the labours I bore?—For this have my steeds been fatigued? Wandered I, for this, through the states of Greece; to gather the foes of Priam? To pour destruction, on all his sons?—But let thy pleasure be done. We the other gods, shall never approve.”

To her, much-kindled to wrath, replied, the high ruler of storms:—“Thou fury!” began the god, “What has Priam—What Priam’s sons?—What great offence have they done?—That thus, unceasing in rage, thou wouldst level with earth, the high-built city of sacred Troy?—Go. Forsake the skies. Enter these gates—these lofty walls. Devour Priam at once—the sons of Priam all devour. Make one bloody meal of the Trojans. Glut thy fierce soul with revenge. Go. Do as thou wilt. This, hereafter, shall kindle no strife:—No contest between us, in heaven. But listen thou to my voice. My words, within thy breast, record: When I resolve, in my kindling wrath, some city, some state to destroy, possessed by a race, by thee beloved. Stop not my right-hand, in my rage. Rush not between my purpose and me. To thee have I given a city beloved—with mind unwilling, to thee have re-

signed:—For of all, beneath the sun—beneath heaven refulgent with stars—of all the cities possessed by men, the children of the earth:—Of these cities honoured the most, by the soul of Jove, is the sacred Troy:—And honoured the most is Priam, and the people of Priam, renowned with their ashen spears. . . Never stood the altar empty before me, of suiting sacrifice deprived—of oblations poured forth in my presence—of avours that ascended the skies:—These honours, unceasing, were paid to high-thundering Jove.”

MAJESTIC Juno replied, rolling her large eyes on the god: “ Three cities remain to Juno—of all cities, the most beloved: Argos, hill-surrounded Sparta, the wide streets of the noble Mycæne. These destroy in thy wrath; when they shall offend the soul of Jove. Them I shall not protect, nor envy in aught to thy rage. And, should I envy them to TAKE and interpose with all my force; what would avail my feeble aid:—Since thou art far greater in power? But now it becomes not Jove, to render vain all the labours I bore. I too a goddess am:—From one source we our lineage derive. Me also, wise Saturn begot, so much, in heaven, revered. A double claim to favour I hold; at once the sister and spouse of high-thundering Jove, who, o’er the deathless dwellers of heaven reigns. But let us in this to each other yield; and by our example taught, the immortal gods will obey. Thou to Minerva give command, to descend to the formed armies of Greece and Troy—to urge the Trojans the treaty to break, by first insulting the Argives, elated by fame.”

SHE spoke: And, straight, obeyed her words, the father of men and of gods. Instant ha

Minerva commands:—"Haste, to the armies, descend. Go. Urge the Trojans the treaty to break, by first insulting the Argives, elated with fame."—He roused the goddess already prompt. From the brows of Olympus, she swiftly descends. As when the son of the prudent Saturn, shoots a star, through the bosom of night—to mariners a dire portent, a blazing omen to nations assembled in arms. In a thousand sparks, the meteor breaks and is lost, as it flies, in the winds. Thus, borne downward with force, to earth, Minerva shoots bright between the hosts. Silent wonder moves over the lines. The Greeks, the Trojans are struck at the sight: And thus to his fellow, each warrior spoke:—"Or dismal war this sign portends; and fierce conflict along the field—or Jove confirms the nations in peace, the dealer forth of war to mankind."

THUS spoke the warriors of Greece and Troy. In form, a man, the goddess moved—through the crowded lines of the Trojan host. Like Laödæus, the son of Antenor, a hero unequalled in arms—she moved in search of Pandarus, like the deathless gods in form. She found the stout son of Lycæon, standing in the line. The strong ranks of his troops rose around, shaded o'er with their bossy shields: The warriors, who followed the chief, from the deep stream of the winding *Æscæpus*. Standing near the hero, with winged words, she thus began:

"WILT thou listen to me in aught, warlike son of the great Lycæon? Wilt thou venture to wing the deadly shaft on Menelaüs?—Great would be thy favour in Troy, and great the glory thou wouldst gain!—Honoured by all the people; by kingly Alexander the most.

On thee rich gifts the chief would pour, should he behold the great Menelaüs—the son of Atreus, by thine arrow subdued, ascending, in death, the mournful pile. Haste. Send forth the deadly shaft. Transfix him in the midst of his pride. But vow to pay to Apollo, born in Lycia, renowned at the bow—vow to pay a rich offering of earliest lambs, at thy return to thy native land, the sacred city of high Zelëa.”

SHE spoke, and bent his thoughtless soul to the youth. Straight he drew forth his high-polished bow: The spoil of a mountain-goat slain by the chief, in the chace. Long had he watched his issuing forth from the rock—in ambush, watched and transfixed him, as he bounded away. Breathless the rough prey fell on earth: Sixteen handfuls was each of his horns. These, by the artist, were fitted for use; smoothed all around, and tipped, at each end, with gold. Bending this, the hero placed it with skill—inclining forward, with his knee to the ground. His friends stretched before him their shields, lest the foes should rush on their lord; ere yet he transfixed Menelaüs, the leader of Greece in arms. The quiver from his shoulders he drew, and chose, with care, a deadly shaft—with feathers winged, never shot before, sad source of a thousand woes!—The arrow, straight, to the string he fits: And vows to pay to Apollo, in Lycia born, a rich offering of earliest lambs; at his return to his native land, to the sacred city of high Zelëa. The huge bow he bent round with force. The horn creaked—the bowstring twanged aloud. Forth springs the arrow, with eager speed, whizzing as it flies through the crowd.

NOR thee, O Menelaüs! did the blest above, in that moment forget. The deathless gods were thy guard. But chief the warlike daughter of thundering Jove: Who stood before thee, unseen, and turned aside the deadly shaft. In its progress the arrow she stopt:—Thus a mother hovering over her babe, drives the hoarse fly from his ear, when calm he slumbers in pleasing rest. The goddess directs the shaft, where the golden buckles bound the belt, and pressed a double corslet behind. Through the high-wrought belt it passed—through the double corslet it drove. In the plated truss, the last defence of the body from darts—deep-fixed stood the deathful shaft: Yet this also the point had pierced and razed the upper skin of the chief behind. Straight rushed the dark blood, from the wound.

As when some Mæonian or Carian dame—stains with purple, an ivory curb, to grace the cheeks of the bounding steed. In her chamber securely it lies; the envy of all that behold. Many horsemen long to wear it in fight. But for a king the fair gift is reserved: At once, to adorn the steed and to his rider to add renown. So looked, Menelaüs, thy thighs, and white legs, when stained with thy blood.

HORROR seized the sovereign of men, as the dark blood rushed down from the wound: With horror was also seized, Menelaüs beloved of Mars. But when he beheld the point; and sharp barbs still extant above; his settling mind, again, resumed her wonted seat in his breast. Deep-sighing from his inmost soul, Agamemnon to speak began; holding his brother, by the hand, amid the groans of his people around.

"BROTHER beloved!" he said, "have I struck a trace for thy death? Have I exposed thee, for this, in single combat, with Troy, for all? Since thus the foe has sought thy blood, and broke the sacred treaties he swore? Nor unpunished their oaths shall pass; nor blood of lambs shall flow in vain; nor yet the libations poured to Jove; nor plighted faith, which binds mankind. Though Jove his wrath may defer; the hour of visitation will come. Much will they forfeit, for their crime—their blood, their wives, their children of tender years!—For well my prescient soul forebodes, that soon the dismal day will come, when sacred Ilium shall pass away—when Priam from his throne shall fall, with Priam's people renowned at the spear. The great son of Saturn, who sits aloft, the dweller of the highest heavens, shall o'er them shake his dreadful Ægis, roused to rage, by their recent crime. Their broken faith shall not pass in vain; But for thee my soul is sad; O Menelaüs! for thee, I will mourn, shouldst thou thus fall beneath their hands, and close, by their crimes, a life of renown. Branded with shame I must return: Revisit loved Argos, with disgrace, When Menelaüs is no more; the Greeks will remember their native land: Leaving glory to Priam, to the Trojans high renown, and Argive Helen to the insulting foe. But here the earth shall inclose thy bones—whitening as they waste, in the soil of Troy—while unfinished the war shall depart. Then shall disgrace be added to grief. Some haughty Trojan will utter these words; spurning, with contempt, the tomb of Menelaüs, afar renowned:"—"May thus in all, our foes succeed; thus Agamemnon vent always his rage. Hither he brought his armies in vain.

Now o'er the deep he returns, to the loved shore  
of his native land : In empty vessels he returns,  
leaving his gallant brother behind."—Thus some  
haughty Trojan will speak ;—then open, earth,  
and receive me, from light."

To him, confirming his soul, the yellow-haired  
Menelaüs replied ;—" Be not dismayed, my  
brother ! nor, thus, wake fear o'er the host of  
Greece. In no mortal part is the wound. The  
shaft was stopt short of death, by the various  
belt, doubled above—behind by the girdle and  
plate of brass, wrought by the artist's hands."—  
" True prove thy words !" the king replied,  
" O Menelaüs, so much beloved !—But let the  
wound be treated with care, by one skilled in the  
healing art. Let some lenient balm be applied,  
to quench the blood and to settle the pain."—  
The herald divine he called :—" Go, Talthy-  
bius," the hero said, " go, call hither Machäon,  
the son of Æsculapius, renowned in the healing  
arts. Call hither the chief, to Menelaüs, the  
leader of Greece ; whom some warrior, expert  
at the bow, has wounded afar, with his shaft.  
Some warrior expert at the bow, an aid from  
Lycia or son of Troy : A deed of glory to him,  
to us the source of woe !"

He spoke : Nor the herald delayed to obey  
the voice of the king :—He moved through the  
lines of Greece, resplendent with gleaming  
arms—in search of the hero, Machäon. Him  
he found, standing in arms. The stout ranks of  
his troops rose around, shaded o'er with their  
bossy shields : The warriors, whom the chief  
led from Tricca, the mother of warlike steeds.  
Approaching the herald began, with winged  
words like these :—" Hasten, son of Æsculapius.  
Thee the sovereign of Argos calls. He calls

thee to Menelaüs, the gallant son of the warlike Atreus; whom some warrior, expert at the bow, has wounded afar, with his shaft. Some warrior, at the bow expert, an aid from Lÿcia or son of Troy: A deed of glory to him—to us the source of woe!”

HE spoke: And moved the soul of the chiefs. Sudden, he rushed through the crowd, through the wide army of Greece. He came to the yellow-haired Menelaüs. To the hero the chiefs were convened. A circle is formed around. In the midst stood the godlike man. Straight from the belt he drew the shaft. Backward bent are the forky barbs. The various belt he unties, the inmost girdle and plate of brass, formed by the skilful artist's hand. Viewing first, with care, the place, where the deadly arrow had urged its point; the blood he sucks from the wound, and spreads it over with lenient balms, which his father from Chiron received.

WHEN thus the chiefs stood around Menelaüs renowned in arms, the ranks of the shielded Trojans, moved forward, with all their line. The sons of Greece, their arms resumed. Sudden battle is roused in their souls. Then could no eye behold Agamemnon slumbering time away, or trembling in the front of war, or declining the dreadful fight, but urging forward, with eager speed, his people to the field of renown. His steeds the hero dismissed, his chariot various with studs of gold. These snorting, as they paced o'er the ground, Eurymedon held by the reigns. Near the king, by command, they kept, lest fatigue should surprise his limbs, as he bore his orders, o'er all the lines. On foot the monarch holds his way,

winding, as he moves, through the ranks of men. To those whom forming in arms he found, or rousing their fierce steeds to the fight, he added courage, with words like these:—“O Argives! remit not in ought your wonted ardour to meet the foe. Never to the perjured in soul will father Jove lend his aid in fight. But those, who first their treaties broke—who first have injured, with breach of faith, THEIR bodies shall vultures devour, along the bloody field; while ~~we~~ their loved wives and infant sons, shall bear, in our ships, away: When Troy, o'er her ruins, smokes afar on the main to the sight.”

BUT those who slowly seemed to arm, or coldly shrunk back from the fight, the king upbraided, with wrathful words:—“O Argives, obnoxious to shafts, men covered with disgrace and shame!—Say, whither is your honour fled?—Why stand ye astonished, like fawns—who, having bounded along the wide field, at length, wearied down in the chace, stand staring in crowds, whilst no forcè, in their joints remains?—Thus amazed, in herds, ye stand, careless of honour, dreading war!—Wait ye for the approach of the Trojans? Till the foe shall descend on your ships, laid up on the shore of the foamy main?—Hope ye that heaven will interpose? That Jove will dastards protect with his arm?”

THUS HE, commanding as he went, moved forward along the line. To the Cretans at length he came, leaving many squadrons of warriors behind. These, round the warlike Idomeneus, armed. The king himself the front possessed, breathing strength, like a savage boar. Meriones, hid behind the rear,

urged forward the farthest line. Beholding both the chiefs with joy, the king of men to Idomeneus thus mildly began:

“IDOMENEUS,” the hero said, “thee most I honour of all the Greeks: Whether thou movest forward to war, or plannest in council, the works of peace. When at my feast, thou sittest in state; when the leaders of Greece mix the dark-red wine—though others, by certain portions, quaff, ever thy goblet stands full, like mine; that thou may'st drink, as seems good to thy soul. But hasten to the fight, my friend!—Maintain the glory thou hast boasted in arms.”

To him the leader of the Cretans began:—  
“SON OF ATREUS,” the hero said, “Me, a firmly, thou ever shalt find—as first I promised, and plighted my faith. But thou the other leaders excite to arms, that straight we may join the fight. The Trojans have the treaty infringed. Death hovers with woe, o'er their host: For they, the first, have injured the sons of Greece.”

HE spoke. Atreides passed along, gladness glowing in his heart, as he went. He came to the great Ajaces, rushing, through the lines of the host. Both the heroes moved forward in arms: A dark storm of warriors advanced, from behind. As when, from a rock's lofty brow, a shepherd beholds a cloud, coming forward along the main, beneath the blast of the western wind. Dark as night it seems, afar, to his eyes; and, rushing over the whitening waves, brings a whirlwind inclosed in its womb. He shudders, from his inmost soul; and drives his flock to some secret cave. Thus, round the great Ajaces, of youths eager to rush to blood,

a thick column moved forward, to the hostile field:—Dark they seem, as they move, bristled aloft with spears and shaded o'er with shields. Agamemnon rejoiced, at the sight;—and, thus, addressing the chiefs, with winged words, began:

“LEADERS of the bright-mailed Argives! O Ajaces renowned in war! You I urge not; for it ill would become—to waken battle along your line. Of yourselves you rouse the people to arms—to boldly dare in the field of blood. O would to father Jove, to Minerva, to the far-shooting Phœbus—that souls so gallant as yours, were poured into every breast:—Then soon would fall the city of Priam, by our hands subdued and laid in ruins along the ground.”

At the word, he left the heroes, and moved forward to other chiefs. Nestor he found, in his place, the pleasing orator of Pylos! ranging his troops for the fight, and urging them forward to blood. Near the king his chieftains stood—Pelagon great in arms, Alastor, Chromius renowned, the princely Hæmon, and Bias, the leader of armies. In the front he placed the martial cars, with those who guide the steeds in fight. His stout infantry formed his rear, the firm bulwark of battle behind. The dastards in the center he ranged; that even the unwilling might be forced to contend in war. To the drivers he gave his first commands, to curb the ardour of their steeds, and not to range through the crowd, as they break the array of their friends.

“LET none, presuming on his skill, nor yet confiding in his strength, drive forward his car before the rest, though eager to engage with the foe. Let none retreat from the ranks, nor

weaken, by thinning, the line. He, who, from his seat, is thrown, and vaults into another's car, let him stretch forward the spear, and leave the known reins to the driver's hand. Thus our fathers fought in the field; thus towers and cities were of old overthrown; when men laid up, in their breasts, these wisest maxims of war."

THUS roused his troops the aged chief, long-skilled in the arts of the field. Him Agamemnon, with joy, beheld, and, thus, with winged words addressed:—"O aged chief!" the king began, "Would! that like thy daring soul, thy limbs could bear thee forward to fight!—That still thy strength had firm remained!—But thou with time art bent to earth, with years that equal are to all. Would! that thine age another pressed! that still thou wert young in the field!"

To him, thus calmly replied, the aged breaker of warlike steeds:—"Son of Atreus," he said, "I also wish that day could return—when the great Ereuthalion fell, vanquished, beneath this arm. But never, at once did the gods—pour all their favours on mankind: If then I was young in the field, now age invades my limbs. But such as I am, amid the cars, I will stand, in the front of war. My words, my counsel shall rouse the troops:—That only is the office of age. The spear let others launch in fight. Let those younger in years engage: For they, in their strength, can confide."

THUS spoke the sovereign of Pylos: Atrides passed, glad in his soul. Standing he found the son of Peteus, Menestheus, the breaker of steeds. Around the chief his Athenians arose, skilled in each motion of war. Near stood the wise Ulysses,

with his Céphallenians, not timid in soul. Unprepared the warriors stood. The loud alarm had not travelled so far through the line: But now the roused armies moved forward, on either side.—Still in doubtful suspense stood the chiefs: And waited till the warriors of Greece should rush on the Trojans and commence the war. The king of men the heroes beheld; and, thus, upbraiding both, began:

“O son of Petens!” he said, “a king high-favoured by Jove!—And thou, versed in artful deceit, in mischief only wise!—Why, trembling, shrink ye back from the field? Why wait till others engage in fight? You it became, as first in rank, the first to meet the flame of war. You first to the banquet are called, when we spread the feast, for the leaders of Greece. You delight at the roast to regale—to quaff, unstinted, the generous wine. But, cold, you stare, careless, around, though ten squadrons of Greeks should advance, deciding battle, before you, with pointed spears.”

FROWNING, sidelong, on the king, the wise Ulysses replied:—“Son of Atreus,” the chief began, “What words have escaped from thy lips? Why, unguarded in tongue, hast thou said—that our hands are remiss in fight?—When we, the leaders of Greece, shall rush, in wrath upon the foe, and, o’er the line, fierce battle awake:—Then may the king behold—if things like these command his care—the loved father of young Telemachus, mixing with the foremost in fight, and turning death on the warriors of Troy. Why, unguarded in thy tongue, hast thou uttered reproof so vain?”

SMILING, the king of men replied. Observing the chief in wrath, he changed his language,

and thus began:—"Generous son of Laërtes! Ulysses prudent beyond mankind!—Thee I upbraid not rashly, nor presume to incite to arms. Well I know, in thy manly breast, there dwells a soul with friendly counsels replete. Our minds in all agree: The same are thy thoughts with mine. But now of this no more. Hereafter all shall be repaired; if aught displeasing is said. This may the gods render vain, and blot disgust from thy soul."

Thus as he spoke, he left the chiefs; and moved forward to other heroes. He found the son of Tydeus, the great Diomedes, inactive in arms, standing on his beautiful car, behind his high-maned steeds. Near him fierce Sthenelus stood, the son of warlike Capaneus. Him, as Agamemnon beheld, he thus upbraided with winged words:

"ALAS!—son of warlike Tydeus! Why trembles the breaker of steeds? Why roll in terror thine eyes, along the dreary paths of war?—Thus Tydeus was not wont to tremble, when danger rose before the chief. Far in front, before his friends, the hero delighted to meet the foe. Thus THEY, with wonder, told, who saw him toiling in the field. Nor I was present to his deeds. These eyes beheld him not in war: But report has raised his fame, beyond the rest of human kind. In peace he entered high Mycænæ, a guest, with Polynices equal to gods. Collecting forces the heroes came, resolved to roll war to the walls of the sacred Thebes. Much the godlike suppliants sued, for warlike aids to join their cause. The people listened to their voice; and wished to grant the boon to their prayers. But Jove forbade from above, displaying disastrous signs. When they left.

the high Mycænae, measuring back their way to their friends: They came in arms to the rushy banks of the deep winding Asôpus. The messenger of Greece to the foe, Tydeus went to sacred Thebes. The hera found many Cadmæans, feasting, in the high halls of the bold Eteocles. The ruler of steeds, though a stranger, shrunk not with fear away—though alone in the midst of a thousand foes. To martial games he challenged all;—all in strength and art he foiled: Such was the aid of Minerva, to the warlike Tydeus. The rage of the Theban arose. They laid a strong ambush for the chief: Fifty youths lay in wait to cut off the hero's return. Two were their leaders in arms, Mæon the son of Hermon, like the immortal gods in form; and the son of warlike Antophon, Lycophontes, unmoved in fight. They fell by the hand of Tydeus. Death spread o'er all, from his sword. All the matchless hero slew: One only he spared and dismissed. Mæon alone he dismissed; obeying the sudden omens of Jove. Such was Ætolian Tydeus:—But HE has left a son behind, less brave than his father in deeds—in words his superior far!"

He spoke: Nor ought replied Diomedes renowned in arms. Silent he revered the king; and heard his high reproof, with awe. But to him began with rage, the stout son of the great Capaneus:—"Disguise not the truth, son of Atreus!—Oppose not, with words, thy thoughts. Know, that o'er the fame of our fathers, we boast, that our valour ascends. In arms we high Thebes overthrew, renowned with her seven gates; though fewer forces we led, before her sacred walls. We trusted in the signs of the gods, in the aid of high-thundering Jove; but THEY, in their folly, perished, ere their swords.

found a period to war. Compare not, to us, our fathers: Place them not in the same renown."

TURNING his fierce looks, on the chief, the valiant Diomedes replies:—"No more!—Sit in peace," he said, "obey the voice of thy friend. Nor flames my wrath against the king, the shepherd of his people in war. It is HIS to exhort to arms, to rouse to battle the warlike Greeks. HIM glory shall cover with light, should our armies the foe overthrow, and lay the sacred Ilium in dust. But should his people fall in fight, HIM grief shall involve in shades. But come, I beseech thee, come: Forget thy rage and remember thy fame."

HE said; and from his lofty car, he bounded on earth in his arms. Dreadful sounds the plated brass, round the manly breast of the king, as roused he strides along; a bright object of fear to the brave.

As when, on the wide-resounding shore, the waves of ocean together are roused, beneath the rushing blasts of the western wind. On the deep, they first swell, afar; then, enlarging as they move to the coast, round the high capea they rise with rage, and crown their tops, with the foam of the main. Thus roused, the ranks of the Argives moved, successive, o'er the field to the fight. Before each tribe appears its chief: The rest, in silence, follow behind. Nor wouldst thou have said, that a single voice dwelt in the breasts of so great a host: So dumb they their leaders revered. Round all shone their various arms, as, clothed in steel, they moved in order along. But the Trojans filled with clamour the field; like sheep in the pen of a wealthy man. Without number they stand and are milked.

over all the fold. Unceasing they bleat aloud—  
hearing afar the voice of their lambs. So the  
noise of the Trojans is roused o'er the spacious  
plain. Nor one was the shout of all; nor one  
sound brought their voice to the ear. Their  
language was mixed in the wind: For, from  
many nations, the warriors came.

FIERCE Mars roused the Trojans to arms—  
the blue-eyed Pallas the Argives inflamed:—And  
terror, and flight, and discord, insatiably raging  
along. Discord, of slaughtering Mars the sister  
and companion in blood. Small at first, she  
grows apace in her size: In heaven at length  
she hides her head and stalks along the ground.  
In the midst she threw pernicious strife, striding  
along the crowd and swelling the murmur of  
armies.

WHEN, now, gathered, on either side, the  
hosts plunged together in fight; shield is harshly  
held to shield: Spears crash on the brazen  
corslets of men. Bossy buckler with buckler  
meets—Loud tumult rages o'er all. Groans  
are mixed with boasts of men. The slain and  
slayers join in noise. The earth is floating round  
with blood. As when two rushing streams, from  
two mountains, come roaring down, and throw  
together their rapid waters below:—From their  
huge channels they pour in one, and roll, along  
the gulphy vale. The startled shepherd hears  
the noise, as he stalks o'er the distant hills. So,  
as they mixed in the fight, from both armies,  
clamour, with loud terror, arose.

FIRST Antilochus a Trojan slew, a warrior  
renowned in arms—valiant in the front of the  
line; Echeplus the son of Thalysius. Him he  
struck on the horse-hair cone, and cleft the  
helmet and skull in twain. Through the bone

the sharp steel clove its way: And darkness rose, at once, on his eyes. He fell, like a lofty tower, in the midst of the field of renown. Elephenor, by the foot, seized the slain, the leader of the great Abantes. The dead, beyond darts, he would draw, to spoil him of his splendid arms. But short was the space, between his attempt and death. Him as he drew the corse along, the magnanimous Agenor beheld. His side, exposed, as he leaned forward upon his shield, with the steel-pointed spear he pierced, and loosed the strength, which braced his limbs.

His soul left the chief on the plain. Pious battle arose around his corse. The Greeks, the Trojans advance: Like wolves, on each other they rush, and warrior his warrior slays. Then great Telamonian Ajax pierced the lovely son of the rich Anthemion:—The young, the blooming Simoisius. Him his mother, descending from Ida, on the green banks of the Simois bore; when she followed her parents, to view, o'er the pastures, their wandering flocks. Hence the youth was Simoisius called; nor did he to his parents repay their care in rearing their child. Short was his term of life, slain by the lance of the magnanimous Ajax. The youth, as he advanced, in the field, in the right pap on the breast, he struck. Behind, through his shoulder, in blood, the steely point of the spear appeared. He, in the dust, fell to earth. Like a poplar, on the humid bank of a spacious lake. Tall and smooth it rises to view; and wide spread its branches on high. The car-wright eyes the stately tree; and fells it, with glittering steel; to bend it to the round of a chariot wheel. On the bank of the stream it lies, to wither in

all the winds. Thus Simoësius, as he lay in death, was stript by Ajax, descended from Jove.

ANTIPHUS on Ajax advanced—the son of Priam with varied mail. Through the crowd the long javelin he launched. From the hero it strayed as it flew. Through the groin of Leucus it passed, as he drew the body of Simoësius away: Leucus the friend of the wise Ulysses!—Pale sank the warrior to earth: And the corpse fell, at once, from his hand. The rage of Ulysses arose for his slaughtered friend. He rushed forward, in wrath, to the front; clothed around with burnished steel. Near the foe the hero stood. He turned around his searching eyes; then launched the bright spear from his hand. The Trojans shrank back, as he threw: Nor in vain flew the deadly lance. The son of Priam the hero struck, Democoon, the fruit of secret love; who had come, from the fair Abydos—the green pastures of his father's fleet steeds. Him Ulysses, enraged for his friend, struck with his glittering spear. Through both temples the keen steel passed. Rising darkness covered his eyes. Sounding he fell to the earth: O'er his body clank harshly his arms.

The foremost ranks of the Trojans give way: The illustrious Hector himself retires. The Greeks shout aloud to the skies: and drag the bodies away from the field. Forward on the foe they advance. The rage of Apollo arose. From Ilium's high towers looked the god; and thus he roused the Trojans to arms:—"Rush on the foe, valiant Trojans—give not to the Argives the field. Nor of stone are their bodies formed, nor of steel, unknowing to yield: To turn the sharp point of the spear—to strike the shivered sword from the hand. Nor Achilles lifts the

lance—the great son of the long-haired Thetis. In his ships the hero lies, brooding o'er the wounds of his pride.”

THUS spoke, from the city, the dreadful god. Another power roused the Argives to blood—the daughter of Jove, Tritonia, above all renowned. She stately moves along the line, waking battle, where decayed. Then fate involves, in shades, Diöres, the stout son of the great Amarynceos; on the right ankle struck with a stone, by the leader of the Thracians thrown:—By Pirus, the son of Imbrasius, who came from the roaring Ænos. The rough stone, in its fall, crushed the bone: Both the tendons are broken in twain. Backward, in the dust fell the chief, stretching forth his hands to his much-loved friends, as he breathes his soul away. Pirus rushed on him, as he lay; and, driving through his navel, the spear, poured all his entrails upon the ground: While sudden night rose, at once, on his eyes.

BUT Pirus, as he rushed on the slain, met the lance of Ætolian Thoas. Through the nipple, through his breast it passed; and stood fixed in his lungs behind. Thoas suddenly approached. he drew the strong spear from his breast. Unsheathing then his deadly sword, in his belly he plunged the blade, and gave his soul to the winds. But the dead he stript not of his arms: The strong ranks of his friends stood around—the Thracians, combing their hair behind, stretching forth their long spears in their hands. Him, though great in arms, though brave, though renowned in fight, they drove back from their chief on his line. With his face to the foe he retires, with force repulsed from his destined spoil. Thus, two chiefs lie extended in dust:

The prince of the warlike Thracians; and he who led the Epæi to war. Near each other the heroes lay: Covered over with heaps of slain.

No warrior then would blame the fight, could he move unhurt through the lines, impervious to the pointed steel—Could he range in safety along—led, through death, by the hand of Minerva—whose power should avert the force of darts from his life:—So many sons of Greece and Troy, lay, prone in the dust, on that day—hand to hand, in battle slain.



THE

I L I A D

OF

H O M E R.

BOOK V.

THE son of the warlike Tydeus blue-eyed Pallas delights to raise. She breathes strength through his limbs, and kindles valour, along his soul. Amid the Greeks she bids him to shine—to bear away the palm of fame, Forth from his helmet flashes light—from his buckler

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a stream of fire:—Like the bright star of autumn, arising in the season of night; when it sheds a more splendid beam, having bathed in the waves of the main. Such was the flame that poured, aloft, from the helm—from the mail of the king; when she drove him forward to blood, where the thickest, with tumult, engaged.

Dares was a leader in Troy, rich in wealth and blameless in soul: Of Vulcan the aged priest. Two much-loved sons he sent to the field: Phegeus and the young Idæus, skilled both in each motion of war. These, remote from their friends, came forward on great Diomedes: These on their car advanced;—on foot the hero kindled the strife of arms. Now, approached on either side, bending forward to mutual wounds, Phegeus, first, from his car, with force, launched his deadly lance. O'er the left shoulder of the chief, the burnished point rushed guiltless through air. The son of Tydeus next advanced; nor idly flew the spear from his hand. Full, on the breast, it struck the youth: And flung him headlong in blood to the dust. Idæus bounded at once, on the ground; leaving the bright car to the foe. His slain brother he durst not protect;—nor flight itself could save the dastard from death: But Vulcan seized him, as he flew; in darkness covered him from fate; and wiped half the tears from an aged parent's eyes. The son of Tydeus gave the steeds to his friends. They led them to the hollow ships.

WHEN the Trojans beheld the chiefs, the sons of Dares foiled both in the fight. One flying along the field: One pale in death, beside his car: Their souls were troubled o'er all.

their lines. It was then, that the blue-eyed Minerva, spoke thus to impetuous Mars:—  
“ Mars, destroyer of men, stained with slaughter, overthrower of walls! Why contend we thus in the field? Why urge the Trojans and Greeks to the fight?—To fate let their glory be left—to the will of the son of Saturn. Let us retire from the plain. Let us shun the wrath of our father Jove.”—The furious Mars, at the word, she led forth; and, from the battle, placed him far—on the flowery banks of the roaring Scamander.

THE Greeks turn the Trojans to fight. Each leader his warrior slays. First the king of men, Agamemnon, flung a chief in death from his car: The leader of the brave Halizonians, Hodius renowned in the field. Him, as he urged his steeds away, between the shoulders the hero struck. The bloody point of the spear looks forth, at his breast before. Sounding, he falls to earth. On his body clank harshly his arms.

IDOMEENEUS slew valiant Phœstus, the stately son of Mæonian Borus: Who led his warriors to Troy, from the rich fields of the pleasant Tarnè. Him Idomeneus renowned at the spear, pierced, with his lance, as he mounted the car. Through his right shoulder passed the steel: From his chariot he fell: And dreadful darkness invaded his eyes. The hero's followers seize the dead: And bear away his bloody arms.

THE son of Strophius, brave Scamandrius, skilled to bend the bow in the chace, fell by the son of Atreus, by Menelaüs renowned at the spear. Unequaled hunter! whom Diana herself had taught, to pierce whatever roams

the wilds—whatever the forest, o'er her mountains, brings forth. But now his art avails him not:—Nor Diana, who delights in the bow. In vain renowned to shoot afar, he now fell by the spear of a foe. Atrides, as Scamandrius fled, between his shoulders drove the lance. The bloody point looks before from his breast. Sounding he falls to earth:—On his body clank harshly his arms.

MERIONES stout Phereclus slew, the son of Harmon, for building renowned. His hands, to every art, were taught. Much he was by Pallas beloved. He built the ships for Alexander, when for Helen he crossed the main: The source of evil to Ilium! Destruction to the Trojan race;—and to himself the cause of death, as he knew not the decrees of the gods. Him Meriones transfixed, as he fled. Through the right hip passed the deadly lance; and shewed, by the bladder, the point before. Deep-groaning he falls, on his knees. Death involves him around in shades.

By Megea, Pedæus is slain—Antenor's son, by a secret bed. Yet him, in her lofty halls, the noble Theano reared. With her children she reared the boy, to please the soul of her spouse beloved. But now, by the son of Phyleus, the hapless warrior is slain. The hero, advancing on his flight, drove the spear in his nape behind. Through the tongue, through the teeth, passed the lance. Prone in the dust he fell; and gnawed the cold steel, with his teeth, as he died.

EURYPYLUS, the race of great Euaemon, stretched the noble Hypsenor in death: The son of the magnanimous Dolopion, Scamander's sacred priest, and honoured, like a god,

by the host. Him the renowned son of Euaemon struck, on the shoulder, as he fled. Through the joint passed the shining blade; and severed, from the body, his hand. Down dropt the bloody arm to the ground; and o'er his eyes, the purple shadows of death arose.

THUS laboured the chiefs in the field; and drove before them destructive war. Nor couldst thou distinguish on the plain; on whose side the son of Tydeus engaged. Whether with the Trojans he mixed; or led the Greeks to blood and death. Furious he is borne through the field:—Like a river swelling over its banks. Deep-rushing in the channel, it foams, and bears the bridges away. Nor strong-built bridge can its fury restrain, nor mound oppose it in its course o'er the fields, when, sudden, it comes down in its wrath, swelled by the redoubled tempests of thundering Jove. Wide, o'er the field as it strays, the yellow stocks of corn are strewed. Thus, by the great son of Tydeus, the thick columns of the Trojans are broke. The chief they could not sustain: though many in arms, on the field:

THE renowned son of Lycæon beheld the hero in his rage; as he laid waste the field, and broke the columns of Troy with his spear. Straight against the son of Tydeus, he bent, with strength, his crooked bow. The shaft struck the chief, as he rushed along, where the hollow corset to the shoulder ascends. Through the plate passed the eager shaft, and, in his shoulder, fixed remained. The corset is stained with blood.

GLOBYING aloud o'er the chief, the stout son of Lycæon began:—“Rush on the foe, magnanimous Trojans. Advance, brave rulers of

steeds, to the fight. Wounded, by this hand, is the bravest Argive: Nor long, I deem, will the warrior sustain the shaft;—If, in truth, I was roused by the king, the son of Jove—and sent from Lycia to war.” Thus, boasting, he spoke aloud: Nor the swift arrow the chief subdued. Stopping short his step, he stood still, before his horses and polished car; and thus addressed his words to Sthenelus—the brave son of the great Capaneüs:—“Haste, loved son of Capaneüs. Descend with speed from thy car. Straight from my shoulders the pointed arrow withdraw.”

He spoke, and Sthenelus bounded to earth. From his shoulder, the arrow he drew. Forth bursts the blood, from the wound: and wanders o'er his linky mail. From his inmost soul prayed the chief:—“Hear me, daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Invincible in battle, hear!—If ere to me thine aid was lent—if to my father, in the flame of his wars. Once more, O Pallas! favour me. Give this man to be slain by my hand. Urge him forward to the strife of the spear:—He, who pierced me with this shaft, who boasts aloud, o'er the wound which he made:—He who glories that the son of Tydeus, shall not long behold the splendid light of the sun.”

Thus, praying, spoke the great Diomedes. The blue-eyed Pallas heard his voice. She breathed vigour along his limbs. She lightened his steps as he moved. Near the chief she stood confessed, and thus with winged words began:—“Confide in thy strength, Diomedes: Against the Trojans urge the war. In thy breast I have poured thy father's force: The invincible vigour of Tydeus, unequalled breaker.

of shields in fight. Human darkness I dispel from thine eyes. I blow the wonted cloud away; that thou mayst distinguish the gods from heroes, who urge the fight. Should, therefore, some god descend, to try thy valour on the plain, engage not, with the immortal gods. With other powers engage not in fight: But should Venus, the daughter of Jove, descend, HER wound with thy pointed steel."

Thus as she spoke to the chief, the blue-eyed Pallas failed on his eyes. With the warriors, who engaged in the front, the returning Tydides is missed in arms. Though prompt in soul, before, to meet the sons of Troy in fight, now three-fold force filled his mighty breast. Like a lion the hero raged:—A lion, which the shepherd of a fleecy flock in the field, wounds as he mounts the fold:—But short of death stops the steel. More enraged by the wound, when now the swain dares no longer oppose;—he enters the pen in his wrath: The deserted sheep fly before. Herding together, they fall one by one: But when sated with blood, he lightly leaps back from the lofty fold. So joyful, mixed with the Trojans, Diomedes, renowned in arms.

It was then, the hero slew Astynöus; and the shepherd of his people, Hypênor. The first through the breast he transfixed with the spear. On the shoulder of the other, the sword fell, just by the throat. From the neck, from the back, at once, the shoulder is severed. He sunk!—These in the dust he left: And rushed on Albas and young Polyidus, the two sons of Polydamas, an aged diviner by dreams. But to them, as they moved to war, the old man explained not his dreams. Now slain by the valiant Diomedes, they both are spoiled of their arms.

On Xanthus the hero rushed, on Thoön, the sons of Phænops—both born to the chief, when stricken in years. He, in his lofty halls at home, wastes away in mournful age. No other son the chief had begot, the heir of his wealth and his name. These the warrior pierced with his spear; depriving both of their youthful souls. To the father he now left but grief, and sad complaints, that his eyes, no more, shall behold them returning from war. His wide possessions, to add to his woe, are divided by guardians, in his sight.

THE warrior then gave, to death, two sons of Dardanian Priam. In one car they came to the field—Echëmon and Chromius renowned. As when a huge lion, bounding amidst a herd, breaks the neck of a heifer or bull, as they feed o'er the pastures and wilds. So both the youths from their car, the son of Tydeus threw fiercely to earth. Spoiled of their arms they lay. His friends led their steeds to the ships. Æneas beheld him, thus dispersing the ranks of men. He moved, with speed, through the fight—through the hoarse clangour of spears; in search of the godlike Pandarus—to find the warrior along the lines. He found the blameless son of Lycäon: And near him standing, thus began:

“O PANDARUS!” the hero said, “Where is thy bow, thy winged shafts?—Say, whither is departed thy fame?—Here none contends, at the arrow, with thee: None in Lycia boasts equal renown. Come—wing thy shaft on this man, raising thy hands to Jove. Whoe'er he is who conquers thus—wing on him the shaft. Many evils he brings on Troy:—Many stout limbs has he unbraced in the fight. Unless some god he is—some power against the Trojans.

enraged, for neglected offerings unpaid:—For destructive is the wrath of the gods.”

To the hero thus replied, the gallant son of the great Lycæon:—“Æneas,” the warrior said, “Leader of the Trojans with brazen mails!—To Tydides I liken the chief—in all he seems to bear his form. I know his shield, his high-coned casque—his steeds that contend with the winds. But whether it is not some god—from his deeds, I cannot divine. Yet of human birth if he is—if this, in truth, is the son of Tydeus; not without the aid of a god, he thus rages along our line. Some immortal is standing near, with his shoulders involved in a cloud. He turns from his body aside, the swift arrow, as it flies, through the wind. This instant, I winged on the warrior a shaft. In his right shoulder it fixed, passing through his corslet on high. Him, in thought, I already beheld, descending to relentless Pluto. But still in battle he moves:—Some god opposes us all.

“No fleet horses are mine:—No polished car to ascend in fight. But in the halls of the great Lycæon, twelve chariots of war are seen: Beauteous, polished, lately made—covered with veils from the view. Two bounding steeds stand near each car: With oats and yellow barley fed. Much to me, at my departure, the aged warrior, Lycæon spoke: Much, in his splendid halls, he gave in command to his son: That, drawn by steeds—borne on my car, I should lead the Trojans to bloody fight. Nor in ought I listened to the chief, though to listen were better far. Sparing my steeds I disobeyed; lest in a town besieged, of wanted food they should be deprived. In their stalls I left

them at home: To Troy to fight on foot, repaired: Trusting to my bow and shafts: but, in all, they have failed my hand. On two heroes my arrows I winged:—On Tydides and the great son of Atreus. I drew from both the gushing blood;—both enraged, but neither I slew. In evil hour I surely took down this crooked bow, from where it hung, in my hall: That day, I came to beauteous Ilium, pleasing noble Hector, with aids from afar. But should I, hereafter, return, and, with these eyes, at once, behold—my country—my spouse—my lofty halls; may this head be severed from the trunk, by a foe: If, first broken by my hands, I place not on the fire to consume—this bow and these barbed shafts. Useless companions are they all to me.”

To the warrior in return spoke Æneas; and, thus, the chief of Troy began:—“ Speak not thus in thy rage. No other fate can attend our arms, ’till we both shall rush against the chief, borne forward to the strife, on our car: To try who best shall succeed, at the spear. But hasten thou, my chariot ascend, behold the spirit of the steeds of Tros: Taught to bound with rapid speed o’er the plain—to pursue or avoid the foe. These shall bear us, in safety, to Troy, should Jove prove hostile to our cause; and cover the son of Tydeus with fame. But hasten—guide the steeds along—take these bright reins in thy hand. The car I consign to thy care. I stand ready to launch the spear. Or thou engage the chief: And leave the steeds to their master’s hand.”

To the warrior in turn, replied the gallant son of the great Lycæon:—“ Æneas,” the hero said, “ hold thou the reins and guide thy steeds,

Through the fields they will best draw the car, beneath the accustomed hand of their lord; should we hold back our course to Troy, foiled by the warlike son of Tydeus. But should they, starting, with sudden fear, wander, un-governed, along the line; nor take the direct course from the field, missing thy wonted voice in their ears: Then would the fierce pursuer advance, in his strength: Then slay both the drivers, and bear the fleet steeds to his ships on the shore. Thou, drive thy polished car. Guide thy steeds against the chief.—HIM as he rushes to fight, I will receive on this pointed spear.”

THUS spoke the chiefs, ascending the various car. Furious toward the great son of Tydeus, they drove their fleet car along. Them Sthenelus first beheld, the gallant son of the brave Capanæus. Sudden he addressed Diomedes; and thus with winged words, began:—“Son of the dauntless Tydeus, Diomedes, dearest to my soul. Two mighty chiefs I behold, ready, hither, to drive the war: Two heroes unmatched in their strength. The first renowned to bend the bow, Pandarus, who boasts himself, the son of Lycæon, unequalled in arms. The next is the warlike Æneas, the race of Anchises in war renowned: But he glories in a mother divine, in Venus, bright daughter of thundering Jove. But attend to my voice. Retire. Ascend this flying car with speed. Rush not furiously thus to the front: Lest thou shouldst leave thy life in the field.”

STERNLY looking on the chief, the gallant Diomedes replied:—“Speak not thus of shameful flight. ME I deem, thou shalt never persuade. It suits not with my fame to fly. To

fear is unknown to my soul.—The vigour of my limbs still remains; and answers to the force of my mind. Nor shall I ascend the car; but, thus, on foot, meet both, in arms. Unmoved I will meet them, in fight: To tremble Minerva forbids thy friend. But them both, if right I judge, their swift steeds shall not bear away: If even either shall escape from this spear. Another thing to thee I tell—and thou record it in thy soul. Should wise Minerva grant my wish—give me glory, by slaying them both: Thou, here, detain these steeds of thine, by binding fast the loose reins to the seat of the car: But rush on the steeds of Æneas. Bear them quick to the Argive line. Descended of that race are the steeds, which Tros received from high-thundering Jove—the fair price of his son Ganymèdes. The best that ever trode the earth; from the setting sun in the west, to where the morn ascends the sky. To these the king of men Anchises, in private, conveyed his beautiful mares, and procured the heavenly breed, unknown to the great Laomedon. Six colts were produced in his stalls. Four the hero still retains: These two to Æneas he gave, broken both to each motion of war. Should we seize these steeds, in the field, immortal glory would cover our names.”

Thus to each other spoke the chiefs. The heroes approached them in arms, urging forward their rapid steeds. To the foe thus his words addressed, the gallant son of the great Lycön: —“ Resolute in soul,” he said, “ warlike son of illustrious Tydeus!—Thee my swift shaft has not subdued. Mine arrow unwinged was with death. Now I will try with the lance, whether fortune is still my foe.”—He said, and launched

his long spear, which quivered aloft, as it flew. He struck the shield of the son of Tydeus. Through and through passed the brazen point, and touched the plated corslet behind.—“Thou art wounded,” aloud spoke the son of the great Lycæon, “deep in thy body lies the steel;—nor, deem I, that thou long shalt survive. Thy soul thou shalt give to the winds: But me thou hast covered, with lasting fame.”

To him, undismayed, the warlike Diomedes replies:—“Thou hast strayed from thine aim. Thou hast not inflicted a wound. But ere from hence you both retire, I deem—that one, at least, fallen slain by these hands, shall glut, with his gushing blood, fierce Mars, unconquered in war.”—He threw the lance, as he spoke. Minerva guided forward the spear, to the nose near the eye, of the chief: Descending, through his white teeth it passed; and, cutting his tongue, in twain—beneath the chin, shewed the point below. He fell, at once, from the lofty car: Round his body clank harshly his arms; as varied and glittering they crash, as they meet the ground: Trembling the swift-footed steeds stood still; His strength failed, and his soul flew away.

ÆNEAS bounds forward on earth: With his shield, with his long-pointed spear: Fearing, lest the warriors of Greece might seize the corse of his fallen friend. Around the body the hero strides, like a lion, that trusts in his strength: before him he stretches his lance, exalting the wide orb of his shield; ready to give HIM to death, who should presume to approach. Dreadful swelled the voice of the king!—The son of Tydeus seized a stone in his hand—rough, rugged, of enormous weight, which two warriors

scarce could raise—as now earth produces mankind. This with ease he whirled round alone. He struck on the hip the great Æneas, where the thigh-bone in the socket is turned. The bone is crushed by the weight. The two sinews above are broken in twain; and the skin is torn away, by the rough edge of the flying stone. The hero falls back on his knee: His sinewy arm supported the chief, as half-inclined on the earth he lay. Sudden night, o'er his eye-balls arose.

THERE had perished the king of men, but that Venus his danger perceived—his mother, the daughter of Jove, who bore the chief to Anchises, as on Ida he guarded the herd. Round her loved son, as he lay, she seemed to pour her snow-white arms. Before him she spread the skirt of her sacred robe, a bulwark against the darts; lest any warrior of Greece, launching the spear at the chief, should give his soul to the winds. Thus from the bloody field she removed her son beloved.

NOR forgetful of his charge was the son of the brave Capanëus: The charge, which his friend had given, Diomedes unequalled in fight. Remote from the tumult of war, he placed his own fleet steeds—binding fast the loose reins to the polished seat of the car. Rushing on the high-maned steeds of Æneas, he led them to the Argive line. To the hand of Deïpylus the coursers he gave—to his loved companion in war, whom the hero, among his warlike friends, had honoured the most: For the same were the thoughts of their souls. The warrior led the steeds to the ships: The chief ascends his own lofty car, and draws back the beauteous reins to

his hand. In the path of the great Tydides, he drove forward, with joy, through the war.

THE son of Tydeus bright Venus pursues, with his gleaming lance in his hand. No warrior power he knew, was she! of those dreadful goddesses none, who form the fierce battles of heroes:—Neither the broad-shielded Pallas, nor the destroyer of cities, Bellona. Near the goddess the hero approached, quick-rushing along through the crowd. He stretched, before him, as he bounded his spear. He drove the steel through her tender hand. Swift through the white skin passed the lance—through her robe divine, which the Graces themselves had wrought. Above the fair wrist it passed. The immortal blood of the goddess flowed: Such blood as is wont to flow, from the blest gods, who for ever live. Nor THEY on human viands feed—nor quaff at large the dark red wine: Bloodless they, therefore, are, and are called the immortals by men. Screaming aloud the goddess threw her son, from her hand: But him Apollo received, and involved in a night of clouds; lest any warrior of Greece, launching on the chief his spear, should give his soul to the winds.

GLORIFYING o'er the lovely queen, thus the warlike Diomedes aloud:—"Retire," he said, "fair daughter of Jove! From battle and war, retire. Is it not enough for thee, to deceive feeble women with wiles?—But if in war is thy choice—in moving through the strife of the field: Hereafter thou wilt battle dread, and wander from where it is urged."—Thus he spoke: And, disturbed in soul, with sorrow pierced, she took her way. Her thus oppressed with pain and grief, swift Iris led forth from the crowd: All

pale, o'er her fading charms. Near the left wing of the fight, they found, pernicious Mars alone: in darkness is hid his spear—his steeds, that contend with the winds.

FALLING down before his knees, her loved brother, she, a suppliant, addressed. She thus demanded from the god, his golden-harnessed steeds:—"Brother beloved!" she said, "Pity Venus, give thy steeds;—to bear me hence to Olympus, the high dwelling of the deathless gods. Much anguish I feel from a wound, inflicted by a mortal man: By the haughty son of Tydeus, who now would contend with father Jove."—She spoke: The golden-harnessed coursers he gave. The bright car she ascends—grieving from her inmost soul. By her side, sat the various Iris, holding the reins in her hands. She urged forward the heavenly steeds: Not unwilling, they flew on the winds. Quick they came to the seat of gods, to high Olympus, with summits of snow. There the swift-footed Iris stayed the steeds. She loosed them both from the car; and, before them, placed immortal food.

PRONE on the knees of Dione, lovely Venus lay in tears. On her mother's fair bosom she lay. SHE, round her daughter threw her white arms. With her hand her beauteous cheeks she stroaked, and thus, with soothing words, began;—"Who hath done thee this mischief?" she said, "Who, child beloved—of all the gods?—Who has harshly stretched forth his hand;—as if THOU wert guilty of open crimes?"—To her replied, in her grief, the queen of charming smiles:—"This wound the son of Tydeus made—Diomedes haughty in arms:—When I removed from battle, my son—Æneas,

whom most I love of mortal men. Between the Trojans and warlike Argives, now, no more, is urged the fight—but between the Greeks and immortal gods.”

To her replied the bright Diōne, among goddesses, divine:—“With patience hear, O daughter beloved! Bear all, though grieved in thy soul. Much have we borne from mankind;—much the dwellers of heaven from men; o’er whom, in turn, they have poured a deluge of woes. Much suffered the furious Mars, when Otus and stout Ephialtes, the huge sons of the great Aloëus, bound him fast, with heavy chains. Within a brazen prison chained, thirteen moons rolled over the god:—And there, perhaps, had perished Mars, insatiable author of wars; if their step-mother, the fair Eribæa, had not told to Hermes the dismal tale. He by stealth, delivered Mars, galled with fetters, spent with woe. Juno too her ills sustained, from the matchless son of the great Amphitryon. In the right breast, he wounded the white-armed queen, with his three-pointed shaft: Then pains unfelt before, seized the spouse of high-thundering Jove.”

“Nor untouched by his shaft was Pluto, though great among the gods. Him the same daring chief—the son of Ægis-bearing Jove, pierced, at his own gloomy gates, and covered with pain and woe. To the halls of his brother Jove, to high Olympus, ascended the god. He came with heart transfixed with grief, o’erwhelmed with rage, and wild with pain. In his broad shoulder the arrow was fixed. Keen anguish invaded his soul. The much-skilled Pæon eased his pain; spreading soft liniments over the wound:—For not mortal was the

brother of Jove!—A daring, an impious man was he!—He abstained not from ought that was ill!—He attacked, with his bow, the gods, the deathless dwellers of heaven's high halls!"

" BUT on thee, the son of Tydeus was roused, by the blue eyed daughter of Jove:—Impudent man!—He knows not this truth in his soul;—that short are the days of him, who presumes to fight with the gods: That never, hanging round his knees, his sons shall kiss their father's name, returned in safety from war, from the deadly contest of spears. Let the son of warlike Tydeus, brave as he is, revolve in his soul: That some god, more dreadful than thee, may yet meet the hero in fight:—Lest the lovely *Ægialæa* the prudent daughter of the great *Adrastus*:—The noble spouse of *Diomedes*, strong ruler of steeds in war!—Lest SHE sudden-starting from dreams, in her tears, should rouse her servants in the season of night—wanting, with longing soul, the spouse of her virgin-youth—the bravest of all the Argives in arms."

SHE spoke; and, with both her hands, wiped away the blood from the wound. Her arm is rendered whole: At once, subsides the bitter pain. *Pallas* and *Juno* were near. They beheld all, and with all were pleased. With cutting words they meant to raise the rage of Saturnian Jove: While thus, among the gods, the blue-eyed *Miaerva* began:—" O father," she said, " let not Jove take offence at my words. Of a truth, the smiling *Venus* has been warming to desire some Argive dame;—to yield to her favoured Trojans—a nation she so eagerly loves. Stroaking some beauteous Argive, graceful with a length of robe, her tender hand

a wound received, as it met with the buckle of gold."—She spoke; and calmly smiled, the father of men and of gods. He called his daughter to his side. He thus addressed the golden Venus:—"Not to thee pertains, my daughter, the rude contests of war and of death. A more pleasing province is thine: The soft concerns of nuptial joys. But battles leave to furious Mars: Be these the care of Minerva:"—Such the discourse of the gods, in high Olympus, paved with gold!

ON Æneas still rushed, in the field, Diomedes, unequalled in fight. He rushed, though o'er the chief, Apollo had stretched his arm. Nor was the mighty god revered; eager to slay the hero—to strip him of his beauteous arms. Thrice rushed the chief on the god: Thrice Apollo struck his shield. But when a fourth assault he made, thus, threatening aloud, spoke the king, who shoots from afar:—"Consider, son of Tydeus! Warrior, consider—retire! Think not to equal thyself to the gods. Unlike the lines from which we spring!—Wide differ the race of immortal gods, from men who crawl, along the ground."

He spoke: But short the space the son of Tydeus retires: Avoiding the dreadful wrath of Phoebus, who shoots from afar. Apollo, apart from the crowd in sacred Pergamus Æneas placed—in the secret court of his lofty fate. There, within the holiest place, Latona and the blameless Diana healed the wounds of the chief, and covered him, with glory, around. The god, who bears the silver bow, then formed a phantom in the field. Like Æneas, in shape and size: In burnished arms, the same. Round this phantom, the Trojans and the

warlike Argive in arms, piercèd, alternate, on every breast, the hide-covered shields formed beautifully round; and the light bucklers, exalted on high. Whilst, thus, loud tumult the field possessed, to Mars spoke the far-shooting Phœbus:—"Mars, destroyer of men, stained with slaughter, overthrower of walls!—Wilt thou not rush to the field?—Remove that hero from the war?—Remove the son of Tydeus, who now would fight with father Jove?—First he wounded lovely Venus—driving his spear near the wrist, through her hand: Next, like a god, he rushed on myself in arms."

Thus as he spoke, the god retired: And fixed, in high Pergamus, his seat. Destroyer Mars urged on the Trojans, rushing forward through all their line. In form like the gallant Acamas, swift leader of the Thracians, in war. He thus awakes to the fight the sons of Priam, beloved of Jove:—"O sons of Priam!" he said, "a king beloved by thundering Jove:—How long will ye, thus, permit your people to fall in blood before the foe?—Wait ye, thus, inactive in war, till at your gates it is urged, by the Greeks? Slain, on the field, lies a chief, whom, in equal honour, with the noble Hector, we held. Slain lies the great Æneas, the son of magnanimous Anchises. Hasten then, O sons of Priam. Let us rescue our friend from the foe."

Thus, as he spoke, he roused their souls, and breathed vigour into every breast. It was then, that the great Sarpèdon, much upbraided Hector divine:—"Hector, whither is fled thy strength? Where the wonted force of thine arm? Frequent was thy boast, heretofore, that without aids, thou couldst Troy defend;—alone,

with thy kinsmen and friends—with thy brothers, inured to arms. Of these, I none, can now behold.—I perceive none, o'er the fight. To corners they, trembling, shrink, like dogs when the lion roars. The war is left upon our hands. On us, as aids, depends the fight. I, an ally, only came. From a distant region I have moved to the war:—For far away is my native Lycia, on the green banks of the roaring Xanthus. There my much-loved spouse I left—my son, that scarce can lisp my name—my wide possessions and my wealth, the envy of all, who behold:—But, such as I am, I urge the war.—I rouse my Lycians to arms—I burn to meet THAT chief in fight: Though here I have not ought to lose; nor ought, that the foe would receive. But thou inactive stand'st alone: Nor rousest even others to fight—to shield thy very spouse from the foe. But take heed, O warriors of Troy, lest, as in a net surrounding all—ye, one day, may be dragged from your walls, a prey to the insulting foe; who soon will level, with earth, the well-peopled city of Troy. Thee, now, it would most become—the care should be wholly thine—by night, by day, to conjure the chiefs—to urge the aids, who came from afar, unceasing to meet the rushing foe—to forget their faction and rage.”

THUS spoke the great Sarpëdon. His speech touched Hector's inmost soul. Sudden, he bounded to earth, from his car, wielding two long spears in his hands. Through the host strode the chief in arms, kindling battle, as he moved, o'er the lines. The yielding squadrons return:—Before the Greeks again they form.

The Argives collected stand in arms;—nor seem to dread the growing fight.

As when the wind divides the chaff, along the sacred threshing-floor, when hinds winnow their corn in the barn—when yellow Ceres, to the breeze, divides the chaff, from the golden grains: White rise the dusty heaps of the chaff. So whitened o'er, were the Greeks, with the dust, raised to heaven by the feet of their steeds, as the drivers turned them forward to war. At once they raise the force of their arms:—Fierce Mars with darkness clothes the field. Rushing, through his own dreadful night—the furious god brings aid to Troy. From wing to wing he dimly strides; bearing the commands of the golden-sworded Phœbus. Him great Apollo had enjoined to rouse the souls of the Trojans to war; when he first saw Minerva departing—the blue-eyed aid of the Argives in arms.

THE god himself, from his holy fane, sends forth Æneas to the field. He kindles valour in his breast.—The shepherd of the people he roused to arms. Among his friends the hero stood: Sudden joy rose over their souls, when they saw him alive—unhurt—possessing all his strength, in the fight. But they questioned not the chief. The toil of battle words forbade: The fresh tumult which Apollo had raised—which Mars, the destroyer of men—which Discord insatiably fierce.

THE Ajaces, on the other side, the wise Ulysses, the great Diomedes—all roused the Greeks to the bloody fight:—For careless, in their souls, were the chiefs, of the rage—of the valour of Troy. The advancing tempest, they darkly wait: Like the clouds which Saturnian Jove, places, aloft, in a calm, on the broken tops of

the silent hills: When the strength of rude Boreas sleeps, with the rushing force of the other winds. But soon they rise, in their rage, and break the gathered gloom, with their whistling blasts. So still wait the Greeks for the foe—forgetful of shameful flight.

THE son of Atreus rushed quickly along the line: Dispensing thus his high commands:—"O friends!" he said, "behave like men. Resume the wonted force of your souls. Revering one another, engage. Shew not examples of flight. Of those, who dread shame worse than death—more are safe than are slain in the field. Nor the fame of the coward is heard—nor safety attends on his flight."—Thus speaking, he threw with force his spear. A leader of Troy he struck:—The friend of the great Aeneas, Deicöon, Pergasius' son: Whom the Trojans, in equal honour, had held, with the sons of Æniam. He, in the front of the line, had often borne the shock of war. On his buckler fell the spear of Atreides; nor stopt, by the shield, was the lance. Through and through passed the point, and, near the belt, in his bowels was lost. Resounding, the chief falls to earth: On his body sound harshly his arms.

ÆNEAS, in rage, advanced and slew, to Greece, two valiant chiefs: The sons of the great Diöcles—Orsilochus and youthful Crethon. Their father dwelt in high-built Phera—rich in gold—from a river deriving his line. From Alpheus the hero sprung, which spreads its bright waters o'er sandy Pylos. The god, Orsilochus begot, o'er many heroes to reign. From Orsilochus sprung Diöcles. To him two gallant sons were born—Crethon and young Orsilochus, skilled in each motion of war. They, while

scarce to manhood reared, launched their dark ships to the main;—and came to Ilium, renowned for steeds, in the huge host of the Grecian powers. To honour the sons of Atreus, they came: But early death arose on their fame.

As two young lions, on the rugged brows of a mountain bred: To slaughter, by their mother, reared, in the deep recess of the gloomy woods. Roaring they rush forth on the herd—tear the bleating flocks in their rage, and spread the carnage to the dwellings of men. They fall, at length, beneath the steel—slain by the hands, of the gathered kinds. Such beneath the hands of Æneas, the two young heroes lay subdued. Like two tall pines they lie, on earth: Torn, from the hill, by stormy winds.

PITY touched the great Menelaüs, when he saw them low in their blood. To the front the hero advanced, bright in steel and extending his quivering spear. Fierce Mars had roused his soul to fight; to subdue him beneath the arm of Æneas. Antilochus beheld the chief. The son of Nestor, with terror, beheld. To the front he suddenly rushed. Much he feared for the leader of armies: Lest, in the field, he should fall; and render vain the toils of his friends. Already they had raised their hands—to each other had extended their spears in act to begin the fight; when Antilochus sudden drew near, and stood by the leader of armies. Nor Æneas sustained the chiefs, though a warrior of valour in fight: When close to each other, before him, rose the two heroes, in arms. The dead, the heroes drew to the Greeks. They placed the hapless youths, in the hands of their weeping friends. To blood the chiefs themselves returned; and roused battle in the front of the line.

THE heroes slew great Pylæmenes, equal to Mars himself in arms:—The leader of the brave Paphlagonians, covered o'er with bossy shields. Him the son of Atreus slew, Menelaüs renowned, at the spear. On foot as he stood in the front. Through the throat passed the gleaming point. Antilochus warlike Mydon slew, the driver of the hero's car: The brave son of Atymnes;—as he turned his swift steeds, from the field. On his elbow fell a stone, from the foe: from his hands dropt the ivory-studded reins: And, trailing, draw a line through the dust. Antilochus rushed on the chief: And, struck him, with his sword, on the brow. Gasping he dropt from the polished car: And headlong, in the sand to the shoulders sunk. Long he stood fixed in the place: For deep was the slough where he fell: Till touched by the hoof of the steed, he, prone, lay along in the dust. Antilochus the coursers seized. He drove them to the Grecian line.

HECTOR beheld the chiefs. On both he rushed, roaring, in arms. The deep columns of Troy are near; and tread, in the path of the king. Their leaders to war was Mars, and the terrible Bellona, in arms. She bearing the dreadful tumult of fight;—Mars shaking a huge spear, in his hand. Now before Hector he moved—now behind the godlike man. Diomedes beheld the chief; and shuddered to his inmost soul. As when a wayfarer unskilled, travelling o'er a spacious plain, comes heedless to the bank of a stream—rushing rapidly down to the sea. Beholding it raging with foam—astonished he backward retreats. Thus retired the son of Tydeus: And spoke aloud to the host as he moved:

“O FRIENDS!” the hero began, “not unjustly we Hector admire—matchless at launching the spear—to break the lines of battle, bold. Ever near him stands one of the gods—to turn aside the deadly dart. By the warrior, this instant, strides Mars, clothing the god, in mortal form. Retreat from the power divine: But hold your faces to the foe, as ye yield. Slowly give ground to the Trojans—nor presume to engage, with the gods.”

THUS, as the hero spoke; the Trojans approached, with their line. Hector slew two gallant chiefs, skilled both, in each motion of war. In one car, they rode in the field—Anchialus and valiant Menesthes. Pity touched Telemonian Ajax, when he saw them low in their blood. In the front of the foe he stood. He launched forward his burnished spear. Amphias the hero struck, the son of the great Selâgus—who dwelt in high-walled Pæsus—rich in gold and wealthy in herds. But dark fate hung over the chief, and urged him, to aid, in war—both Priam and Priam’s sons. Him, through the belt, pierced the great son of Telamon: In the nether belly is fixed the long spear. Sounding he fell to the earth. On him rushed the illustrious Ajax to strip him, as he lay, of his arms. The Trojans poured down, on the chief—a shower of sharp and burnished spears: Which formed a sudden wood on his shield. Placing his foot to the corse of the slain—his lance, stained with blood, he drew forth. But he could not, of his beauteous arms, deprive the chief, as he lay in death:—Pressed, on every side, by the darts of the foe. The growing circle of the Trojans he feared—who brave and many closed around;—holding forth their long spears,

in their hands. Him they drove by force on his line;—though great—though valiant—though renowned. HE, yielding slowly, back retreats.

THUS they laboured, in dismal fight: But Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules—brave in battle—great in size—is driven forward on the god-like Sarpëdon, by relentless fate. When, rushing onward to mutual wounds, near each other, approached the chiefs: The son and grandson of storm-collecting Jove. First, to his gallant foe, Tlepolemus thus began:

“SARPEDON—leader of the Lycians! What urged thee to tremble here in arms? New to danger, and raw in the field?—They deceive, who call thee the son, of Ægis-bearing Jove. Unlike art thou to the matchless race, who sprung from Jove, in other years. But what of Hercules loud fame reports! Of my father of heart unsubdued!—Of him undaunted as a lion, in soul!—To Troy, of old, the hero came—Laomedon’s promised steeds to receive;—with six ships he only came, and few in arms, were in his train:—Yet Ilium’s proud city he took, and laid its streets waste with the sword. But thou art a dastard in soul: And round thee fall thy troops unrevenged. Nor much wilt thou now aid the Trojans—though Lycia had sent thee more valiant to war: As slain, by this spear, in fight, thou soon shalt be sent to the dead.”

To him Sarpëdon replied—the leader of the Lycians in arms:—“Tlepolemus,” the hero said, “thy father sacred Ilium destroyed. By the folly of its sovereign it fell: Through Laomedon well-known to fame. He the earned prize had refused—and loaded the chief with reproach. The promised steeds were refused—for whose sake he had come, from afar. But to

thee I foretel thy death—sudden slaughter, on this spot, from my hand. Subdued, by my spear, thou shalt fall—and give glory to me—but thy soul to the shades below.”

THUS spoke the great Sarpëdon: Tlepolemus lifted his lance. At once, from their hands flew the spears. Sarpëdon struck the neck of his foe. Through and through passed the deadly point. Shadowy night rose over his eyes. But Tlepolemus struck, with his lance, the left thigh of the great Sarpëdon. With rapid force driven forward, the point, is stopt, in its course, by the bone: but father Jove averts death from his son.

His gallant friends in their arms receive, and bear the godlike Sarpedon away. They bear him much pained from the fight:—The spear trails, and adheres to the wound. All in haste, they observed not the lance:—In haste to lay the chief, on his car; their souls were hurried around; and they drew not the spear, from his thigh. The Greeks, on the other side, bear slain Tlepolemus, from the field. The noble Ulysses all observed. Though firm in soul, his heart was moved. He anxiously revolved in his mind, whether to pursue, from the field, the gallant son of high-thundering Jove:—Or on his Lycians to turn, and send many souls to the shades below. But it was not in the fates, that Ulysses should slay the son of Jove, with the spear. Minerva, therefore, turned his soul; to the crowd of devoted Lycians. Cæranus first he slew, Alâstor and Chromius renowned—Alcander, Halius, Noëmon and Prytanis, great in arms.

NOR there had stopt from death the sword of the noble Ulysses;—but that Hector beheld the

chief; and roused battle o'er all the line. To the front of the fight he rushed; covered o'er with burnished steel—bearing terror and dismay to the Greeks. The son of Jove, beheld with Joy his approach. He thus raised his languid voice:

“SON of Priam,” Sarpëdon said, “leave me not a pray to Greece. Leave me not, on the field, to the foe: O aid me in distress. In your city, at least, let me die: Since the fates forbid my return—to my home—to my native land: to gladden the heart of my spouse—to please my infant son.”

HE spoke: Nor aught Hector replied. Eager, he flew past to the foe: Resolved to repel the Greeks, with speed—to give many souls to the wind. His companions place the godlike Sarpëdon—beneath the beauteous beech of his father Jove. Brave Pelagon, his much-loved friend, drew the ashen spear from his thigh. His soul seemed to leave the chief: Sudden darkness is poured on his eyes. At length the fleeting spirit returned, and the rising breeze of the north refreshed the chief, as he, gasping, lay.

MARS advances to the fight; and Hector, armed with burnished steel. Nor yet turned the Greeks their backs on the foe: Nor safety sought in their hollow ships. Nor yet pushed they forward the war:—But backward slowly yield the way:—When the dreadful report reached their ears, that Mars himself aided Troy in arms.

WHO first fell by Hector's hand?—Who by the brazen power of war—sunk last, on the field of renown?—Teuthras equal to the gods, Orestes, ruler of steeds, Ætolian Trechnus, armed

with the spear, Oenomaüs renowned: The son of Oenops, Helenus, and Oresbius, with his various helm:—Oresbius, who dwelt in woody Hyla, intent to swell his wealthy store;—the neighbour of the lake Cephissis. The Bœotians held their dwellings near:—Forming a rich state round their chief.

THEIR dreadful progress in war, the white-armed Juno saw from high: She saw her Argives slain in fight, and thus, with winged words to Minerva:—“Pallas!” the goddess began: “Invincible daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Vain was the promise we made—the faith we plighted to great Menelaüs—that, after the fall of high-built Ilium, the chief should return to his native land. Vain was the promise we made—if thus we permit destructive Mars, to rage through the ranks of our friends. But rouze, goddess, thyself to arms. Let us think of some powerful aid.”

SHE spoke: Nor disobeyed in ought the blue-eyed daughter of thundering Jove. To harness her golden-bridled steeds, repaired with speed the queen revered: The awful race of mighty Saturn. Hebe straight to the car, applies the swiftly-rolling orbs: The brazen wheels, with eight bright spokes—she fits to the axle of steel, on either side. The round of the wheels was of heavenly gold. Above a brazen circle is rolled around—fitted close to defend the orbs, and wonderfully wrought to the sight. The round naves are of silver formed. The seat is hung aloft between, on gold and silver braces swayed. A crescent shone, on either side, to stay the floating reins of the steeds. A silver pole rushed out before. To the point she tied the beautiful yoke, and the gears bright-studded with

gold. To the yoke the swift-footed steeds are brought, by the goddess herself—eager for contest and war.

MEANTIME, the blue-eyed Pallas arms: The daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove. Her robe around her form she pours—down to her father's pavement of gold:—Her beauteous, her varied robe, wrought by her hands divine. The arms of her sire she assumes: The mail of tempest-ruling Jove: Preparing to issue forth to disastrous war. On her shoulders the goddess placed the golden-tasseled, dreadful Ægis. Dark Fear round the margin is rolled. Discord by the center glares: And Fortitude and dreadful Pursuit. In the midst the head of Gorgon is seen—dire, monstrous, horrid—the awful portent of Ægis-bearing Jove. On her head her golden helmet she placed: With four huge plumes waving on high—fit to shadow the hosts of an hundred states in arms. She vaults into the splendid car; and grasps, within her hand, the spear, huge, heavy and strong, with which she levels the battles of heroes, when flames the wrath of the daughter of Jove.

JUNO urged the coursers to speed. The gates of heaven, harsh-grating aloft, open wide of their own accord. The gates which the Seasons keep, to whom broad Olympus is delivered in charge: To open the gathered cloud, or heaven to close in thickest shade. Through this broad tract the fleet coursers they drove. The son of Saturn they found—sitting apart from all the gods. He sat on the highest point of Olympus, whose hundred summits ascend to the skies. There the white-armed Juno stayed her steeds: And, thus, preferred her request to Jove.

“ O FATHER Jove !” the queen began—“ offends not Mars with deeds like these? Burns not thy rage against thy son, who so many, so brave has slain? Who so rashly destroys the Greeks—forgetful of his ties to Jove? In grief these deeds I behold;—derided by two other powers—by Venus, by far-shooting Phœbus, who urge this mad god, a stranger to every law. Will father Jove his wrath withhold, if, descending to the fight, I should drive Mars, wounded, from bloodshed and war?”—“ Go then,” said the ruler of storms: “ Rouze on him the warrior Minerva: SHE, that is wont to curb his rage—to restrain his fury with bitter woes !”

HE spoke; nor in ought disobeyed the white-armed spouse of Jove. She urged forward the bounding steeds: Not unwilling they flew on the winds; Holding the middle course, between earth and the starry skies. Far as a man can throw his eyes, through the clear expanse of the air: Sitting aloft, on a rocky point, and viewing the darkly-heaving main: So far, at one bound, pass along, the high-resounding steeds of the gods. But when they came to high-built Troy—to the rivers, which divide its plains—to where the bright stream of Simois mixes with the roaring Scamander: There Juno loosed her fleet steeds, from the car: And poured around them thickest night. Simois gave them food divine. The powers immortal float away. Through air they fly, like timid doves; bearing aid to the warriors of Greece. But when they came to the place—where the most and the bravest stood, round the strength of the great Diomedes: Like lions the heroes stood, gorged with slaughter—stained with blood: Or like to mountain boars, exulting in their force and their rage.

LOUD exclaimed the white-armed Juno. Brave Stentor she resembled in form—endued with such a voice—that louder than fifty warriors, arose distinct its brazen sound:—“Cowards of Greece,” she said, “base in action, though specious in form! When great Achilles urged the war, the Trojans issued not from their walls: For much they feared the hero’s lance. But now they wander from their gates; and at your ships engage in the fight.”

SHE spoke: and roused the force of their souls. To the son of Tydeus, came blue-eyed Minerva. By his car, she found, standing, the king: Giving to air the wound, which the arrow of Pandarus made. Beneath the broad thong, which hung his shield, the sweat, o’er his wounded shoulder, strays. Pain wandered, o’er all the chief: In act raising the belt he stood, and wiped away the clotty blood. The goddess leaned, on the mane of his steed. Thus she poured her words in his ear:

“NOT equal to himself,” she said, “has warlike Tydeus begot a son. Tydeus, though small in size, was great, in the strife of arms. When I forbade the chief to fight—to rush with fury to blood: When, the messenger of Greece, he came, to Thebes—to the haughty Cadmæans: I commanded the hero, silent, to sit—to partake the feast in the hall. But he retained his dauntless soul—his wonted ardor for fame. The youths of Thebes the chief defied: He vanquished, in all, the foe: Such powerful aid my counsels gave. I, near thy side, a guardian stand. I turn deaths, from thy life, as they fly: Thee I urge against the foe: Thee, I aid, when engaged in the fight. But languor, from toil, pervades thy limbs—or

sudden terror unmans thy soul. Thy claim to thy blood, thou hast lost—no more the son of gallant Tydeus: The race of Oëneus, much skilled in each motion of war.”

To her the valiant Diomedes replied: “I know thee, goddess,” he said, “daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Thee I willingly, address; nor shall I conceal aught of my soul. Nor sudden terror ME unmans—nor languor my limbs pervades: But thy commands I bear in mind: I the counsel of Pallas obey. With the blest gods thou forbid’st me to fight—with all the powers but Venus: But, if the fair daughter of Jove came to war—her thou commandedst to wound with the spear. For this I retired from the fight: For this I ordered the Greeks to retire;—and, here, in deep array to convene: For Mars himself, I perceive, in fight: Leading onward the Trojans to war.”

THE goddess of blue-eyes replied:—“Son of Tydeus,” she said, “Diomedes, most beloved by my soul. Nor dread, in aught, this furious Mars—nor any of the gods in arms;—such to thee is the aid, which I bring. Hasten then, ascend thy car. Drive thy fleet steeds on the god. Push, hand to hand, to him the spear: Nor dread, in aught, impetuous Mars: That furious power—that public ill—the most inconstant of the gods. To me, of late, he pledged his faith: His promise to Juno he gave;—that he would urge the battle on Troy: And aid the sons of Argos in arms: But now, with the Trojans he herds—forgetful of his promise and faith.”

THUS, as the blue-eyed Pallas spoke, she threw Sthenelus, from the car, to the ground: Drawing backward the chief, with her hand.

Sudden he leaped down from his place. To the seat—by the great Diomedes—the roused goddess ascended, in wrath. Much groaned the beechen axle beneath:—bearing to battle and blood, a dreadful power and a valiant chief. Pallas drew the reins to her hand. The bounding steeds she drove forward on Mars. The god had huge Periphas slain, the stoutest far of Ætolia's chiefs: The renowned son of the great Ochesius. Him Mars stained with slaughter, had slain: But Pallas took the helmet of Pluto; and hid herself from the eyes of the god.

WHEN the destroyer of heroes, Mars—first beheld Diomedes divine: The great Periphas he left in his blood—on the spot, where the warrior was slain. Right forward moved the steps of the god: On Diomedes, the breaker of steeds. When near to each other they came—bending forward to mutual wounds: First Mars, stretching forth his broad hand—o'er the yoke—o'er the reins of the steeds—threw, with force, his brazen lance—eager to lay him breathless on earth. Minerva seized the lance, as it flew. She turned it, bloodless, aside from the car. Next the brave Diomedes is roused: He launched forward his steely spear. Pallas adds her force to the flying lance. Beneath the ribs, near the belt, struck the spear; and tore the beauteous skin of the god. With his hand he drew back the lance. Brazen Mars more loudly roared—than the shout of ten thousand in fight—contending in his own bloody fields. Terror, at once, seized both the hosts: The Greeks, the Trojans shrunk trembling away: So loud roared the wounded Mars: The insatiable author of war!

As when, ascending to the clouds, a dark column of dust appears, roused, by the whirlwind, to heaven, when blow the sultry winds, o'er the plain: So to the eyes of the son of Tydeus, seemed, aloft, departing Mars; ascending, with his clouds, to the skies. Straight he came to the seat of gods: To high Olympus, with summits of snow. Near Saturnian Jove he sat, oppressed with grief and torn with pain. He shewed the immortal blood, which poured, at large, from the wound. Thus, complaining, to his father, his words he addressed:

“O FATHER Jove!” began the god—“offend not impious actions, like these, thy soul? Much we the gods have suffered all—to each other the cause of woe: Much have we suffered for the sake—of men, who crawl along the ground. But thou art the source of strife. This pernicious daughter of thee was born: This power who, ever, in mischief, delights. We, the other powers on high—the blest gods, who Olympus possess—obey in all high-thundering Jove—are subject, each, to his high commands. HER, neither, with words, thou restrain'st. HER thou opposest not with deeds. HER thou indulgest in all—because this mad daughter is wholly thine. Even now the son of Tydeus, Diomedes haughty in arms, she has roused to fury, against the immortal gods. First Venus he wounded, hand to hand: And tore her fair wrist with his lance: On me also, he presumed to rush—equalling himself to a god. But my fleet steeds bore me away;—else whelmed, beneath huge heaps of dead—though immortal, subject to pain—my strength had been broken with frequent wounds.”

STERNLY looking on his son, began the storm-compelling Jove: "Presume not, thou inconstant power, to trouble ME, with vain complaints. By me, thou art hated the most, of all the gods, who Olympus possess. In strife is thy sole delight: In wars, in battle, in blood. In thee thy mother's soul is infused: A mind unknowing how to yield. Proud Juno's fierce temper is thine: Which scarce my commands can repress. It was, through her counsels, I deem, that thou, her son, so much hast borne. But no longer thou shalt suffer pain. My son, though unworthy, thou art: Thy mother bore thee to Jove. Were some other immortal thy sire: Were thy blood, derived from any, but Jove:—Long had'st thou been plunged in darkness, beneath the state of the horrid Titans."

He spoke: And commanded Pæon to heal the furious god. The wound the skillful Pæon closed: With soft liniments expelling the pain. He healed the wound to the god: For not mortal was the offspring of Jove. As when, by the sharp juice of the fig, the milk is curdled within the pail. The liquid thickens, as, mixing with the runnet, it moves around: Thus suddenly beneath the balm, closed the wound of impetuous Mars. Bright Hebe bathed the warrior god. She decked him o'er, with splendid robes. By Saturnian Jove he sat aloft: Exulting in his honours divine.

To the halls of far resounding Jove—having driven furious Mars from the field—returned, in state, the Argive Juno and the powerfully-assisting Minerva.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK VI.

THE Trojans are left by the gods. The Greeks, unaided, urge the war. Now here, now there, the fight is swayed. Broken tumult divides the field. To mutual wounds the spears are stretched: Battle rages from line to line: Between the banks of the beauteous Simoïs and the clear-rushing streams of Scamander.

AJAX, the great son of Telamon: The bulwark of Greece in arms—first broke the firm ranks of the Trojans, pouring the light of hope, on his friends. A hero is struck, by the chief—the bravest of the warriors of Thrace. The son of valiant Eüsson, Acamas, stout, and large in size. On the horse hair cone of his helm fell the lance; and fixed, in his forehead remained. Through the skull passed the brazen point. Sudden darkness arose on his eyes.

AXYLUS fell in the fight, by the hand of the great Diomedes: Axylus, the son of Teuthras, who dwelt in the beauteous Arisba. Rich in wealth was the chief—and much-beloved, by

human kind. ALL he, with kindness, received : Rearing, by the road, his lofty halls. But none of his guests, issuing forth to his aid, now warded off the hand of death. Nor alone fell the chief, by the foe. The son of Tydeus his servant slew : The driver of his car, brave Calesius. On the earth they both mixed their blood.

EURYALUS slew the valiant Dresus and Opheltius equal in arms. He rushed on Pedasus, on brave Æsèpus, whom a lovely Naiad bore : The beauteous nymph, Abarbarèa — to Bucölion blameless in soul. Bucölion the son of Laömedon, the king of Ilium's eldest born : But the fruit of a secret bed. When Bucölion tended the flock, he mixed, with the glowing nymph, in love. Pregnant the Naiad grew, and produced these twins to the light. But now their fair limbs were unbraced in death, by the hand of the son of Mecistheus : From their shoulders he tore their mails. Astyalus fell in his blood, beneath the warlike Polypætes. Ulysses pierced, with pointed steel, Percosian Pydites in arms. Teucer laid in death, on earth, the noble Aretäon. Antilochus Ablèrus slew. Elatus fell by the king of men : Elatus, who lofty Pedasus held, on the banks of the clear-rushing Satnio.

ALIVE the young Adrastus is seized, by Menelaüs great in arms. His steeds frightened ran, wildly along. In a low tamarisk, is entangled the car. The pole, at the root, is broken in twain. Loose to the city they scour the field ; and herd with other steeds as they fly. Near his broken car, is rolled the warrior on earth. Prone, in the dust, he lay on his face ; when the son of Atreus advanced, with

extended spear. Clinging round the hero's knees, the hapless Adrastus thus began:—  
“ Spare me, son of warlike Atreus. Take the price of the life which you spare. Great is the wealth of my aged father: Rich the precious stores in his halls. In brass, in gold the chief abounds, in steel, high-wrought, by the artist's hands. Of these shall my father bestow, a gift unequalled for his son: Should he hear, that I still see the light in the hollow ships of the Argive powers.”

HE spoke; and bent the soul of the chief. To lead the youth to the ships of Greece—he, already, had issued commands:—But Agamemnon came forward, with speed, and, thus, upbraided his brother aloud:—“ O soft in temper!—O Menelaüs!—What pity hath seized thy soul?—Well have the Trojans deserved of THEE. Their friendship, in thy halls, has been known! Let none from destruction escape: None avoid the death in our hands. Not the child, whom the mother bears, a lisping infant in her arms:—Not HE shall escape with life. All her sons must with Ilium fall—and, on her ruins, unburied remain.”

THUS, as the monarch wisely spoke, the soul of his brother he changed. He pushed, from him, the hero Adrastus. Him Agamemnon wounds in his rage. Through his side passed the burnished lance. Backward falling, he lay in the dust. The son of Atreus laid his foot on the slain; and drew his ashen spear from the wound. The aged Nestor was near; and, thus he urged the Argives aloud:—O friends! O heroes of Greece! fierce followers of Mars in arms! Let none stop, behind, for the spoil: With rich plunder to return to the ships. But

let us first the warriors slay, then strip, at leisure, the dead o'er the field."

THUS, as the aged hero spoke: He roused the ardor and souls of all. Then had the Trojans, from the warriors of Greece, fled to high Ilium, by terror subdued;—had not, to the hero Æneas—to Hector standing near in arms—Helenus the son of Priam, his words addressed, Helenus of augurs the first and the best, in Troy!

"ÆNEAS and Hector," he said, "since most the toil of fight is yours:—Since the Trojans and Lycians lean on you—the first in each province of war—whether to urge the strife of spears, or in council to guide the state. Stand THERE, before the flying host. Stop all and forbid them the gates: Lest they fall, in the arms of their wives, at once the scorn and the prey of the foe. When, once, the firm ranks are restored—here WE, in arms, shall fight the Greeks: Though hemmed in on every side. So dire necessity commands. But, Hector, thou to Troy retire. Request of thy mother and mine—the honoured dames of Ilium to call, to the holy fane of the blue-eyed Minerva. Let them the citadel ascend: The sacred building open wide. Let her bear in her hand the veil: The most beautiful, the largest, the best—the most valued, by herself, in her halls. Let her place it on the knees of Minerva: The long-haired daughter of Jove. Let her vow, to the goddess with prayer, twelve heifers in her holy fane: A year old each—unknown to the yoke—a sacred offering to the maid! If SHE will pity the town, the tender dames, the lisping children of Troy: If SHE will turn, from sacred Ilium, the son of redoubted Tydeus: The fiercest of warriors in

war! The furious author of flight to the foe  
HIM of all the Greeks, I deem, the first, the  
bravest, in the fight. Nor, thus, we dreaded  
ever Achilles: The leader of heroes in war!  
Though from a goddess, as fame reports, the  
hero derives his blood. But Diomedes is furi-  
ous in fight. None, in strength, can equal the  
dreadful king."

HE spoke: Nor Hector in ought disobeyed.  
Straight from his car, in clanking arms, the hero  
bounded to the ground. Shaking two long  
spears, in his hand, through the army he held  
his way. He roused his people, as he moved:  
And wakened, round him, dreadful fight. At  
once turned the host from flight. They stood,  
forming, before the foe. The Argives stopt  
short, in their course. They stayed their deadly  
spears, from blood. They thought, that some  
immortal came:—That some god from the starry  
skies—had descended, in the midst of the Tro-  
jans; and turned them all, on the foe.

HECTOR stood, tall, in the front. He roused,  
thus, the Trojans to arms:—"Trojans undaunted  
in soul! Illustrious allies, come from afar!  
Shew yourselves warriors, O friends! Recall  
your wonted firmness in fight:—While I to-  
sacred Ilium repair: To bid the aged—to order  
our dames, to pray to the immortal powers:—  
To vow holy offerings to the gods."—Thus, as  
he spoke, the various-helmed Hector retired.  
O'er his shoulders he threw his shield. The  
dark leather, which edged its wide round, at  
each step, struck his neck, as he moved.

GLAUCUS, the son of Hippolochus, and the  
valiant race of Tydeus—met, in the midst, be-  
tween the lines, with souls eager for the fight.  
When, to each other, the chiefs approached,

bending forward to mutual wounds ; Diomedes, unequalled in arms, first addressed his valiant foe :

“ WHO art thou, bravest in war ! Who of mortal men art thou ? Never, heretofore, have these eyes beheld thee, in the glorious fight. But, now, in boldness, thou all excellest : In standing, thus, before my long spear. The children of unhappy parents—meet the strength of this arm in war. But if—of the immortals one—thou, from thy dwelling in heaven, descendest, nor I, on the heavenly gods, will ever lift the spear, in fight. For few were the days of Lycurgus, the valiant son of mighty Dryas, who contended in fight, with the immortal gods. He pursued, through the sacred Nissæus, the nurses of frantic Bacchus. They at once, threw their thyrsi, on earth—galled with a lash, by the slayer of men, Lycurgus. The god himself urged his swift flight. He plunged in the wave of the main. Thetis, in her bosom, the trembling power received. Cold terror crept quite through his frame, at the threats of the dreadful king. Against him, thereafter, were enraged, the gods who calmly live on high : With blindness, at once, he was struck, by the great son of Saturn. Nor long did the hero live : Now odious to all the gods. Nor I, with the blest above, will fight :—But if THOU art of mortal race : If THOU feed’st on the fruits of the earth : Approach to my spear, with speed : and reach the goal of dismal death.”

To him, in turn, replied the illustrious son of Hippolochus :—“ Son of Tydeus, undaunted in soul ! Why dost thou my birth enquire ? As the frail successions of leaves—such is the race of men :—Some the wind strews on earth,

as they fade: Some spring, o'er the lofty woods,  
and shew their green heads, in the vernal year.  
Such the generations of men!—This rises and  
that declines.”

“ BUT if this thou would'st also learn. If  
THOU my lineage would'st hear; my race,  
which to many of mankind is known. A city  
there is—Ephyra named—far in Argos renown-  
ed for steeds. There Sisyphus reigned of old:  
The wisest of mortal men! Sisyphus the race  
of Æolus;—the father of Glaucus renowned.  
To Glaucus was born a son: Bellerophon,  
blameless in soul. To him the gods their  
beauty gave. To him the valour beloved of  
mankind. But Prætus harboured ill, in his  
soul. The youth, from his country, he drove:  
For of the Argives, HE was the greatest in  
power; and Jove to his scepter had submitted  
the state.”

“ THE glowing spouse of sceptered Prætus:  
The noble Antæa burnt with desire—to mix  
with the youth in secret love. But she failed to  
persuade Bellerophon: Blest with pure thoughts  
and prudence of soul. Enraged she spoke  
falsely to Prætus. She thus, roused the wrath  
of the king, with words:—“ Thou must die,  
O Prætus!—Or the young Bellerophon slay.  
With me he strove to mix in love: To bend  
me, with force, to his arms.”—Sudden rage  
seized the soul of the king, when he heard the  
complaint of his spouse. But the youth he  
avoided to slay: Bearing fear for the gods, in  
his soul. To Lycia he sent him afar. He  
gave deadly signs to his charge: Writing in a  
well-sealed tablet, the cause and request of  
death. To his father-in-law he wrote. By his  
hands the youth was to fall.”

“ To Lycia the hero went, under the blest guidance of all the gods. But when to Lycia he came: To the deep streams of the gulphy Xanthus. HIM the king, with honour received. Nine days he feasted in the halls; and nine fat oxen were slain. But when the rosy-fingered Aurora reared, on the tenth, her sacred light: Then the king questioned the chief, willing to see the fatal signs: The commands, which from Prætus, he brought. When the deadly letters he read: He ordered the youth to slay with his spear, the never-conquered Chimæra! The monster was of race divine. Nor ought deriving from mortal blood:—A lion before—behind a dragon—in the middle a shaggy goat: Pouring forth, from her throat, the force of all-consuming fire. But HÆ the blameless hero slew, confiding in the signs of the gods.”

“ The Solymi he next assailed;—unequaled in renown for arms. This was the fiercest fight, he said—he ever entered with mortal men. In his third toil, by command, the manlike Amazons he slew. But returning with fame from the field, a new snare was laid for his life. The bravest sons of wide Lycia were armed; and in ambush placed in his way. Never home the warriors returned; slain all by Bellerophon, blameless in soul. His deeds spoke his race divine. The king owned his descent from the gods. HIM in Lycia he detained. He gave his daughter to his arms; and placed the half of the kingly power in his hands. The Lycians added lands to his power. A spacious lot inclosed around; pleasant—bearing the vine, and fitted for the plough. The daughter of the king three children bore, to Bellerophon prudent in

soul: Isandrus, great Hippolochus, and the beauteous Laodomæa. On Laodomæa's glowing charms, in love, descended prescient Jove. She bore the godlike Sarpædon, splendid in his brazen mail!"

"BUT Bellerophon, in the close of his years, became odious to all the gods. In the Alëian wilds he strayed alone: Wasting his soul in grief, and shunning the footsteps of men. His son Isandrus fell by Mars, the insatiable author of wars. Him the god slew, engaged in fight, with the Solymi, renowned in arms. Few also were his sister's days: Slain by Diana with golden reins. Hippolochus ME begot; and much I boast the hero's blood. He sent me, an aid, to Troy: Giving many commands to his son. He bade me, always, with valour to dare, o'er others in virtue to rise: To disgrace not the line of my fathers: Nor tarnish aught of their renown. My fathers unequalled in fame, when in Ephyra the heroes reigned, or in Lycia's extensive domains.—Such is my race, son of Tydeus. Such the blood, which Glaucus boasts!"

THUS spoke the hero Glaucus. Diomedes rejoiced, at his words. He fixed his long spear in the earth: And, mildly, thus to the leader of armies:—"The guest of my fathers thou art, within their halls of old. Oeneus of race divine, received the blameless Bellerophon: In friendship received him, in his halls, and twice ten-days detained the chief. Their beauteous gifts the heroes exchanged: A memorial to future times. Great Oeneus gave a splendid belt, tinged o'er with Phœnician red: Bellerophon, of solid gold, a beauteous cup, both double and round. THIS I left, at my departure, in memory of my fathers, at home.

Tydeus is now lost to my soul. He left me, an infant, in his halls: When perished the armies of Greece, before the sacred Thebes. But now to THEE, a guest I am; in the midst of Argos, a friend. The same thou art to ME in Lycia, should I ever visit the Lycian state. But let us shun to engage in arms. Let us turn the points of our spears aside. Many Trojans remain for me! Many allies renowned in war—to slay whomsoever the gods will give;—or whom, with speed, I may seize in the field. Many Greeks await thy spear! many to be slain by thy hand! But let us our arms exchange, that these who stand around may know: That still we glory in the friendship, which rose to our fathers of old.”

THUS, when the heroes spoke, they both leaped, in arms, from their cars. They took each other by the hand. They pledged their mutual faith. Then Saturnian Jove enlarged his generous soul to Glaucus. He exchanged his arms with the son of Tydeus;—golden for brass, a hundred oxen for the value of nine.

HECTOR came to the Scæan gate: To the wide-spreading beech of Jove. Around the hero the dames of Troy: Their blooming daughters, with ardor came. Each enquiring, concerning a son—a brother—a friend—a spouse. He bade them to pray to the gods: in long order, processions to form: For that disasters impended o'er all.

To Priam's ample palace he came: The beauteous house of the sovereign of Troy. Lofty porticoes rose in order around. Fifty halls of polished stone, were built, near each other, within. There the sons of Priam lay, in the arms of their beauteous wives. The

apartments of the daughters, opposed within the spacious court, arose: Twelve in number, with lofty roofs, the walls of polished marble formed. There lay the sons-in-law of Priam, in the arms of their blushing wives. There his mild mother the hero met; on her way to Laodicè—of her daughters the fairest, in form. On the hand of her son hung the queen. Thus, by name, she the warrior addressed:

“ My son, why, leaving the bloody fight, comest thou alone to Tróy? But the foe presses hard to our walls. The hated warriors of Achaia prevail. Thy soul turns hither thy steps: To raise thy hands, in his lofty temple, to Jove. Here a moment, stop, my son. Let me bring forth the generous wine: To pour libations to father Jove, and to the other deathless powers. First, let the gods be revered: Then **THOU** refresh thy soul with wine. To a warrior spent with toil, wine his wonted vigour restores. Much, with toil, is spent my son, in fighting for his country and friends.”

To her great Hector replied: Bending forward his various helm: “ Bring not wine to ME, O mother revered! Lest thou my nerves shouldst unstring: Lest my wonted vigour should fly away. Much I dread, with hands unclean, to pour the sable wine to Jove. It suits not one, with slaughter stained, to make solemn vows to the god: To raise aloft his bloody hands to the storm-ruling offspring of Saturn. But **THOU**, O mother, repair—to the high fane of the warrior Minerva. Repair, with rich perfumes: With the dames of Troy in thy train. Bear, in thy hand, a veil: The most beauteous, the largest, the best:—The most valued, by thyself, in thy halls. Place

it, on the knees of Pallas: The long-haired daughter of Jove. Vow to the goddess, with prayer, twelve heifers, in her holy fane: One year old—unknown to the yoke—a sacred offering to the maid. If SHE will pity the town, the tender dames, the lisping infants of Troy. If SHE will turn, from sacred Ilium, the son of illustrious Tydeus: The fiercest of warriors in war! The furious author of flight to the foe!—But thou, O mother, repair: To the fane of the warlike Minerva: While I turn my steps to Paris: If, perhaps, he will hear my voice. Would! that earth would open wide and close o'er his luckless head! Jove has raised him in Ilium—a dire disaster to all;—to the Trojans, to magnanimous Priam, to his hapless sons. Could these eyes but behold the wretch, descending to the regions of death: My soul might forget her woes—the misfortunes, which hover around.”

HE spoke: To her halls moved the queen. To her damsels she issued forth her commands. Through the city, obedient, they flew. They convened the honoured matrons of Troy. To a fragrant room, she, then, descends: Where her high-wrought, varied robes were laid: The work of Sidonian dames, whom Alexander of form divine, had brought, from the wealthy Sidon—sailing through the spacious main. The chief took that way, with Helen, the daughter of thundering Jove. The queen brought a veil in her hand; a sacred offering to blue-eyed Minerva: The most beauteous, with various dyes, the largest—and bright, as a star—the farthest, that hung in the hall. She moved to the temple, with speed: With many honoured dames in her train.

WHEN to the citadel they came: To the

lofty fane of Minerva. The gates were opened, by bright Theäno: The spouse of Antënor, the breaker of steeds. For the Trojans had made the dame, the priestess of the blue-eyed Pallas. With loud voice, in the midst of the fane, they all raised their hands to Minerva. Theäno placed the beauteous veil, on the knees of the long-haired maid: And thus, she prayed, aloud, to the daughter of thundering Jove:

“ O PALLAS revered !” she said, “ Bright guardian of Troy ! Among the daughters of heaven divine ! Break the spear of the great Diomedes. Lay him prone, at the Scæan gate: That, straight, we may offer to Pallas, twelve heifers within her fane: One year old—unknown to the yoke. If thou wilt pity the town, the tender dames—the lisping infants of Troy.”—Thus, breathing her vows, she spoke, Minerva refused her prayer.

THUS their vows they paid in the fane, to the daughter of thundering Jove. But Hector strode away in haste, to the halls of Alexander divine. The lofty halls, which skilful workmen had built for the chief: The most skilled in the sacred Troy. A hall, a dome, a court they reared: Between the palace of Priam and Hector: Where the citadel rises to view. This, entered Hector, beloved of Jove. In his hand, eleven cubits in length, was his spear. The brazen point gleams before, as he moves. Round the staff runs a circle of gold. In the hall his brother he found, preparing his beauteous arms: His buckler, his cuirass, his mail: And bending the crooked bow, in his hand. Near him was Argive Helen, among her beauteous maids: Assigning to each damsel her task.

HECTOR, observing the chief, upbraided him, with bitter words:—"Ill-fated prince!" he said: "This is no time, for thy rage. The people perish before the town: Fighting round our lofty walls. Yet the battle is urged for thy sake. THOU art the source of the war, which flames round the sacred Troy. But THOU thyself would another upbraid, shouldst thou behold him, thus, declining the fight. Arise! with speed arise! Lest hostile fire should the city consume."

To him, in turn, replied Alexander of form divine: "Hector, thy rage is not unjust: Nor injures thy reproof severe. To thee I will, now, reply, but listen THOU, and hear my words. Nor, in wrath, with the sons of Troy, nor wasting down my soul with rage: I sat, from war, in my hall: But, here, to give way to grief. It was, but now, that, with pleasing words, fair Helen urged me to arms: Nor averse to her counsel was Paris. To fight seemed best to my soul: For conquest is alternate to men. But THOU, wait here, in the hall; till I put on these martial arms: Or go before to the field; and rely on my following with speed."

He spoke: Nor aught replied, Hector with the varied helm. But Helen, with pleasing voice began, She, thus, addressed her words to the chief:—"Brother of hapless Helen, the hated author of many woes! O would! that, on that luckless day, when my mother produced me to light—a destructive blast of wind had borne me, in its bosom, away:—Had thrown me on some rugged mountain—some wave of the resounding main! That the billows had o'erwhelmed me in death, ere yet these dreadful evils arose! But as such is the will of the gods!

As thus they mark me out for woe! At least, I ought the spouse to have been—of some chief less timid in arms. Who might feel the rage of mankind: Their keen reproaches, within his soul. But to HIM, whom I chose from the rest, no firmness of mind remains. Nor hereafter, will his valour arise: But soon, I deem, he will enjoy the fruits of his folly and shame. But THOU enter, O brother, our halls! Seat thyself, a while, in repose. Great the toils thy soul invade; for hapless ME—for Alexander, for all his crimes. With luckless stars Jove sent us to light. Hereafter our names shall be heard with reproach: The mournful subject of future song!”

To HER great Hector replied, bending aloft his burnished helm:—“ Bid me not, Helen, to rest! Though, friendly, thou shalt never persuade. My soul is roared, within my breast, to aid, in battle, the sons of Troy. They feel mine absence, o'er all their line. But THOU urge my brother to arms. Let himself hasten to war: That still he may join my side—ere I issue from the gates to the fight. Now I repair to my halls: To view, my house, for once, repair: To see my servants, my spouse beloved—my son, that scarce can lisp my name. Nor, in aught I know in my soul: Whether ever I shall return: Or whether the gods will not Hector subdue—beneath the hands of the sons of Argos!”

THUS as he spoke, he strol'd away. To his own high halls the hero came. Nor Andromachè there he found: His white-armed spouse beloved. SHE, with her infant son; with a damsel of sweeping train; stood sighing in the high tower of Troy: Weeping o'er the distress of the field. When the hero found not, within his

halls, the blameless spouse of his youth : Before the threshold tall, he stood : And thus the fair damsels addressed :—" Say quickly, fair damsels," he said, " say whither has the white-armed Andromachè moved? Went she to the halls of her friends? To her sisters with graceful robes? Or moved she to the fane of Minerva, with the long-haired dames of Troy? The tremendous power to appease?"

" O HECTOR !" a damsel replied, " thou bidst —and with truth, I will speak. Nor SHE is gone to the halls of her friends ! Nor to her sisters, with graceful robes. Nor moved she to the fane of Minerva, with the long-haired dames of Troy: To soothe the wrath of the dreadful power. To the high tower of Ilium she went: —For she heard that the Trojans were pressed —that powerful was the force of the foe. Distracted she flew to the walls; with the nurse —with her infant boy."

SHE spoke. The hero was roused. He turned: from the halls his sudden steps : Measuring back the way, which he trod before. Through the squares, through the city, he passed. To the Scaean gate, at length, he came; through which lay his way to the field. THERE came rushing to his arms, with eager haste, his high-born spouse: Andromachè, the beauteous daughter of the magnanimous Eëtion: Eëtion, who ruled in Hypoplacus, surrounded with groves: in Hypoplacian Thebè, where o'er the Cilicians, he reigned. His daughter was the spouse of Hector; renowned in his burnished arms ! To the chief she came, forward, with speed. Her fair damsel

attended her steps:—Bearing on her bosom the child: The tender, the lisping, the only son of Hector! bright as the rising beam of a star!—HIM his father Scamandrius called: But others Astyanax named:—For Hector was the guardian of Troy. With silent joy, he smiled on his son. Adromachè stood near in her tears. She seized the hand of her spouse; and thus, with mournful voice began:

“Too daring chief!” She sighing, spoke:  
“Thee thy valour will soon destroy. Nor pitiest thou, thy infant son: Nor me ill-fated, sunk in woe. Thy widow, I soon shall become: For soon thou must fall by the foe—urging their collected strength on thy life. Better far it were for me—if destined to be left by my lord, first to descend to the grave. To me no comfort shall remain, when thou resign’st thy soul to death. Sorrow then shall shroud my mind.—None to dry my tears survives!—Dead is my much-loved father. Departed is my mother revered. The fierce Achilles slew my sire. He laid waste his well-peopled town—sacred Thebè with lofty gates. The stern warrior Eëtion slew:—Nor of his armour despoiled he the king. He feared the rage of the gods. HIM he burnt, in his splendid arms. He raised a huge mound o’er the dead. Round the tomb, the mountain-nymphs, the daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove, formed a circle of sheltering elms.”

“Seven brothers, were also mine;—stately in their father’s halls. In one day the path they trode, to the dreary regions of death. Them all the fierce Achilles slew, as they tended the flocks and herds. My mother too!

—The queen, who reigned—in Hypoplactis, surrounded with groves; a captive, hither he brought, with the rich spoils of her native land. Ransomed he returned her, at length: But Diana, who delights in the bow, deprived her of life, in my father's halls."

"BUT, Hector, to me thou art, in one—my father, my mother revered—my brother—the much-loved spouse of my virgin-youth. But pity thou my keen distress. In this lofty tower remain. Make not thy child an orphan—a weeping widow thy spouse. Near the wild fig-trees the army array: Where, of easiest access is the town: Where the wall may be scaled, by the foe. Thrice, in that very place, the bravest their efforts have made: The Ajaces, unequalled in war, Idomeneus much renowned: The two sons of Atreus, the gallant race of the warlike Tydeus: Whether, by some augur induced—or urged by their own daring souls."

TO HER great Hector replied, bending aloft, his various helm: "Nor these, O spouse beloved," he said, "have passed, unheeded, o'er my soul. But much I dread the Trojans—the Trojan dames, with their sweeping trains, should I here, like a coward remain: Avoiding the strife of arms. Now this my soul suggests to me: Accustomed always to be bold: To fight in the front of the line—to protect the fame of my father—to add renown to my own great name! But well I know, within my mind. My mournful soul forbodes it all: That, hereafter, the day will come:—when sacred Ilium shall be laid in the dust: When Priam shall perish in age; and the people of Priam, renowned at the spear."

“ BUT, nor the future woes of Troy: Nor of Hecuba, nor royal Priam:—Nor of my brothers, who many and brave, must fall in dust, before the foe:—Not ALL affect my soul so much; as the griefs, which THOU hast to bear:—When some rude Greek in his pride, shall come—and lead thee away in thy tears: A mournful captive, of freedom deprived. When in Argos, far from thy native land, thou weav’st the web, for some haughty dame:—or bear’st water from clear Messëis—from Hyperæa’s sacred spring: Unwilling thou the burden bear’st—but hard necessity commands!—Some Greek, beholding THEE, may say— beholding THEE drowned in thy tears: “ This has been the wife of Hector: The first to urge the bloody fight. The first of all the Trojans, the breaker of warlike steeds: When the nations round Ilium fought.”—Thus some Greek will say of THEE. Afresh thy sorrows will rise. With deep regret thou shalt think of thy spouse: Who would drive from thee the servile day. But let gathered earth form my tomb: And, o’er my head, in mounds arise;—ere thy bursting cries I hear—ere I see thee torn away by the foe.”

HE said: And stretched his arms to his son. To his nurse’s bosom, clung, crying, the child: Frightened, at the looks of his father—starting at the glittering brass—the horse-hair plume that waved on high:—Beholding it dreadfully nodding, on the top of the brazen helm. Gently smiled above the child, his loved father and mother revered. Straight the illustrious Hector, from his head the plummy helm withdrew. On the earth he placed it, near,

beaming forth like a star, to the eye: He kissed his loved son, with eager joy. He danced him softly in his arms. Aloud to father Jove he prayed! To all the other deathless gods!

O FATHER Jove, and all ye gods! Grant this! Let my son be like ME. Let him shine in the midst of the Trojans—distinguished in council and fight—and o'er sacred Ilium with glory reign. Let hereafter, some warrior say—beholding him returning from fight: “This gallant youth is braver far than his father renowned.”—Let him bear, aloft, the bloody spoils of the foe. Let the soul of his mother rejoice!

HE spoke: And gave back the child, to the arms of his mother beloved. SHE, smiling, received him still in tears. She soothed him on her fragrant breast. Her spouse, with soft pity, beheld. Seizing, softly, her hand, he began:—“Cease, my beloved,” he said. “Let not sorrow shade wholly thy soul. ME no warrior, before mine hour, shalt send, untimely, to the shades. None ever could his fate avoid;—of mortal men, I deem, that none! Whether feeble or brave in arms, none could shun the fate assigned, at his birth. But THOU repair to thy halls: To works, which suit thy sex, repair: To the spindle, the distaff, the web. Order, to each damsel, her task. But war is the province of men! The care of all, the sons of Troy: But the care of Hector the most!”

HE said: And took his plummy helm. His spouse beloved retired to her halls: Obedient to the voice of her lord:—Pouring forth her tears, as she moved. Straight she came to the stately halls—of Hector the destroyer of men!

Within, she found her damsels convened. She waked, o'er all, the sudden woe. Hector, though alive, they mourned: And filled his lofty halls, with their cries. They never hoped to see the chief, returning from the bloody fight: From the force and the hands of the foe.

NOR Paris, in his halls delayed. Bright, in varied arms, he came forth: Striding, in haste, through Troy, confiding in the speed of his feet. As a courser, long detained in his stall—high-pampered, at his manger, with corn—breaks loose, and skims o'er the field, beating the solid earth, as he bounds. To his wonted, rushing river, he flies with pride. Aloft his haughty head he rears, and, on his shoulders, pours his long mane. HE, trusting to his beauty, moves. His fleet limbs bear him, with ease, along: To his wonted pastures—to the well-known herd of his mares. So moved the son of royal Priam, descending from the towers of Troy. Gleaming, like the sun, in his arms, he stately moved, exulting along: And plied his swift feet to the gate. Straight the noble Hector he found; just leaving the place, where he met his spouse beloved.

To the hero first began Alexander of form divine: "Brother revered," he said, "by much too long I have kept thee from war: Nor came I, to the time of thy high commands."—"O chief!" great Hector replied, "None of mankind, who judges aright—can THEE, in deeds of war upbraid: For THOU art ever brave in fight. But thou remittest of thy accord: Nor wilt thou, at times engage. My heart is saddened within my breast, when the Trojans

pour, on thee, reproach: THEY, who many toils, for thee, have borne. But let us hence! —These, hereafter, we shall settle with joy: Should Jove grant to our prayers, that to the ever-living gods, we may crown the free urn, in our halls. When WE have expelled, from Troy, our foes; and driven them across the main.”

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK VII.

**THUS**, as he spoke—through the gate, rushed forward illustrious Hector. By his side, stately strode Alexander. Both burning, along their souls, to aid their loved friends, on the field: To turn the tide of fight, on the foe. As when some god awakes a gale—to longing sailors, becalmed on the main: When fatigued, with the polished oar, they rouse the deep: Their limbs are unbraced with toil. Thus, to the longing Trojans, the heroes appeared in the field.

**THE** heroes the slaughter began. Alexander, first, a warrior slew: The race of the king Areithous: Menesthus, dwelling in Arna: The son of the club-bearer Areithous and Philomedusa of large blue eyes. Hector pierced brave Eioneus, with his pointed spear. Through the neck, by the helm, passed the steel. Death unbraced his limbs, as he fell to the ground. Glaucus, the son of Hippolochus: Brave leader of the Lycians in arms—struck Iphinous with his lance—in the midst of the burning fight:

Iphinous, the son of Dexious, through the shoulder he pierced—as he vaulted aloft, to his car. To the earth fell the chief, in his blood. His limbs are unbraced as he lies.

THE blue-eyed Minerva beheld them: Slaying her Argives in dreadful fight. Rouzed, from the tops of Olympus—to sacred Ilium, the goddess descends. On her course, came forward Apollo: From Pergamus beholding the queen: Where he sat, wishing conquest to Troy. At the beech met the awful powers. To her, first, began the king—Apollo the offspring of Jove!

“WHY rouzed again!” he began, “O daughter of thundering Jove! Why descend’st thou, from lofty Olympus? What design urges forward thy mind? Comest thou to give to the Greeks—the still unswayed fortune of arms? For thou pitiest not in thy soul, the Trojans, that fall in their blood. But shouldst thou listen to me, in aught: And now to listen were better far. Let us stop, for this day, the fight. Hereafter let the war be renewed: Till a period to Ilium they find: Since, thus, it seems good to the soul, of two daughters of heaven, to destroy—to lay Troy, in smoke, on the ground.

To him, in turn, replied the blue-eyed daughter of thundering Jove: “So be it! Thou that shoot’st from afar! The same the thought that arose in my soul: That sent me from lofty Olympus—to the battles of Greece and of Troy. But hasten: Unfold to me straight: Say, how thou mean’st to stop their fury in arms?”

To the goddess again began, the king—Apollo, the offspring of Jove: “Let us rouze the undaunted soul of Hector the breaker of steeds: To defy some Argive hero to arms. In single combat opposed—to urge the dreadful strife.

The sons of Greece will arise in rage—and rouse some warrior to contend with Hector divine.”

He spoke: Nor disapproved in aught—the blue-eyed daughter of Jove. Helenus, the loved son of Priam, perceived their purpose in his soul. In his prophet-mind arose the will, of the consulting gods. Near Hector the kingly augur stood. He thus began in his ear:

“HECTOR, son of Priam! O equal to the councils of Jove! Wilt thou obey Helenus in aught? At once thy loved brother and friend? Bid the Trojans to cease the fight. Bid the Argives their fury appease. Defy the bravest of the Greeks. Provoke the first of the foe to arms. Demand a warrior on the field: To meet thee face to face, in fight. Nor yet comes thy fate to fall. The hour of death is not arrived: For, thus, to mine ears, came the voice of the immortal gods.”

HECTOR heard, with joy, his words. He rushed forth, between the hosts, grasping, in the middle, the staff of his spear. He pressed, backward, the Trojan ranks:—And the warriors stood all, on their arms. Agamemnon stopt the fury of Greece. Silence grew, darkly, along the lines. The blue-eyed Pallas and far-shooting Phœbus—sat aloft, two vultures in form—on the high beech of their father, Ægis-bearing Jove. Pleased with the heroes they sat. The crowded lines spread gloomy, along the plain: While, unequally o'er them arose—bucklers and helmets and glittering spears. As when the ruffling breath of the west is poured gently on the breast of the main: The first breeze of the rising wind. The deep darkens beneath its wing, as it flies. So spread the ranks of Greece and Troy: In shadowy order along the field.

HECTOR stood forth, in the midst. He thus, to both, his words addressed:—"Hear me, O Trojans! Attend, Argives in arms renowned! Listen to what his soul, bids Hector to propose to the hosts. Our treaties, Jovè, who sits on high.—has not thought fit to confirm. He meditates new disasters to both: Nor will he put a period to war: Till the Greeks high-towered Ilium destroy—or, vanquished, shrink back to their hollow ships. With you there are chiefs, in war renowned. Let him, whom his daring soul shall urge—issue forth and contend with ME. Let him, hither, come forth from his friends. Let him meet Hector, in open fight. But these are the terms, I propose! And Jove be witness, from his skies! Should the chief, who contends in fight—slay Hector, with his long-pointed spear;—let the victor bear the arms of the slain to the ships: But the body return to my friends—to be burnt, on the lofty pile—midst the tears of the people of Troy. But should I in the fight, prevail. Should mighty Phœbus give me fame: The arms of the foe I will bear to sacred Ilium: To suspend the trophy in the fane—of great Apollo who shoots from afar. But his corse to his friends I will give: To the ships to be borne away. Let Greece his obsequies perform. Let her rear his gathered mound to the skies: On the Hellespont's resounding shore. This, hereafter, some one will behold: Some mariner of future times—as o'er the dark deep, his vessel he guides:—"This the memorial remains: The tomb of a chief slain of old: Who, contending in the glorious strife, fell by illustrious Hector's spear." Thus, hereafter, some warrior will say: And never shall perish my fame."

THUS spoke the hero aloud. Silence darkened o'er all the foe. To refuse the combat they feared. To accept it, they dreaded much more. Menelaüs, at length, arose: And, upbraiding, aloud, began: While crowding sighs burst forth, from his soul: "O cowards! Vain boasters of Greece! Argive women, not warriors of Argos! This the last stage of disgrace! The heaviest weight of heavy woes! Should none of the sons of Greece, start forth to meet Hector in arms! But to your native dirt return. Become water and earth again: Each sitting, heartless, in his place:—Inglorious, dishonoured and lost!—Against the chief myself will arm. The fate of conquest is placed above: And let the immortals decide."

HE spoke, and resumed. at once, his arms. Then hovered o'er thee, Menelaüs, thy fate! Subdued by the hands of Hector—who much excelled thee in fight. But sudden, before thee, arose the kings of Greece, and forbade the fight. The son of Atreus, the first, arose: The far-commanding Agamemnon. He took the chief by the hand: And thus addressed his brother by name:—"Why this frenzy, O Menelaüs! This madness suits not force like thine. Restrain thyself, though grieved in soul. Avoid, through contention, to fight: To meet in combat a stronger foe: To lift thy spear on the son of Priam—whom the first warriors of Achaia fear: Achilles, great Achilles himself—than **THEE** much braver in war! Achilles shudders to meet the chief, in the strife of the glorious field. But **THOU** sit down in thy place: Or to thy native troops retire. The Greeks some other warrior will rouse: To meet this awful chief in fight. Undaunted, though the

hero may be! Yet, I deem, he will gladly retire: Should he escape the burning fight: The dreadful contest, with the chief in arms."

THUS, as Atrides wisely spoke: He bent, at once, his brother's soul. He obeyed the voice of the king. His ready servants came around him, with joy. They, from his shoulders his armour withdrew. In the midst prudent Nestor arose. Thus to Greece, his words he addressed:

"O gods!" said the aged chief, "What mighty woes invade our land? How will the steed-ruling Peleus mourn o'er our shame, in his age! The leader of the warlike Myrmidons! In council great, and renowned in the field! HE, heretofore, of me enquired—while joy rose on his soul, in his halls: He enquired concerning our chiefs: Their lineage and their warlike race. But should he hear, that shuddering with fear—all shrunk, from the presence of Hector! Frequent to the immortal gods, the king would raise in prayer, his hands: That his soul might forsake her grief; and sink to the shades below."

"O WOULD to father Jove! To Pallas! To the far-shooting Phœbus! That, now, I were young in years, as when, by the swift-rushing Celadon—the gathered Pylians and Arcadians, renowned at the spear—fought by the walls of Phœas—by the streams of the roaring Jordan. Ereuthalion stood, in front of the foe: A hero, like the gods, in form! Bearing on his shoulders the arms—of Areithous, reigning afar: Of Areithous afar renowned! called the club-bearing king—by warriors, by high-bosomed maids. For neither, the tough bow he bent: Nor launched, in battle, the spear. He broke, with

his iron-club—the deep ranks of the foe in war. HIM, at length, Lycurgus slew; by treachery not open force. In the narrow path he slew the king: When availed not his iron-club. Before him Lycurgus stood with his spear. He extended him, in death, on the ground. Of his arms the slain he despoiled: The gift of brazen Mars to the king. These, thereafter, the victor bore: When he strove in the bloody field.”

“ BUT when Lycurgus waxed old, in his halls—to Ereuthalion he gave the arms: Ereuthalion, his much-loved friend: To bear the splendid prize, in war. In these the hero came forth. HE, to combat, the bravest defied. They shook, o’er their lines, with fear. None sustained the rage of the chief. But ~~me~~ my soul urged on to fight: Daring, then, beyond my strength;—for of the chiefs I was least in years. Hand to hand, the warrior I fought. Minerva crowned me with fame. HIM, huge in size and brave in arms, I laid, transfixed, in death, on earth: And wide stretched his corse on the plain. Would that, as then, I were young!—That still my strength remained! Then soon would Hector divine—have a foe to encounter in arms. But you, who stand the first in place: Who boast you are first in arms.—decline to meet Hector in fight. You shrink from a noble foe.”

THUS upbraided the aged chief. Straight, nine heroes arose. First arose the king of men: The far-commanding Agamemnon. Next, was the son of Tydeus: Diomedes in battle renowned. The Ajaces, after the chief, arose: Both in matchless valour clothed. The fifth was the great Idomeneus. Next Meriones,

equal to Mars in arms. Eurypylus succeeds to these: The gallant son of the great Euæmon. Thoas started up with speed, the warlike offspring of Andræmon. Last arose Ulysses divine. All these stepped forward in arms: Bent on godlike Hector to lift the spear.

NESTOR rose again to the chiefs. Thus spoke the aged breaker of steeds: "Let all now determine by lot. Let him, whose fate it is, engage. Much will he aid the warlike Argives: Much honour derive to his fame: Should he from the combat escape: And rise with fame from the strife of the spear."

THUS he said. Each chief marked his lot; and threw it into the helm of Atrides. The people, at once, stood in prayer. They raised their hands, aloft, to the gods. Thus each to heaven breathed forth his vows: Eyeing the broad face of the sky:—"O father Jove!" they thus began, "Give the lot to the elder Ajax: Give it to the son of Tydeus, or to the king of men himself: The sovereign of rich Mycænæ!"

THUS, in prayer, they spoke. The aged Nestor shook the whole in the helm. Forth flew the lot of Ajax. The lot which most they wished flew forth. The sacred herald bore it round: Shewing it to all the leaders of Greece. THEY recognizing not the sign; disowned it one by one. But when to Ajax the herald came: bearing it through the circle of chiefs. The hero stretched forth, at once, his hand. He placed it, on the well-known sign. He knew it, as he turned it round. Sudden joy flamed o'er his soul. He threw it, at his feet, on the ground: And thus the hero began aloud:

“O FRIENDS of Argos, the lot is mine ! Much I rejoice, in my soul : Since, I deem, I shall conquer in arms—and foil, in combat, Hector divine. But you, with prayer, assist my hopes : While I assume my martial arms : Raise your hands to the great son of Saturn. But pray, in secret, lest the Trojans should hear your voice. Or even prefer your vows aloud, since I can dread no mortal in arms. For none, if well I judge, by force—by skill, by stratagem, none—shall drive me from the field of fame : Or triumph o’er my fall. Not so unskilled in glorious war—was Ajax in Salamin born : Or, in his isle, to battle trained.”

HE spoke : And, o’er their lines, the host prayed to Saturnian Jove. Thus each, to heaven, breathed forth his vows : Eyeing the broad face of the sky :—“ O father Jove ! Thou that reignest from Ida ! O most august, and greatest of gods ! O give the victory to Ajax. Give him glory unequalled in arms. But if mighty Hector thou lovest. If, o’er his fame thou dost preside : Give equal strength to both in fight. Give equal renown to their spears.”

THUS prayed the host, o’er their ranks. Ajax sheathed himself in steel. But, when, o’er his body, he drew—his arms, reflecting dreadful light : Rouzed, he rushed large along : Like huge Mars, when he moves in wrath. When he rushes to the battle of heroes : Whom Jove ordains to urge the strife : To deal in discord, that wastes the soul. Such Ajax moved large along : The bulwark of Achaia he !—Smiling, with dreadful features, he moved : Striding with wide strides along :—Shaking aloft his brandished spear. Much the Argives, through their host, exulted in their striding

chief. But terror invaded the Trojans: Thrilling cold, through every limb. To Hector himself, his gallant soul—began to throb, within his breast. But the time of yielding to terror was past. Nor could the hero, now, retire:—For he himself had provoked the war.

AJAX came forward near the foe: Bearing his shield, like a tower on high: His brazen shield, covered o'er with the hides of seven bulls. The shield, which labouring Tychius made: Of armourers, by far, the best! Dwelling in his halls in Hyla. This artist made the various shield. Seven bull-hides, folded, formed the orb. A plate of brass, behind, is spread. Bearing this shield, before his breast: The son of Telamon advanced. Standing near the godlike Hector—he, threatening, began aloud:

“HECTOR!” the hero said, “Now, singly engaged, thou shalt know;—what leaders the Greeks have in war;—beside Achilles, the breaker of lines:—The lion-hearted Achilles! Who, now, in his hollow ships, retired—broods o'er his extended rage: Against the shepherd of his people Atrides. But such are we, who here remain: That many dare to meet thy spear. But thou the combat begin. Stretch thy hand to the strife of arms.”

To him great Hector replied: Shaking, aloft, his various helm: “Ajax, descended of Jove! Son of Telamon! Leader of armies! Nor ME like a feeble boy, affright. Nor like a woman, untutored to arms. I know, to the right, to raise my shield. To wield it to the left, I know. In standing fight to dare I am taught. To set my steps to the clamours of Mars. On the car, I have learned to launch

the spear. From my steeds to hurl forward, the war. But THEE, with art, I will not strike. For brave thou art, and great in arms! No stratagem shall be followed by Hector: But open force, on such a foe."

HE said: And, brandishing aloft, hurled forward. his pointed spear. He struck the seven-fold buckler of Ajax. Through the plate of brass passed the steel. Six folds pierced resistless, the lance: But in the seventh, the point, inactive, remained. The noble Ajax assailed the foe. He hurled with force his heavy spear. He struck the son of Priam, on the round orb of his brazen shield. Through the shield passed, rapid, the lance: Through the corselet exerting its point, it tore the tight coat, on his ribs, behind. Inclining he escaped the steel: And shunned death, as it flew, by his side. Hand to hand, they recovered their spears. They closed again, in dreadful fight: Like lions tearing the herds—or mountain-boars unequalled in force and rage. The son of Priam again launched the spear. The point bends back, from the brazen boss. Ajax, bounding onward, struck the shield of the foe. Through and through passed the lance: And shook the rushing chief, as he came. O'er the neck drove the steely point. From a slight wound, bursts the sable blood.

NOR Hector, dismayed, ceased the fight. Bending backward, he graspt, in his hand, a stone, which lay in moss, on the field: Dark-pointed, of enormous size! This the chief threw on the foe. On the center boss of the shield it fell. The brass, harshly grating resounds o'er the orb. Next Ajax assumed a stone: Of rougher form and larger size. He threw it, whirling aloft—following its flight, with all his

strength. On the shield of Hector it fell, with its force. It broke the brass and grazed his knees. Half-extended on earth the hero lay: Leaning on his broken shield. But Phœbus raised him, at once, from the plain. With swords unsheathed, advanced the chiefs. But the heralds rushed in between: The sacred messengers of men and of Jove! ONE from the Trojans came: ONE from the Argives with brazen mails: Talthibius and the aged Idæus—both for their prudence renowned. Between the heroes, their scepters they placed. Thus Idæus, skilled in wise councils, began:

“CEASE, sons, beloved! Cease the combat. Suspend the sword. Both are equally dear to Jove—the high ruler of storms. Both are unmatched in fight. To either army your valour is known. But now, Night descends with her shades. Obey the Night divine.”—“Idæus!” said the great son of Telamon. “To Hector address thy request. It was HE that defied the bravest to arms. Let HIM from the combat desist: And Ajax will obey the Night.”

To the hero, Hector replied: Waving, aloft, his various helm: “Ajax! To thee gave the gods—strength of body and valour of soul. Wisdom in council is also thine: Of the Argives thou art first at the spear. Now, let us the combat cease: For to-day put off the war. Hereafter, we shall fight, in the field: Till fate itself shall step between:—And give, to one or other, the palm of fame. But now, Night descends, with her clouds. Let us obey the Night divine. Go—gladden Greece at her hollow ships. But gladden most thy friends beloved: Thy valiant companions in arms. While I to

Priam's lofty city retire: To cheer the drooping warriors of Troy: Her glowing dames, with sweeping trains: Who, for ME, with uplifted hands—shall crowd the assembly divine. But let us each some gift exchange: Some fair memorial to future times. That the warriors of Greece may own: That the sons of Ilium may say: "These fought for renown alone: Then, in friendship, departed from war."

THUS, as he spoke, he gave his sword—distinguished with silver studs. With its scabbard, he stretched it forth: With its belt wrought, curious with art. Ajax his girdle gave: Bright o'er with Phœnician red. The heroes parted at once: The one to the Argives came: The other strode to the warriors of Troy. Joy spread o'er all the host: When they saw their hero, coming forward, alive and unhurt: Escaped from the valour of Ajax: From the chief's invincible hands. In triumph, they bore him to Troy: scarce believing he yet was safe.

AJAX, on the other side, is borne along, by the warlike Argives. HIM rejoicing in his fortune, they led, to Agamemnon divine. To the tents of the son of Atreus, the leaders of Argos convened. The king of men, amidst his joy—sacrificed, in his tents, a bull: Fat, five-year-old! To the all-powerful son of Saturn. The carcase they strip of the hide. In portions, they divide the flesh; And transfix each piece, with the spits. They roast them against the flame. All, before them in order is laid. But when they had ceased, from their toil, they sat down. The banquet is prepared: They eat; Each mind content, with the equal feast. The chine is bestowed on warlike Ajax—by the hero Atrides, the all-commanding Agamemnon. But

when hunger and thirst were both removed :  
The aged Nestor arose to the chiefs. Revered  
for prudent counsels before : He now unveiled  
a new advice. With soul devoted to the host :  
the prudent leader began :

“ Son of Atreus !” he said, “ other leaders  
of the Argives in war !— Many of our friends are  
low : Many long-haired Argives lie slain, on the  
field : Whose blood has been poured, by pernicious  
Mars—near the bright-rushing streams of  
Scamander : While descended their souls to the  
regions of death. It becomes the sovereign of  
Argos, to intermit, for to-morrow, the war : That,  
convened, we may bear, on our cars—the bodies  
of the lately slain : Dragged together, by oxen  
and mules. Let us burn them, at once, near the  
ships : That each may bear home the bones of his  
friend. When we shall return in peace ; to the  
shores of our native land. Round the pile, let  
us rear a tomb : A gathered mound that shall  
rise on high :—The common memorial of all.  
Along the shore let us rear a wall—with lofty  
towers and a bulwark of strength : At once, the  
defence of the ships and the host : In the wall  
let us open wide gates : Firmly built on either  
side. Through each be a road for our cars.  
Before the wall let a trench be sunk : to stop  
the progress of steeds and of men : Should the  
war of the haughty Trojans—urge forward its  
tide, on our camp.”

HE spoke : And the leaders of Argos, the  
counsel of the aged approved. The assembled  
Trojans in council met, in the citadel of lofty  
Ilium. Turbulent, disordered, they met : At  
the gates of the prudent Priam. To them wise  
Antenor arose : And, thus, his words, to all  
addressed ;

“HEAR me, O Trojans! Dardanians and allies, attend. Let me explain to all, what his soul bids Antenor to speak. Let us Argive Helen restore: With all her wealth to the sons of Atreus. Now, under broken treaties, we fight: Nor, deem I, we shall ever succeed; till we make some amends to the foe.”

Thus spoke the prudent Antenor. To them, in the midst, arose the noble Alexander: The spouse of the long-haired Helen. “Antenor!” the chief began: “Unpleasing are thy words to my soul. A better counsel thy wisdom might give: Than that, which has come to our ears. But if these are thy serious thoughts: The gods themselves have distracted thy mind. But I will address, in my turn—the valiant rulers of steeds in war. To the Trojans I freely profess: That I never my spouse will restore. But the wealth which I brought from Argos: Which I bore, o’er the main, to Troy: All to the foe I will give—and add to these much wealth of my own.”

Thus saying, the hero sat down. In the midst of his people arose—Dardanian Priam—equal in council to gods. With soul devoted to the host: Their aged sovereign began: “Hear me, O Trojans! Dardanians and allies, attend!—That I may also to all explain—what his soul bids Priam to speak. Let the army, o’er their troops take repast. Remember the watch, as heretofore: Guard against the nightly assault. Let Idæus, with morning, proceed—to the hollow ships of the Argive powers. Let him bear to the sons of Atreus—to Agamemnon, to great Menelaüs: Let him bear the offer of Paris: In whose cause this contention arose. Let him add to this prudent request: A short

truce from resounding war: Till the dead we to flames shall consign. Hereafter shall the fight be renewed: Till Fate itself step in between:—And give, to one or other, the field.”

HE spoke; and they heard his voice. All their aged sovereign obeyed. The host, o'er each troop, took repast. With morning proceeded Idæus—to the hollow ships of the Argive powers. In council at the ship of Atrides, he found the Argives: The fierce followers of Mars in arms! In the midst stood the clear-voiced herald. He thus began aloud, to the chiefs:

“Sons of Atreus! Other leaders of Argos in war! Great Priam has given in command: And other Trojans, illustrious in arms. They bade me to bear to the ships: Should the Argives incline their ears. To explain the offer of Alexander: In whose cause this contention arose: The treasure the chief will restore: The wealth, which he brought o'er the main: Would he had perished ere that day! All her wealth the chief will restore: And add rich treasures of his own. But the youthful spouse of the great Menelaüs—Paris will never restore:—Though much the Trojans intreat the chief. THEY also gave in command a request: A short respite from resounding war: Till the dead, we to flames, shall consign. Hereafter shall the fight be renewed: Till Fate itself step in between: And give, to one or other, the field.”

HE spoke: And silence darkened around. At length, in the midst of the chiefs—the war-like Diomedes began: “Let none receive the wealth of Paris: None Argive Helen herself receive. To all it manifest appears: Even to

children untutored in aught: That ruin hangs o'er the Trojans: That the last hour of Ilium is near."—He spoke. Greece shouted around: Approving the manly words, of Diomedes, the breaker of steeds.

THE great Agamemnon arose. He thus addressed his words to Idæus: "Idæus!" the hero said, "Thou hearest the mind of the Argives. THEIR answer, in their shouts, ascends: And I their purpose, confirm. Nor of the truce to burn the dead—my soul in aught disapproves. Nor to be envied to the slain: To those, who fell bravely in war—is the last grateful rite of the flaming pile. Of the truce be witness, O Jove! High-thundering spouse of white-armed Juno!"

HE spoke, and raised his scepter to all the gods. Back, Idæus trod his way: To sacred Ilium, exposed to the winds. The Trojans in council he found: And all the Dardan powers convened;—waiting his return from the hollow ships. At length, the holy herald came. In the midst he his message explained. All rush, at once, to their various toils. Some bear the dead on their cars. Some raise aloft the wooden piles. The Argives, on the other side—rush sudden, from all their ships: To bear the bodies from the field: To fell the wood to erect the pile.

THE rising sun struck the world, with his rays: From the calmly heaving depth of the ocean wide—ascending, in glory, the sky. The Trojans mixed with Greece, in their toils. Scarce known were the slain to their friends: But, the gore being washed away—their loved features rose distinct on the view. Pouring warm tears on the dead: They placed them,

aloft, on their cars. Great Priam forbade them to weep. They, in f Silence, on the pile, placed their friends: Grieving in their fecret f souls. When, with fire, they consumed the f slain: To f sacred Ilium, they all returned. Not were the Argives lefs eager in toil. On the pile they placed, in heaps, the dead: Grieving in their inmoft f souls. But when, with fire, they the f slain had consumed: To their hollow fhips they returned, in their tears.

WHEN yet fcarce Aurora appeared: While grey twilight is mixing with Night. Round the pile of the Argives f slain: A chosen band of Achaia arofe. They rolled a huge mound on the dead: The common memorial of all. Along the f shore, they reared a wall: With lofty towers and a bulwark of f strength: At once the defence of the fhips and of the Argive powers. In the wall, wide gates they difclofed: Firmly-formed, on every fide. Through each led a road for their cars. Without, a deep trench they f sunk; Wide, extending round the wall: Stuck thick, at the bottom, with f stakes.

THUS laboured the long-haired Greeks. The gods fat, with thundering Jove. With wonder the huge work they furveyed. At length, the earth-fhaking Neptune began:—"O father Jove!" f aid the god. "What mortal in the extended world—f hall, hereafter his foul difclofe to the gods? Or claim their heavenly aid with prayer? Dof thou not behold, how the Greeks have reared a wall before their fhips? Have round it f sunk a trench profound;—nor wanted offerings, have paid to the gods? The glory of the work f hall f spread: Where'er the light diffufes itfelf on the world. Forgot f hall

the walls pass away: Which I and Apollo, in evil hour—built for the hero Laomedon, around his sacred town.”

MUCH, with his brother enraged, began the cloud-compelling Jove: “Ha!—Thou that shakest the solid world! What words have escaped, from thy lips? Some other of the gods might dread—the fame, which from this work shall spring: Some power more feeble than Neptune—in strength of limbs and force of soul. THY glory shall spread as far—as light is diffused o’er the world. Of this no more. When the long-haired Greeks shall depart. When, in their ships, they shall cross the main: To the loved shores of their native land: Whelm thou the falling wall in the deep—cover the wide shore, with thy sands: That, from sight, may vanish for ever—the huge works of the Argive powers.”

THUS spoke the gods, in their halls. The sun of heaven sunk down in the west;—wholly finished is the work of the Argives. Fat oxen are slain, through the tents. Supper smoaks wide through the camp. From Lemnos arrived a fleet: Bearing wine to the Argive host: The ships of Euneus, the son of Jason: Whom, to the leader of armies—the beauteous Hysipylo bore. Apart to the sons of Atreus—a thousand measures were the gift of the king. The rest the long-haired Argives bought. Some with brass and others with steel. Some, the hides of oxen gave. Some the oxen themselves exchanged. Others purchased wine with slaves. The joyful banquet is prepared, through the host.

ALL night the Greeks ply the feast: And the Trojans and their allies in Troy. All night—

sad omen of woe!—burst the dreadful thunders  
of prescient Jove! Pale terror invades the  
host, They pour, unceasing, on earth, the  
wine. Not ONE dares to drink, till, on the  
ground—he sprinkles libations to all-powerful  
Jove. At length, they lie down to rest. They  
drown their labours and fears, in repose.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK VIII.

**T**HE saffron-robed Aurora spreads the world, with returning light. The gods meet in council above;—with the thunder-delighted Jove. On the highest summit of Olympus they sit: Where rise its hundred heads to the sky. In the midst speaks the father of gods. The immortals bend forward to hear:

“**H**EAR my voice, all ye gods! Daughters of heaven all attend! Listen to the words of your father!—To what his soul has suggested to Jove. Let no female power presume—no male of immortal race—to break in aught, my high commands. Assent all, and, in silence, submit. Give scope to my firm decrees. What power soever shall dare to descend—to aid or Greece or Troy in fight: Dishonoured, wounded o’er all his limbs: To Olympus he shall return. Or, seized in this powerful hand—I will hurl him to Tartarus involved in shades: Far, far from the light of heaven: Under earth, to the pit most profound. Gates of iron

on thresholds of brass, harshly grate, as they shut him from sight. As far beneath the regions of death—as high heaven ascends o'er the world. Then shall he know, in his woe, how much, in power, I excel all the gods. But lest aught of doubt should remain: Make trial, ye gods, and know all. Suspend our golden chain from the sky. Hang ALL by one end, with ALL your force. But you never can drag from his sky—Jove, first in wisdom, and greatest in power! Though much your joint force you should strain with toil. But when my pleasure shall prompt ME to pull: With the earth, with the ocean, the gods I can raise. To the top of Olympus the chain I will bind—and all Nature shall hang, in my sight. So much I transcend the gods: So much the human race in power."

HE spoke. Awful silence hung o'er all the powers. His speech they admired and feared: For fiercely spoke the father of gods. At length Minerva slowly arose, and, thus, the blue-eyed queen began:—"O father Jove! Son of Saturn! First and greatest of kings! Well to us all is known—that thy power is invincibly great. But our souls are laden with grief—for the warriors of Greece, who must fall: Who must perish beneath thy wrath. Yet we shall abstain from the field: As such the commands of Jove. But to the Argives we will counsel suggest: That all may not die, in thy rage."

To her, with a smile replied—the awful ruler of gloomy storms:—"Confide in thy soul, Tritonia! My daughter beloved, confide. Thee my words regard not in aught. To Pallas I wish to be mild."—Thus he spoke and joined

to his car—his brazen-footed steeds, that fly on the winds: Spreading, on their shoulders, their golden manes. In beaming gold is clothed the god. A whip of gold shines forth in his hand: As, in state, he mounts his high car. He urged forward his bounding steeds. Not, unwilling, they flew, on the wind. The midway tract they held aloft—between earth and the starry sky. To fountain-watered Ida he came: The lofty mother of all that is wild. On Gargarus arrived the god—within his own holy pale—where smoked, unceasing, an altar to Jove. There the father of gods placed apart—his flying steeds, now loosed from the car. He involved them, with darkness around. He himself, on the highest point—sat, exulting in all his state: Turning his eyes on Ilium: On the ships of the Grecian powers.

THE Greeks take a short repast—and, o'er their camp, assume their mails. The Trojans, on the other side:—Through their high-walled city are armed. Fewer in number they!—But ready, to contend in fight: So hard necessity commands;—for their loved children and tender wives. All the gates are opened wide. Forth rush the troops in arms. Horse with: forming foot are mixed. Huge tumult spreads o'er the field.

WHEN, now, collected, on either side—the hosts plunged, together, in fight. Shield is harshly laid to shield. Spears crash on the brazen corselets of men. Bossy buckler with buokler meets. Loud tumult rages o'er all. Groans are mixed with boasts of men. The slain and slayers join in noise. The earth is floating with blood around. Whilst morning beamed on the hosts: Whilst encressed, the

sacred day;—the shafts fell equal on either side. The people tumbled in death, on the field. But when, to mid-heaven the sun ascends: Then Jove exalts his golden scales. In either scale he placed the fates of a host: The dismal fates of long-sleeping death. The balance, by the middle, he held. The fatal day of Achaia inclined. To the earth sunk the fates of the Greeks. The scale of Troy ascends to the sky.

THE father thunders loudly from Ida. He hurls the flaming bolt on the armies of Greece. Astonished they start, o'er their lines. Pale terror invades the host. Nor Idomeneus durst then remain. Nor Agamemnon, commander of all. Terror seized the bold Ajaces. The aged Nestor stayed alone—the protector of Achaia in arms! Nor, willing, the hero remained. His wounded steed the chief detained. The steed was pierced by Alexander—the god-like spouse of long-haired Helen. In his forehead was fixed the shaft—where the long hair grows first on the brow:—A place where death enters with ease. With pain, in the harness he reared. Through his brain passed the deadly point. Rolling large round the steel: He frightens his fellow steeds, in his fall.

WHEN Nestor, rising with his sword—had just cut the traces in twain—rushing forward came the swift steeds of Hector. Through the crowd of pursuers, they came: Bearing a driver bold in war. There the aged had fallen in his blood—had not great Diomedes perceived—and thus, with loud and dreadful voice, exhorted Ulysses to arms:—“Noble son of Laërtes! Ulysses for prudence renowned! Why dost THOU fly? Why turn thy back? Why, like

a coward, rush through the crowd? Beware, dread chief, beware—lest some spear pierce thy back in thy flight. Stop, son of Laërtes. Let us save the aged from death. Let us meet this tremendous foe.”

HE spoke: Nor the chief heard his voice. Swift he passed to the ships of Greece. The son of Tydeus, though now left alone—rushed forward to the front of the foe. Standing before the car of Nestor—he thus, with winged words began:

“O AGED chief!” the hero said: “Many young warriors press thee in fight. Thy strength is unbraced o’er thy limbs. Heavy age now involves thee around. Weak is thy driver and sluggish thy steeds. Ascend Nestor, ascend my car. Behold the spirit of my steeds: Taught to bound with rapid speed, o’er the plain: To pursue or avoid the foe. These lately I took from great Æneas: Skilled to strike, with panic, the lines. Thy steeds let our valiant attendants lead. But mine we shall guide to the foe: That Hector soon may perceive—whether rages this spear in my hand.”

HE spoke. Nor, in aught, disobeyed—the aged breaker of warlike steeds. His coursers he delivered in charge—to their valiant attendants in arms: To Sthenelus renowned in fight: To Eurymedon of valour approved. Both ascend the car of the son of Tydeus. Nestor took the bright reins in his hand: And urged to Hector, the eager steeds. To him, as he rushing advanced—the son of Tydeus hurled, forward, his spear. It strayed, from the chief, as it flew: But through his valiant driver passed: Through the gallant Enipeus, the son of magnanimous Thebæus. Through his breast, as

he held the reins—rushed the lance. From the car he fell. The horses start, as his armour resounds. His strength is unbraced o'er his limbs. His soul takes her flight, on the winds. Sorrow rose o'er Hector's soul. For his valiant friend raged the chief. But he left him, there, on the ground, though grieving for his companion beloved. Through the line, for a driver he flew. Archeptolemus soon he found: The daring offspring of great Iphitus. Straight the swift car he ascended. He drew back the reins to his hands.

THEN had slaughter raged amain. Then had dreadful deeds been done! Then had the Trojans, like timid lambs—been penned within their lofty walls: But that quickly the father of gods—perceived the son of Pydeus, from high. In dreadful thunder involving his form—he launched the bolt, from his red right hand. Before the steeds of Diomedes it fell: And whizzing, plowed the riven ground. Terrible ascended the flame—as, blue, the glowing sulphur burned. The frightened steeds started wide, in the car. From Nestor's hand fell the beauteous reins. Terror seized his inmost soul. To Diomedes, he thus began:

“SON of Pydeus fly, with speed. Turn thy swift steeds from the field. Perceivest thou not that Jove is thy foe? That success is from heaven denied? To HIM the son of Saturn gives fame. To-day, he Hector befriends. Hereafter to us he may turn. What man can oppose the will of Jove?—In opposing, the bravest must fail: For HE, by far is the greatest in power.”

“TRUE is all thou hast said, aged chief,” Diomedes, in turn, replied. “But bitter

grief assails my heart. My soul is clouded with woe. Hector, hereafter, will say: Amid the Trojans boasting aloud:—"The son of Tydeus fled from my spear: In his ships he hid his coward head."—This, hereafter, the chief will boast. Then open, earth, and receive me from shame."

To the hero aged Nestor replied: "Ha!—son of warlike Tydeus, what words have escaped from thy lips! Should Hector call THEE feeble in fight. Should he call THEE a coward aloud. The Trojans would not give ear to his words. The Trojan dames would deny them all: The beauteous wives of shield-bearing Trojans—whose youthful husbands fell on earth, from thy hand."—Thus saying, he turned the steeds to flight. Through the crowd of the flying, they bound. Hector and his Trojans were near. With wild clamour, they pour their darts. Great Hector aloud exclaims—and sends, after the flying, his voice:

"SON of Tydeus, once honoured by Greece;—with the first seat at the feast: With the chine, the replenished bowl! Disgrace hovers on THEE from thy friends. Thou woman in manlike form!—Go and perish, thou timid girl! Never when Hector yields to thee—shalt thou ascend our lofty towers—or bear our dames to the hollow ships. Go, perish, thou timid girl! Thou sooner shalt fall by this spear."

HE spoke: And Tydides stood in doubtful suspence—whether to turn his steeds to the fight—to urge the battle against the foe. Thrice he resolved to return. Thrice from the summits of Ida—thundered loud the prescient Jove. The awful sign of the god came forth—portending victory to Troy. Hector roused the Tro-

jans to war:—And, thus, exclaimed the hero aloud:

“O TROJANS! Allies of Lycia! Dardanians, fighting hand to hand! Be daring in battle, O friends! Remember your wonted renown. Well I perceive within my soul—that Jove propitious smiles on high: Granting victory—giving glory to ME: But destruction to the armies of Greece. Fools that they were, to build these walls! A bulwark feeble and despised! Unequal to turn the strength of Hector away. These steeds, with ease, shall pass their trench. But when to their hollow ships I shall come: Remember all to launch the fire. To involve their vessels in flame. That, midst the smoke, astonished, pale—this hand may sink them all in death.”

URGING his steeds, the hero spoke: “O Xanthus and thou Podargus! Æthon swift, and generous Lampus! Repay, now, with speed, all the care: The love which Andromachè bestowed—the daughter of the great Eëtion. To you the first, she gave the wheat: To you she gave to drink the wine. She served you all before your lord:—Before ME, the loved spouse of her youth. Hasten now. Pursue the foe. Let us seize the shield of Nestor. That shield, whose fame has reached to heaven:—All gold o’er its shining orb. Let us from the shoulders of great Diomedes—tear the high-wrought corslet away—the arms, which labouring Vulcan made. Should we strip both the chiefs of their arms—this night, this very night the Greeks—would ascend their swift ships in their fear—and bear their ruined armies across the main.”

THUS, boastful the hero spoke. Sudden rage seized Juno revered. She moved herself, on her

golden throne. Broad Olympus shook, down to its base. To the mighty power of the main: To Neptune the goddess began:—"Alas! thou that shak'st the huge earth! Wide-commanding lord of the main! Pitiest thou not, from thy inmost soul—the rigid fate of the falling Argives? Who thine altars have laden with gifts—in fair Helicé and sacred Ægæ. To them, therefore, thou wishest success. Should we, who favour the Greeks—should we repel Troy from the field—and restrain in his course, the wide-resounding Jove. Soon would he grieve in his soul—sitting lonely, on stormy Ida."

To her, much enraged in his soul—the king of Ocean thus replied: "Juno, daring in speech! What words have escaped from thy lips? Nor I, with the great son of Saturn—will ever contend, in his rage. Neptune will never strive with Jove. For he, by far, is the greatest in power."

Thus spoke the gods, in their skies. The space between the wall and the ships—is crowded with steeds, with cars, with buckler-bearing men: Thither driven, heaps on heaps—by Hector the son of Priam—equal to Mars himself in arms—when Jove had covered the chief with renown. Now the ships he had burnt with fire—if Juno had not placed it in the soul of the king—in Agamemnon's active soul—to rouse the Argives, with sudden words. Through the tents, through the ships he strode:—Holding a broad purple robe in his manly hand. He stood aloft to view—in the huge, dark ship of the noble Ulysses. In the midst of the camp it lay. He sends his loud voice to both the wings:—To the quarter of Telamonian Ajax: To the ship of the great Achilles. At either extreme of the

camp—the two heroes had dragged their ships on the strand: Confiding in their valour: In the strength of their matchless arms. Exclaiming, with his utmost force—the king roused thus, the Argives to fight:

“Ha! Shame and disgrace to arms! Argives, specious only in form! Whither are those ysauntings fled? Those boasts of our valour unmatched? Which, in Lemnos, we vainly made—when bending o’er the smoking feast—and crowning our bowls with wine? We promised, that each Argive in arms—would the force of two hundred Trojans oppose. Now, we all prove not equal to ONE: To Hector, who soon, with flaming brand—will the whole navy of Argos destroy.—O father Jove! Did ever king—ever sovereign of nations in arms—feel such ruin from thy rage? Such glory ever lose, through thy wrath? Yet, thine altars I never passed—when in my ships I plowed the main: When, in evil hour, I came to Troy. On ALL, the fat of beeves I burnt: The savour of victims raised to Jove: Wishing, in my prayers, to raze—the high-built city of sacred Troy. But, O Jove, grant at least, this request. For once, indulgent, hear my prayer. Let my people escape with life. Suffer not, thus, the Argive host—to perish by faithless Troy.”

He spoke. The father pitied his tears. He granted his people to his prayers: To his vows their safety resigned. Straight an eagle he sent from above: The most perfect of birds, that fly. In his talons a fawn he held—the young son of the bounding hind. By the beauteous altar of Jove, the gasping fawn he threw on the ground:—Where the Argives were wont, with prayer—to offer victims to all-foretelling Jove.

WHEN the Greeks, with joy, beheld—that the sacred omens descended from Jove. With ardor they rushed on the Trojans. Fierce battle returned to their souls. Then none of all the Argive host—though many rushed forward in arms—could boast, before the son of Tydeus—to have driven his steeds o'er the foss—and, hand to hand, to meet the foe. He first the slaughter began. A hero, clothed in mail, he slew: Agelaüs the son of Phradmon renowned. To flight the chief had turned his steeds. Between his shoulders entered the lance: And shewed its bloody point, through his breast before. He tumbled, at once, from his car. On his body resounded his arms.

To the war the sons of Atreus advanced! Agamemnon and great Menelaüs. Next appeared the bold Ajaces: Both clad in valour of soul. Behind them came forward Idomeneus. Next Meriones, equal to Mars in arms. Eury-pylus near them arose: The gallant son of renowned Euaemon. Teucer was the ninth, in the field—bending the resulting bow. Beneath the shield of the elder Ajax—the warrior stood, with his ready shafts. The son of Telamon stretched o'er him his shield. The hero, looking round, drew the string. Through the crowd flew the eager shaft. The wounded foe breathed his soul, as he fell. Teucer returned to the shield of Ajax: Like a child to his mother's arms. O'er him spreads aloft the bright orb.

Who, first, of the Trojans fell, by Teucer dreadful at the bow? Orsilochus, first, he slew: Ormenus and brave Ophelestes: Dætor, Chromius renowned: Lycophontes in form like the gods: Hamopæon the son of Polyæmon.

Melanippus unequalled in arms. All these, slain by his shafts, fell, in heaps, on the bloody sand. The king of men beheld the chief. He rejoiced, as the Trojans he slew: Breaking their deep line, with his bow. Near the valiant youth he stood: and thus, in his ear began:

“TEUCER, O much beloved! Son of Telamon, leader of armies! Thus send thy shafts on the foe. Pour a ray of light on the Greeks. Raise to gladness thy father’s soul. He, while yet thou wert young in years—though born by a secret bed—reared thee with care in his halls. Raise him, though far remote, with thy deeds. Add glory to his high renown. But, now, to THEE I pledge my faith: Nor shall my promise e’er fall to the ground. Should ever Ægis-bearing Jove: Should Pallas, his daughter beloved—give to these hands to destroy: To lay in ruins the high-built Troy. Next to myself I will place—a prize of value in thy hands. A tripod, two steeds with their car: Or beautiful damsel thy bed to ascend.”

To the king replied the blameless Teucer.—  
“Son of Atreus, most august of mankind! Why, bent on blood as I am—dost thou incite my rage? Nor I, as far as aids my force—will the contest of arms decline. Now, since the tide of battle we turned—many warriors, with my shafts, have I slain. Eight long-barbed arrows I sent. Each took place, in some warlike youth. But from THIS furious chief—all my arrows strayed, as they flew.”

HE spoke: and urged a shaft from the string. To pierce Hector was the wish of his soul. From the hero again strayed the death. Through the blameless Gorgythion it flew: The warlike son of the aged Priam. The barbed

arrow pierced his breast. Him, as from Æsymba she came—his beauteous mother bore to the king: The glowing charms of Castianira—like the deathless daughters of Jove, in form. As a poppy, which, lonely, in a garden is reared—inclines its blushing head to one side—when o'ercharged with the vernal shower: So, to one side, bends the head of the youth: weighed down with the heavy helm.

TEUCER again urged a shaft, from the string. To pierce Hector was the wish of his soul. From the hero flew wide the death. Great Apollo turned the arrow aside. But Archep-temus, the bold driver of Hector—rushing on to the bloody fray—on the breast the deadly arrow struck. Down dropt the chief from the car. The horses start as his armour resounds. His strength is unbraided, o'er his limbs. His soul takes her flight on the winds. Sorrow rose, on the soul of Hector. For his valiant friend raged the chief. But he left him, there; on the ground—though grieving for his companion beloved. His brother Cebriones the hero commands—to draw the beauteous reins to his hands. Nor delayed the youth to obey.

From his bright car bounds the chief, in his rage. Dreadful swells his voice, as he moves. A stone he seized in his hand robust—and rushed straight forward on Teucer. Much to crush him he wished, in his soul. The chief, from his quiver, had extracted a shaft. He placed it, on the bounding nerve. Him, in act drawing backward the string—on the shoulder the hero struck. On the joint fell the whirling weight: A place, where death enters, with ease. On that part struck the rugged stone. The nerve is broken. Loose hangs the numbed

hand, from the joint; Back on his knees he falls. The bow drops twanging, on the earth. Nor Ajax his brother neglects. Rushing on, he stretches o'er him his shield: His two loved friends came at length—Mecisteus, the son of Echius and the noble Alastor. The groaning chief, on their shoulders, they bear—to the hollow ships of the Argive powers.

THE thunderer again comes forth. He rouses the souls of the Trojans to arms. To the deep trench they repell the Greeks. In the front moves the furious Hector: Rolling fiercely his eyes around. As when some generous hound in the chace—pursues a lion or mountain-boar. Trusting to his fleetness he flies—and, assails the fierce savage behind: His side or his haunch he attacks—marking well, when he turns him around. So Hector the Argives subdued: Slaying the last, as they fled amain.

WHEN o'er the ditch—o'er the rampire they passed: When many fell, subdued by the foe. Near the ships, on the shore, they stood. Each other they encouraged to fight. To all the gods they exalted their hands. Each his voice raised, in prayer, aloud. Hector, mean time, to every side—o'er all drove his long-maned steeds: Rolling round his Gorgon eyes. In looks like destroyer Mars. Juno beheld him from high. The white-armed goddess pitied her Argives. Straight to the blue-eyed Pallas—she thus her winged words addressed.

“ALAS! warlike daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Shall we not, in this last extreme—aid the Argives now falling in war? Or, compleating their disastrous fate—must they perish by the wrath of ONE chief? Unbounded is the fury

of Hector. The son of Priam rages amain:  
Many are the dire deeds of his hand!"

To her blue-eyed Pallas replied. "Long  
this Hector his fury had lost: Long his soul  
had been poured on the winds—beneath  
the deadly hands of the Argives: Transfixed  
in his native land. But that my Sire still rages  
in soul: Cruel, unjust, and opposed to my will!  
Things past have escaped from his mind. He  
remembers not my service of old. When I,  
often, saved his son beloved: Pressed with  
toils, which Eurystheus imposed. To broad  
heaven looked the chief in his tears. To aid  
him I descended from Jove, by command. But  
had I this divined in my soul;—when he sent  
him to the strong-gated chambers of death—to  
bring from Erebus profound—the fierce dog of  
relentless Pluto: He should not have returned  
to the light—from the hoarse, deep-rushing  
streams of the dreadful Styx. But, now, his  
once-loved daughter he hates: He only silver-  
footed Thetis regards:—Thetis, who kissed his  
sacred knees: Who seized his beard with her  
suppliant hand: To honour her wrathful son;—  
Achilles, the destroyer of towns! But hereafter,  
the time will come: When Jove will call me  
his blue-eyed maid. Hasten THOU, and bear  
us hence. Join thy fleet steeds to the car of  
gold. Whilst I enter the halls: The house of  
Ægis-bearing Jove! To arm for tremendous  
war. Soon shall the trial be made: Whether  
Hector, so great in arms—whether this illus-  
trious son of Priam—shall rejoice, when we  
both shall appear—rolling death, through the  
lanes of war. Some Trojan shall feast with his  
fat—shall glut the dogs and birds of prey: Laid  
low, at the ships of Achaia."

SHE spoke: Nor disobeyed in aught—the white-armed spouse of thundering Jove. To harness her golden-bridled steeds—repairs, with speed, the queen revered: The awful race of the mighty Saturn. Mean time, the blue-eyed Minerva—the daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove—poured her loosened robe round her form: Down to her father's pavement of gold. Her varied, her beauteous mantle: Wrought by her hands divine. The arms of her Sire she assumed: The Mail of storm-commanding Jove: Preparing to issue forth to disastrous war. To the beamy car she ascends. She grasps, within her hand, the spear: With which she levels the battles of heroes: When flames the wrath of the daughter of Jove. Juno urged the coursers to speed. The gates of heaven harsh-grating aloft, open wide of their own accord. The gates which the Seasons keep: To whom broad Olympus is delivered in charge: To open the gathered cloud—or heaven to close in tremendous shade. Through this broad path, the fleet coursers they drove. Father Jove, from Ida, beheld. Sudden rage rose dark o'er his soul. He roused the golden-winged Iris to speed. Thus he gave his commands divine:

“Go, hasten, Iris, thy speed. Stop THESE. Let them fly from my rage. Not equal is the match between: Should Jove contend with both, in arms. For this to both I declare: Nor vain the resolves of Jove! I will lame their steeds, as they fly: From their seats hurl headlong themselves: And break the car, with this flaming bolt. Nor shall THEY, in ten revolving years—heal the scars, which the thunder will make. Then shall the blue-eyed Pallas know: When to fight, with her father Jove. Nor so

much burns my wrath against Juno. SHE kindles not half my rage: Wont as she is to mar my resolves: To oppose the thoughts of my soul."

HE said: Iris hastened along. Her speed equalled the blast, as she flew. From the shaded summits of Ida she rose; to high Olympus with hundred heads. Near the gates of the seat of gods: On broad Olympus of many vales. She met the goddesses come forth. She thus explained the commands of Jove:

"HA! Whither tend ye, with this speed? Why rage ye thus, in your souls? The son of Saturn forbids. The Greeks must unaided remain. Listen both to the threats of Jove:—Should ye urge all the god to his rage! He will lame your steeds, as they fly: Yourselves hurl headlong down from your seats: And break the car, with his flaming bolt. Nor shall ye in ten revolving years—heal the scars which the thunder will make. Then will the blue-eyed Pallas know: When to fight with her father Jove. Nor so much burns his wrath against Juno—wont ever to mar his designs: To oppose the thoughts of his soul. But THOU, in boldness unequalled!—In shameless impudence would'st THOU!—call forth the first of the gods to arms? Lift thy huge lance on thy father Jove?"

SHE mixed, as she spoke, with the winds. To Pallas the queen of heaven began: "Daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Nor hence bids my soul to proceed: To contend, for mortals, with father Jove. Let one fall slain on the field. Let another the contest survive. Each following the fate at his birth. But let Jove, as seems best to his soul—dispose of Trojans and Argives in war."

SHE spoke; and turned about her car. The HOURS loosed the golden-maned steeds, as they came. They are led to ambrosial stalls. The bright car on the wall reclines. The queens resumed their golden thrones: And, mixed with gods, were troubled in soul.

JOVE rises, on stormy Ida. He mounts his car and ascends the winds. To high Olympus its sovereign came: To the seats of the deathless gods. His flying steeds mighty Neptune unloosed. The bright car is laid in its place: Covered with its linen around. To his golden throne, ascends the god. Vast Olympus shakes ALL, as he strides. Apart from the ruler of storms, sat blue-eyed Pallas and white-armed Juno. Sullen, and in darkness, they sat: Nor on Jove turned their radiant eyes. The god knew the cause of their grief—and thus to both the queens began:

“WHY sits in sadness, Minerva? Why in sorrow the white-armed Juno? Not long have ye toiled in the fight. Nor many of the Trojans are slain: To you the object of bitter hate. But vain was the mad attempt. My strength, my invincible hands—not all the gods, on Olympus, shall foil. Did not terror invade your souls? Thrilled not fear, through your goodly limbs? Ere yet you the battle beheld? Or viewed the dreadful deeds of the field? But this I now, declare to both—and unchanging are the counsels of Jove!—That if farther you had pushed your designs—struck with thunder, discomfited, lost—on your cars you had never returned—to high Olympus, to the seats of the gods.”

HE spoke; and, murmuring with lips compressed—sat blue-eyed Pallas and the sister of

Jove. Near each other, they, sullen, sat: Revolving mischief for Troy, in their souls. Minerva, in silence, remained;—enraged at her father Jove: For heavy wrath sat, in shades, on her mind. Nor Juno her passion restrained. Bursting forth, she aloud began :

“UNJUST son of prudent Saturn! What words have escaped from thy lips? Well to the gods is known—that thy power is invincibly great. But OUR souls are laden with grief—for the warriors of Greece, who must fall: Who must perish beneath thy wrath. Yet WE will abstain from the field;—as such the commands of Jove. But to the Argives we will counsel suggest: That all may not die in thy rage.”

To the white-armed goddess, replied—the ruler of tempests, Jove: “To-morrow, if such is thy will—Juno graceful with large rolling eyes! To-morrow thou shalt behold—the all-powerful offspring of Saturn—darkening the wide army of Greece: Pouring forth death in his rage. Nor from battle and blood shall abstain great Hector, unequalled in fight;—till, at his ships, is roused to arms, the swift son of the godlike Peleus. On that day, shall the chief be roused—when, round the corse of the fallen Patroclus, they shall strive, in the narrow pass—before the navy of Argos. So the firm fates have decreed! Nor I regard, in aught, thy rage: Not, should'st thou wander afar—to the last limits of earth and the main: Where Iäpetus sits, in grief:—Where Saturn, involved in shades—unlighted by the high-rolling sun—unrefreshed by the wandering winds: For deep Tartarus spreads its darkness around. Not, if, straying, thou thither should'st move

—would Jove regard thy rage, in aught: Thou first in boldness of all the gods!"

HE spoke; nor to the god replied—the white-armed daughter of Saturn. In Ocean sunk the splendid light of the sun: Drawing deep Night o'er the world. Unwilling, Troy saw the falling light. But grateful to the vanquished Argives—shady Night, on the field, arose.

A COUNCIL of the warlike Trojans—is held by illustrious Hector. Apart, from the ships, they convened: Near the banks of the gulphy stream. A spot unsoiled with slain they chose. They bounded from their cars to the ground. Round the voice of Hector they crowd. The chief, beloved of Jove, in his hand—held a spear eleven cubits in length. Bright shone the polished lance. Round the staff rolled a ring of gold. Leaning forward, on this spear, with winged words, he began aloud:

“LISTEN, O warlike Trojans! Dardanians and allies, attend! This instant, I believed, from my soul—that slain the Argives and their navy destroyed—in triumph I might have returned—to Ilium exposed to the winds. But darkness came down on my hopes. Night has chiefly saved the Greeks: Their navy on the shore of the main, Now let us sacred Night obey. Let us spread the repast to the host. Loose the high-maned steeds from the car. Place to each the wonted food. Bring oxen, bring fat sheep from the town. Bring bread, bring the generous wine. Collect much wood to one place. Through the night, to the early morn;—kindle many fires, on the field. Let the splendour to the heavens ascend. Lest beneath the shades of Night—the long-haired

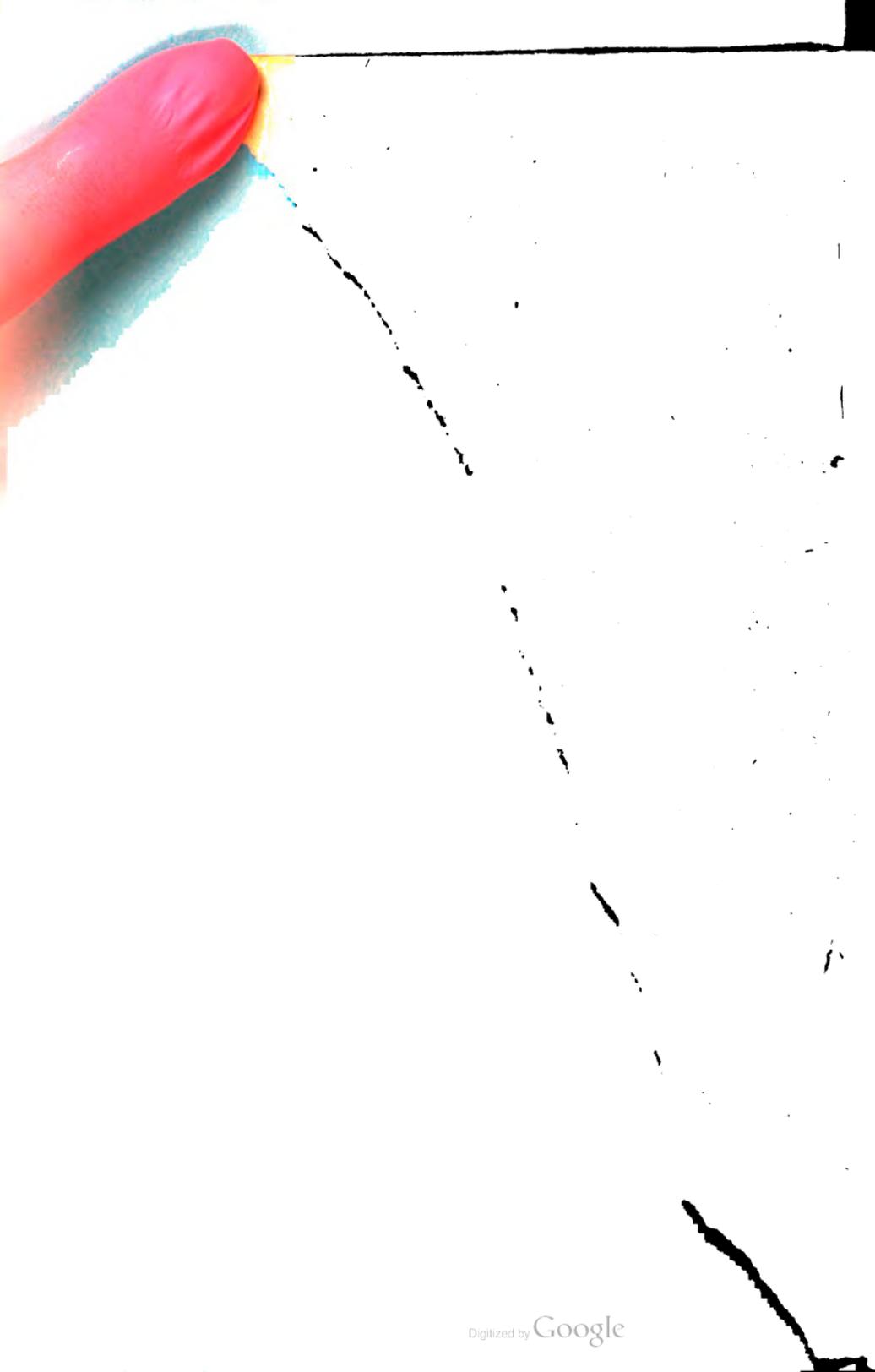
Greeks should urge their way—through the vast back of the hoary main. Lest, in silence, they ascend their ships;—and, unassailed, leave the shores of Troy. But permit them not, thus, to depart. Let each bear a wound to cure at home: Or pierced, when his ship he boards in haste—with barbed shaft or pointed spear. That henceforth the nations may dread—to roll mournful war, on the heroes of Troy.”

LET the heralds, beloved of Jove—our high commands to Ilium bear. Let the youths of tender age—let the old whitened o'er with years—round the walls, keep the nightly watch—in the lofty towers upreared by the gods. Nor idle be the softer sex. Let each, in her own high walls—heap the fire and exalt the flame. All these be the guard of Troy;—lest, while absent the troops—a hostile band should the city surprize.—Be my words by the Trojans observed. What suits the night, to your ears is conveyed. With morning, to assembled Troy—I will, again, my words address. With hope, I raise to heaven my prayer: To Jove, to all the other gods—that they will grant to Hector's sword—to drive these ill-fated invaders away: In evil hour they surely came—in their dark ships, o'er the main.”

“ BUT strict be our watch, through the night. With morn in shining arms arrayed—we shall rouse dreadful Mars at their hollow ships. Then shall trial be made—whether the son of warlike Tydeus—Hector shall repel from their fleet to their wall—or fall, in death, beneath his spear—and give his bloody spoils to the foe. To-morrow shall his valour be proved—should the warrior sustain my rushing

lance. But much I hope; that slain  
 hand—midst the carnage of fallen fri  
 rising sun shall beam on the he  
 Would I were as certain to liv  
 like the deathless gods—void of  
 progress of years! Would I w  
 Apollo! Like Pallas honour  
 —As that the returning day  
 to the Argives!”

THUS Hector spoke i  
 Trojans shout around to  
 their sweating steeds fr  
 each to his proper car.  
 brought from Troy.  
 generous wine. The  
 in heaps. The wind  
 skies. Much elated.  
 sat, the night, by  
 many flamed their f  
 in heaven, the pur  
 bright crescent  
 stirs the gentle a  
 tinct to the eye:  
 ing groves. W  
 sight—displayin  
 his soul rejoice  
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 the Greeks—  
 loud Scama  
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 Their face  
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 the east—



THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.

VOL. I. C



THE  
ILIAD  
OF  
HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK IX.

THUS the Trojans kept the watch, through the night. But the Greeks yield to heaven-sent Flight: The pale companion of cold Dismay. Pierced with grief are the souls of the chiefs. The bravest are weighed down with their woe. As when two winds rouse the deep in their wrath: The northern blast and the western gale; issuing forth, in a storm, from Thrace—and falling with their force on the main. In dark ridges are reared the waves. Weeds and foam are rolled wide on the shores. Thus, roused, broken, troubled and dark, were the minds of the Grecian powers.

WOUNDED in his soul, with his grief—the son of Atreus rushed, disordered, along. He commanded the loud-voiced heralds—to call to council, by name, each chief: With still voice to call the Argives. Through the leaders the hero toiled. Darkened o'er with their woes, they sat mute. Agamemnon, in the midst, arose. The tears poured, wandering, down his cheeks.

As a fountain of water, on high—pours its dark stream down the face of a lofty rock. So gush the tears from the king—as deeply-sighing, he thus began:

“O FRIENDS! bold leaders of the Argives! Sovereigns of nations in arms! Sore am I smote in my fame, by the hand of Saturnian Jove. HE—cruel! heretofore his promise gave; that after the fall of high-walled Troy—I should return home, with renown. But now he deceives all my hopes. He sends me dishonoured to Argos—after losing my people in war. But such is the heavenly will of almighty Jove: Who many proud cities has bent to the dust—who many, hereafter, will bend:—For HE is unrivaled in power!—Then hasten all. Obey my words. Obey the pressure of the times. Let us fly, in our ships, to the loved shore of our native land: For never shall we take, in arms, the wide-streeted city of Troy.”

HE spoke. Silence darkened o'er all the chiefs. Long mute sat the Greeks in their grief. At length, in the midst, arose—Diomedes renowned in arms:—“Son of Atreus!” the hero began: “I, the first, will thy counsel oppose. As is meet, I reprove thee, O king! But let not wrath, now, invade thy soul. Thou the first, in the face of the Argives, didst throw reproach on my valour in war. With cowardice thou hast branded my name—called me feeble and cold in arms. This all is well known to the Argives: To the young—to the warriors in years. Of two gifts thou the least hast obtained—from the son of the prudent Saturn. He gave a scepter to thy hand: He raised thee honoured above mankind. But valour to thee he denied: The first of empires, the noblest of

powers! Mistaken man!—How could'st thou believe, in thy soul—that the Greeks would adopt thy scheme? That the Greeks were so timid in war? So void of valour? So careless of fame? But if urges thy mind to return. Go: Wide open lies thy way o'er the main. Thy ships stand the next to the sea. The powers of Mycenæ are ready for flight. Go. The other Greeks will remain—till we Ilium shall level with earth. But should they also shrink like **THEE**:—Let them fly to the loved shore of their native land. I and Sthenelus will fight alone, till we the fate of Ilium have found: For not, without a god, have we come to the Trojan shore."

He spoke. All the Argives shouted round;—admiring the speech of the king. In the midst prudent Nestor arose—and, thus, spoke the ruler of warlike steeds: "Son of Tydeus!" the aged began: "Unmatched is thy valour in war. In council thou advisest the best: In wisdom as in battle renowned! No Greek will reproach thy advice. None what thou advancest oppose. But thy words have not finished thy thoughts. Few in number, my son, are thy years. Thou might'st have been my youngest born. Yet, with prudence, thou urgest thy words: Suggesting, what is just to the kings. But listen also **THOU** to Nestor. I, who boast, o'er thee, my age—will complete what thy wisdom began. Nor shall any my words disapprove: Not Agamemnon, who reigns o'er all. Without friends, without laws, without home—is **HE** who loves intestine war!—The horrid broils of a jarring state."

"But let us obey the sacred night. Let a watch be planted in arms;—near the trench,

which surrounds our wall. To this the young I appoint. But THOU, son of Atreus, THOU begin: For thou art the greatest in power. Call the leaders to the feast. It suits the times and becomes the king. Full are thy tents with wine—which the ships of the Argives, each day—bring from Thrace, through the spacious main. The means of feasting are all prepared: For many obey thy commands. When convened are the leaders of Greece—HIM obey, who advises the best. Much in need stand the Greeks of advice. Wholesome counsel our state much requires. Near our navy proudly hovers the foe. He lights the plain with a thousand fires. But who of us can rejoice at the sight? This night is pregnant with fate. It destroys or preserves the host.”

HE spoke; and they listened with joy. The youth with ardor obeyed his commands. The watch issued forth in their arms. Their leaders preceded, as they moved. The son of Nestor, the young Thrasymedes—Ascalaphus and Ialmenus the offspring of Mars: Meriones, Apha-reus and bold Deipyrus: The son of Creon, Lycomedes divine. Seven were the chiefs of the watch. A hundred youths followed each to the field: Stretching forth their long spears in their hands. In the space, between the trench and the wall—they kindled fires and partook the repast.

ATRIDES convened the chiefs, to his tent. The joyful feast was spread to all. To the ready food they extended their hands. But when hunger and thirst were both removed;—the aged Nestor the first arose. To lay open his counsel the chief began: Renowned for his

counsels approved! With heart devoted to the host—the aged exalted his voice.

SON of Atreus! O honoured the most! Agamemnon, Sovereign of men! With THEE I will first begin: With THEE, as is meet, I will end. The king of many nations THOU art. Great Jove has given power to thy hands: His scepter and laws to govern mankind. THEE, therefore, it most becomes—to give counsel and hear advice. Nor only to hear but to perform—what others suggest of good. On thee the honour will rest. Whatever thou adoptest is thine. Now, therefore, I, aloud, will declare—the counsel, which to Nestor seems best. Nor better will another propose: For long I weighed it in my soul. The thought from the time arose—when thou, awful descendant of Jove! forced'st from enraged Achilles, Brisëis in the glow of her charms. Opposed to my will was the deed. Much I dissuaded the king of men. But yielding to the rage of thy mighty soul—THOU hast disgraced the bravest of heroes—whom the gods themselves crowned with renown. The son of Peleus thou hast disgraced—and still retain'st his prize in thy hands. But let us deliberate now: How best we can bend his soul: Whether with presents of price—or soothing words to lull his rage."

To him replied the king of men. "O aged chief!" the hero began: "With truth thou hast numbered my faults. I have erred, nor deny I my crime. Like armies, in force, is the man—whom Jove has loved, from his soul. Much, honoured, by the god, is the chief: For whom Greece, o'er her tribes is subdued! I have erred, led astray by my rage. But his wrongs I now wish to repair—with mighty

gifts, to appease his soul. The rich presents to all I will name. Seven Tripods untouched by the flame. Ten talents of purest gold. Twenty caldrons of burnished brass. To these twelve strong steeds I will add;—already victors in the race—who with fleetness won, often, the prize. Not lost to riches were he!—nor wanting in high-valued gold!—whose stores should equal the wealth—that THESE swift steeds have brought to their lord. Seven blameless damsels I also will give;—all Lesbians, skilled in female arts. These in peopled Lesbos I chose—when it fell by the hero's sword. In beauty, in form divine—the damsels the race of women excel. These I will give to the chief;—and, leading these, the white-bosomed Brisëis—whom by force, I have torn from his arms. An awful oath I too will add:—that I never ascended her bed—nor mixed in love, with her glowing charms. All these he shall, now, receive. Hereafter, should the gods lay in dust—the lofty city of noble Priam;—with gold, with brass, he his navy may load—when we, the Greeks, shall divide the spoil. Twenty Trojan dames let him also chuse—next to Argive Helen, in beauty and form.

“ BUT should we return to Grecian Argos—to the fertile soil of my native land: Let him then be my son-in-law—honoured equal with young Orestes:—My only son, reared in stately Mycenæ—amid my store of abounding wealth. Three daughters are mine, in my lofty halls: Chrysothemis, bright in her charms, Laodicé, lovely in form, and the beauteous Iphianassa. Of these let him take her he loves—without dowry bear her away—to the halls of the godlike Peleus. But I will rich presents

bestow—such as father never gave to a child. Seven cities shall call him their lord: Cardamylè, Enopè fair—Hirá with her grassy fields, the lofty walls of the sacred Pheræ—Anthea of vallies profound, the beauteous Epèa and Pegasus renowned for its vines. All these spread the shore of the main—near the limits of sandy Pylos. Rich are the dwellers in flocks—abounding in lowing herds. Him, as a god, they will honour—laying before him their gifts. Beneath his sceptre they, as subjects, will bend—and listen with joy, to his laws. This I will perform to the chief—if he will desist from his rage. And let him renounce his rage: Pluto only relentless remains—implacable, inflexible, hard—and hated most of the gods by mankind. Let the hero, for once, yield to me—as greater than him in command—as exceeding, in my number of years.”

To the king, thus, Nestor replied—the aged ruler of warlike steeds! “Son of Atreus, unequalled in power! Agamemnon, sovereign of men! Not unworthy are the gifts thou bestowest—on Achilles the leader of armies. But now let us rouse chosen chiefs—to bear the message to the tent of the king. These Nestor himself will chuse;—and let the heroes obey my words. Let Phoenix, beloved of Jove—be their leader to great Achilles. Next be the mighty Ajax. The last, the noble Ulysses: Of heralds let Hodiús attend—let Eurybatés follow the chiefs. Bring water to pour on their hands. Let silence to all be enjoined. That prayers may be offered to Jove;—if the god will pity in aught.”

He spoke. All assent to his voice. Straight the heralds the water brought—and poured the

holy stream on their hands. The youths crown the urns with wine. In cups the sacred draught is sent round. But when the libations were made;—when they drank, what seemed good to their souls. They hastened, on their way, from the tent of Agamemnon, the sovereign of all. Much aged Nestor gave in command. He turned on each his alternate eyes: but most he dwelt on the noble Ulysses. Him he prayed to bend to his vows—to turn the soul of the son of Peleus.

SLOW, they moved forward their steps—on the shore of the resounding main. Many prayers they poured forth to Neptune, who encircles the world, with his waves. That he would deign to bend the heart—the stubborn soul of the son of Peleus. To the tents of the hero they came—to his ships on the echoing shore. Him sitting they found, in his place—unbending his mind at the harp: His beauteous, his polished harp. Its neck of silver on high. A part of the spoils of Eëtion—when fell his lofty town by the foe. With this, his mighty soul he soothed—and sung the actions of chiefs, to the sound. Opposed to the king sat Patroclus—in silence waiting the end of the song. The heroes slowly approached. Before them moved Ulysses divine. Tall, in his presence they stood. Starting Achilles arose. With the lyre in his hand, his seat he forsook. Patroclus also rose from his place: When first he beheld the chiefs. Grasping their hands in his hand, the great Achilles addressed them thus:

“HAIL to the warriors!” he said, “Friends indeed are ye both to me! Sure dire necessity drives—when thus you come to my tent, in

my wrath. But of Argives I love you the most!"  
—He spoke and led them forward within. In  
chairs of state the heroes are placed. Purple  
carpets glow under their feet. Straight to  
Patroclus he spoke: As he stood, by his manly  
side.—“A larger urn bring hither, Patroclus:  
Mix the wine. Give his cup to each chief.  
The most loved of the friends of Achilles—are,  
now, beneath his roof.”

PATROCLUS obeyed his friend beloved. The  
chief a huge caldron placed on the flaming fire.  
Within, he laid the chine of a goat—of a fatted  
sheep; of a high-fed hog. Automedon held  
forth the flesh to the chief. In pieces the hero  
cut the whole. On spits each piece is fixed by  
his hand. Patroclus kindled a mighty fire.  
When the fury of the fire was laid. When  
the flame subsided around. With sacred salt  
the whole he strewed: raising the andiron aloft.  
When he had well roasted each piece:—he  
spread them, smoaking, on the table with care.  
Patroclus brought, in baskets, the bread;  
Dealing it around the board. But the great  
Achilles himself divided the flesh to the guests.  
Against Ulysses divine;—the hero sat by the  
wall opposed. To make an offering to the  
gods—he commanded his friends beloved. The  
wonted pieces he threw, in the fire;—and  
poured a libation on the ground. To the ready  
food they extended their hands. But when  
thirst and hunger were both removed, Ajax made  
a sign to Phoenix. Divine Ulysses perceived:  
—and filling his cup to the brim—drank to the  
son of warlike Peleus.

“HAIL to Achilles,” he said. “Not wanting  
is the equal feast: Nor in the tents of Agamem-  
non—Nor here, with the son of Peleus. Many

are the dainties with both—to grace the banquet, to cheer the soul. But this is no time for the feast: Its joys, now, command not our care.—Dire ruin hovering round us we see.—We see and dread it, O descendant of Jove! In doubt we, already, stand—whether safe shall remain our ships—or whether all shall, in flames, be involved. In doubt we stand, O Achilles: Unless thou clothe thyself in thy strength. Near our fleet, before our wall—are seen encamped the ruthless foe: The haughty warriors of Troy: Their allies come from afar. O'er their lines, they kindle fires. Their boastings arise with success. None, they say, can stop their course. None ward off ruin, from the navy of Greece. The son of Saturn aids their arms. Jove thunders, with auspicious signs. Hector confiding in his strength—rolls his dreadful eyes around: Horribly raging in the favour of Jove. Nor man nor god the hero dreads. Mighty fury has wrapt him, in flames. He prays to heaven for speedy light: He solicits the morning divine. His vaunts already reach our ears. He boasts, that severing the beaks from our ships—the hulls he will consign to flames:—That the Greeks he will slay with his spear—dismayed in smoke and astonished with fire. Much I dread, O king, in my soul—that the gods will his threats perform. That, now, the fates decree our fall—ordain us to perish at Troy—far from our native Argos, the fruitful mother of warlike steeds.”

“ BUT thou, beloved of Jove, arise. Arise, if it pleases thy soul. Though late, O aid the Argive powers. Defend thy mournful friends from the fury of Troy. Hereafter, should we fall in our blood: Grief, heavy grief would

cloud thy mind. Regret would seize thee, when too late: When to aid is beyond thy power. Think, timely, O chief! on our state. From the Greeks drive the fatal day. Remember, O my friend beloved! Bring to mind the last words of Peleus. The words of thy father, on that day;—when he sent thee to Agamemnon, from Phthia:—“ My son,” the aged king began, “ the gods may grant thee valour in war, if such is their will divine: But meekness on thyself depends. Restrain thy swelling soul, in thy breast. It becomes thee best to be mild. Avoid wrath; avoid destructive strife. That the Greeks may honour my son. That the young may join the old, in thy praise.”—Thus the aged gave in charge. His words have escaped from thy soul.”

“ BUT now, though late, even now, relent. Expel mournful rage from thy mind. To thee Agamemnon will give—at thy feet lay presents worthy of both—should’st thou cease, from destructive wrath. Yet if—but first attend to my words. To thee I will, in order, recount—the mighty gifts, which Agamemnon bestows. Seven tripods untouched by the flame. Ten talents of the purest gold. Twenty caldrons of burnished brass. To these twelve bounding steeds he will add—already victors in the race—who, with fleetness, won often the prize. Not lost to riches were the man—nor wanting in high-valued gold—whose stores should equal the wealth—which these swift steeds have brought to their lord. Seven blameless damsels he, also, will give. All Lesbians, skilled in the female arts. These in peopled Lesbos he chose: When it fell, O chief! by the sword. In beauty, in their form divine—the damsels the

race of women excel. These he will give to Achilles—and, leading these, white-bosomed Brisëis: Whom, by force, he had torn from thy arms. An awful oath he also will add. That he never ascended her bed—nor mixed, in love, with her glowing charms. All these he, this instant will give. Hereafter, should the gods lay in dust—the lofty city of noble Priam. With gold, with brass, thou thy navy may'st load. When we the Greeks shall divide the spoil. Twenty Trojan dames, thou may'st also chuse:—Next to Argive Helen, in beauty and form.”

BUT should we return to Grecian Argos—to the fertile soil of our native land. Let Achilles be his son-in-law. Honoured equal with young Orestes: His only son, reared in stately Mycenæ—amid his store of abounding wealth. Three daughters are seen in his lofty halls: Chrysothemis, Bright in her charms, Laodicè, lovely in form, and the beautiful Iphianassa. Of these take her, whom thou lovest: without dowry bear her away—to the halls of the god-like Peleus. But the king will rich presents bestow. Such as father never gave to a child. Seven cities shall call thee their lord. Cardamylé, Enope fair—Hira with her grassy fields—the lofty walls of the sacred Pheræ—Anthèa with vallies profound, the beautiful Epèa and Pedasus renowned for its vines. All these spread the shore of the main—near the limits of sandy Pylos. Rich are the people in flocks—abounding in their lowing herds. Thee, like a god, they will honour. Before thee, they will lay their gifts. Beneath thy sceptre, they, as subjects, will bend—and listen, with joy, to thy

laws. This to thee the king will perform—  
should'st thou desist from thy wrath.”

“ BUT if odious to thy soul is Atrides. If thou his presents and his person abhorr'st. Pity, at least, the other Argives. O'er their camp to the mourners attend. Issue forth to a nation's relief. Like a god, they will honour Achilles: And lasting glory shall beam on thy name. Soon will Hector fall by thy hand. To thy spear HE, confiding, will come;—presumptuous in pernicious rage. Now, the warrior thinks, from his soul—that not his equal, among the Greeks—came to Troy o'er the foamy main.”

To him, the godlike Achilles replied: “ Noble son of great Laërtes! Ulysses for prudence renowned! It behoves me to open my soul:— To unveil my heart; to declare my resolves. To put, at once, an end to requests. To remove suits, like these, from mine ear. A foe to my soul is the man—detested as the regions of death—who hides one design in his mind—yet produces another, in words. But I, undisguised, will declare—lay open what seems best to my soul. Nor Agamemnon will bend my heart—nor all the other Greeks in tears. What avails it me to have fought? What favour to me has been shown? What reward for pressing the foe? Equal in spoil is the truant and bold; in honour equal the coward and brave. With equal regret falls the deedless man—with him who laboured in bloody fields. What reward had Achilles for toils? For bearing such fatigues in his soul? For exposing his life in the fight? As the bird, to her callow young, brings the food, which her toil has found—while ill she fares, on her flagging wings. So laboured Achilles for Greece. So, sleepless nights have

I led ! So, bloody days have I passed in fight ?  
And why all this contest with foes ?—For the  
wives of the sons of Atreus !”

“ WITH my fleet, twelve towns I destroyed.  
By land, eleven I levelled with dust. Much  
spoil I gathered in all. But all I brought to  
the son of Atreus. He, remaining at his ships  
—remote from danger, received the spoil.  
Small the presents he gave to the host. The  
most the king himself retained. To other  
leaders, to other kings he presents made, HE  
gifts bestowed. They remain still firm in their  
hands. Me of the Argives alone he robbed.  
My loved spouse he holds, in his arms. And  
let him enjoy her at will. Why wage the Argives  
war with Troy ? Why roused Atrides whole  
nations to arms ? Why hither waded the  
gathered host ? Was it not for the sake of  
Helen ? To recover the long-haired queen ?  
Love THEY alone of mortal men ? Love the  
sons of Atreus alone their wives ? Sure every  
good, each feeling man—loves, cherishes his  
tender spouse. Her, also, I loved, from my  
soul—though a captive she came to my arms.”

“ SEIZED as he has my prize. Defrauded as  
I am by your king. Let him cease to tempt  
my soul. Let him despair to persuade. But let  
him, Ulysses, with THEE—with other kings  
consult, with speed—how best he can turn the  
hostile fire, from the ships of Greece. Much  
already has he done ! Much performed, with-  
out my aid. A mighty wall the king has built.  
A broad, deep ditch he sunk around. With  
stakes its bottom is lined. But all these fail to  
repel the foe : To sustain the force of bloody  
Hector. Whilst I led in battle the Greeks ;  
not remote from his walls, he roused the war.

To the Scæan gates he only came; to the sacred beech of father Jove. There only once, he sustained my approach. Scarce escaped he, with life, from my lance."

"**BUT** now as battle I decline. As, on Hector I lift the spear no more. To-morrow—after offering to Jove;—after praying to all the gods: To-morrow, my ships I will load. I will launch them, at once, to the main. Your eyes, if ye will, may behold—should things like these command your care—with early morn, you will behold—my dark ships sailing on the Hellespont—manned, with warriors skilled, at the oar. Should Neptune a prosperous voyage grant—the third day shall land Achilles in fertile Phthia. Much treasure left I at home—when hither I came, in evil hour. Much will I bear hence in my ships;—of gold, of ruddy brass, of polished steel. Beautiful damsels I also will bear:—The fruit of conquest, my division of spoil. The only prize your monarch gave:—Atrides, who gave, by force has resumed."

"**BEAR** back my words to Atrides. Aloud my last answer proclaim. Let the indignant Argives hear all. Let those, whom he hopes to defraud, learn of ME. Ever shameless as he is—insolent and wantonly bold—the sight of me he will always avoid. My face he dares not to behold. Nor in his councils will I join. Nor ever with him lift the spear. Me once he disgraced and deceived. Again he shall never deceive. Once is enough for your king. Let him be silent and perish. Prescient Jove has distracted his soul. Hateful are his gifts to me. Him I despise and abhor. Not if ten, if twenty fold—he gave the wealth, he now

enjoys—or what, hereafter, he may add to his hoard. Nor the treasures of rich Orchomenus—nor what Egyptian Thebæ holds—so famous for her wealthy stores. Thebæ, with her hundred gates renowned. Through each pass two hundred chiefs; borne forward, by their steeds on their cars. Not all should bribe me to his lure. Not, if as many presents he gave—as sands or dust crowd the shores of Troy. Not with all would he sooth my wrath:—Or bend to his purpose my soul: Till he has felt for his crimes—till he is punished, for this bitter disgrace.”

“Nor I the daughter of Atreides will wed. No, should she contend in lovely form—in beauteous features with golden Venus. In works should she rival Pallas—the blue-eyed Pallas, in female arts. Not such would I wed his daughter, Let him some other Argive chuse; A chief more pleasing his soul;—than Achilles, far greater in power. Should the gods preserve my life. If ever I revisit my land, Peleus will chuse for me a wife. Many Argive dames are in Hellas! Many daughters of chiefs in Phthia—who defend their happy states, from the foe. Of them the maid whom most I may love—I will make my glowing spouse. There longs my weary soul to rest: To pass my tranquil days in peace—wedded to a lawful wite: To a spouse that pleases my soul:—Enjoying the possessions and wealth—which aged Peleus has acquired.”

“Nor equal, in my mind, to life—is all the wealth, which fame reports—proud Ilium contains, within her well-peopled walls: What, heretofore, she held, in the days of peace, ere the sons of the Argives shook her shores, in

arms. Nor those rich treasures stowed, with awe—within the marble gates of the bowyer god;—the dome of Phœbus Apollo, in the sacred limits of rocky Pythos. By battle, by force are acquired, both fleecy flocks and lowing herds. Tripods are also obtained, and the yellow heads of the bounding steeds. But the life of man returns no more; nor acquired nor regained is the soul—which once takes its flight on the wind. My mother-goddess has foretold—the silver-footed Thetis brought to mine ear—that double is the path of my fate—through life to the dreary tomb. That here if I remain at Troy—waking battle around her walls: My return shall be lost to my land—but that my fame shall for ever live. But should I, in my ships return—to the loved shore of my native land: That renown shall be lost to my name: But far shall my life extend in years:—That late the cloud of death shall descend—to hide me from the world.”

“ BUT I would counsel Greece to return—advise you all to raise the sail. No period to war is in view. Lofty Ilium shall not fall by your arms. Jove spreads his broad hand round her walls. The thunderer protects her from foes. Confirmed are the Trojans in soul. But you—return to the princes of Greece. Bear mine answer to their ears—for this the office you both have in charge! Let them form some resource in their souls—some plan more to favour their wants;—to save their hollow ships from the foe—to save the armies of Greece in their ships. Some new measures let them form. This has failed. And for ever shall fail. I cherish wrath in my soul!—Go! But Phoenix

shall remain. In these tents he shall pass the night. To-morrow, with me he may return—to the loved shore of my native land: He may return, if such his choice. By force I will not bear him from Troy.”

HE said. Silence darkened the brows of the chiefs. Mute they sat, astonished in soul:—For harshly his refusal he spoke. Phœnix rose, at length, in the midst—the aged ruler of warlike steeds! Dissolved in tears, thus, with sighs he began: For much he feared for the navy of Argos:

“IF to return is thy design, illustrious Achilles!—If to leave these shores the resolve of thy soul. If the armies to save thou declin’st;—if to turn the fatal flame from the ships away:—Ah! Why should I, be left, my son! How, alone, can I here remain? By thy side is the place of Phœnix. With thee I was sent by thy sire—by the ruler of steeds the aged Peleus. On that day, I received thee in charge—when he sent thee from Phthia to Agamemnon—a youth—not skilled in all-equalling war: Nor in council, where men acquire renown. For this he sent me with Achilles. To instruct thee in all were his high commands. To teach thee to speak, with fame, in council, with renown, to act in the field.”

“Nor absent from thy side have I been: Nor will I, now, be left behind. No; my son beloved, though a god should promise, as he glides from his skies—to do away age from my limbs—to restore me to the bloom of my years: To make me what I was, on that day—when I left Hellas of beauteous dames—flying from the wrath of my father;—from Amyntor, unequalled in arms. His rage arose for the long-haired

maid—who warmed the hero's soul to love. For her he contemned his spouse: For her he deserted my mother's bed. Suppliant she came to her son. My knees she embraced in her grief. She begged, she requested with prayers—that I should first gain the maid to mine arms;—and turn her soul, from the aged chief. Her I obeyed. The maid I won. My father heard and raged in his soul. Much he prayed the infernal gods. He invoked the horrid furies to grant—that never loved offspring of mine—should sit on his aged knees. The gods his imprecations heard. Granted was his horrid prayer—by the dreadful infernal Jove;—by Proserpine, baleful queen!"

"Nor longer sustained my soul—to remain, with a father enraged—to dwell in his lofty halls. Round me stood all my friends. My relations all stood around. With their prayers they detained me at home. Many fat sheep they sacrificed. Many crooked oxen they slew. Many boars they stretched dead in the hall: And roasted all to Vulcan's flame. Much generous wine was drawn and drunk—from the urns of the aged chief. Around me, for nine nights, they slept. By turns they kept watch by my side. Nor extinguished were ever the fires. One burnt in the porch of the well-built hall. In the antichamber another flamed. But when the tenth night, at her noon—lay heavy, with her gloom, on the world. The well-joined doors of my chamber I forced. Darkly, I glided along. O'er the wall of the court, I leaped with speed. Deceiving the youths on guard: Unknown to the damsels, who watched."

"I FLED again from my native home: From Hellas of spacious vales. I soon came to fertile

Phthia—the mother of flocks and of herds. To Peleus, the king I came. He received me, with joy, in his halls. He loved me, as a father loves his son:—His only son, born in the eve of his years—of his wide possessions the heir. In the farthest bounds of rich Phthia I dwelt—o'er the Dolopè extending my sway. Much of my care wert THOU—O Achilles, equal to gods! From my soul, I loved thee, O chief! Nor thou, with any other, would'st move—nor to the public feast repair—nor to the wonted repast in the hall. On MY knees only would'st thou sit: Receive thy food, from me alone—or taste the wine, from my hand. Often hast thou drenched my breast;—often poured forth the wine from thy mouth—in thy froward, infant years. Much have I suffered from thy youth. Much, in thy service, have I toiled. Lost to hope, in a race of my own: As the gods were to give me no son; thee—O like the immortals in form! Thee I adopted for my son:—To turn the hand of death from my age.”

“ BUT, godlike Achilles, hear my voice. Subdue, O chief, thy mighty soul. It becomes thee not to harden thy heart. The gods themselves are bent with prayer. The deathless gods the first in force—in honours first and the greatest in power—by solemn sacrifice are won—by softly-breathing vows are gained.—For libation, for the savour of victims—they avert their flaming wrath from mankind. The suppliant, indulgent, they hear: The repenting they ever forgive. Prayers are the daughters of highest Jove. Lame, wrinkled, and blear-eyed, they seem. In the footsteps of injury they tread—and heal the woes, which she spreads on her path. Strong, robust, and swift of foot is

the fiend. The slow prayers, in speed, she far out-runs: strewing evils on mankind as she flies. But they follow and repair all her wrongs. Whoever shall the daughters of Jove revere: When near they approach, in their course. Him they will aid in his need. — His voice they will ever hear. But he that rejects them, with pride—that turns them away from his ear: They request of their father Jove—to send injury to harass his steps: to punish HIM for the impious affront.”

“ BUT thou, O Achilles, revere—honour thou the daughters of Jove. Yield to the goddesses—give ear. They have ever bent the souls of the brave—Had HE no present gifts proposed. Had he named no future reward. Had Atrides still his folly retained: Nor I would bid thee thy rage to allay. No aid I would for Greece request, though broken and distressed in war. But he, at present, gives thee much. In future, he promises more. He sends, as suppliants, to thy knees—the first—the chosen chiefs of Greece. The most honoured in the host of the Argives—the most beloved by thee of the Greeks. But thou, relent, condemn not their words. Let them not have come hither in vain. Till now thy resentment was just. Henceforward thy wrath is a crime.”

“ THE praises of ancient heroes—have come down, from their times, on our ears. When wrath wrapt, with fury, their souls—with soothing presents their rage was allayed. The still voice of intreaty they heard.”

“ A STORY recurs to my soul: the long-past tale of former days. Listen, O friends, for it resembles the times. The Curètes were engaged in arms; with the Ætolians, unmoved in war.

Round Calydon the nations fought. Mutual were the deaths in the strife. The Ætolians defend the beautiful Calydon. The Curètes burn to waste it, with arms. This dreadful evil, in her wrath, the golden-throned Diana had raised. Against Oeneus the goddess raged. —Neglected in his offerings to heaven;—for the plenteous fruits of his golden fields. The other gods the savour shared. To the daughter of Jove alone no holy altar was raised. Or forgot or neglected, by Oeneus: For much to blame was his devious soul.”

“THE offspring of Jove, in her wrath—the queen, who delights in the bow, sent a mountain-boar from the woods—fierce with his snow-white tusks. Much damage he made, as he moved—along the fertile fields of Oeneus. Many tall trees, from their roots—with all their flowery honours crowned—he, heaps on heaps, laid low on the earth, in his rage. Him the son of Oeneus slew—Meleager unequalled in arms. Many hunters had the hero convened—many fleet hounds, from his city, had called:—For, not by few, could the boar be subdued. Enormous was the monster in size—Many rose from his tusks to the mournful pile. Round him, the goddess unappeased—rouzed loud tumult, and bloody war. For the head of the savage they fought—for the shaggy hide of the boar:—The Curètes undaunted in arms—the Ætolians, unmoved in the fight. Long as great Meleager fought—so long the Curètes had failed. Nor they, before the town, could remain: though many they stood, formed, in the field. But when Meleager yielded to wrath—to rage, which often swells the soul—which even the wise has subdued.”

“ENRAGED from his soul, at his mother Althæa—in the arms of his spouse, retired, he lay: In the arms of the bright Cleopatra—the daughter of Marpessa, unmatched in her form. Idas was her father renowned—the first of mortal men in fight;—of the race, who THEN trod the earth. Idas, for his beauteous spouse—raised on Apollo his daring bow. Her father and mother revered—their fair daughter Alcyone called. The name arose from her mother’s grief—like Alcyone in misfortune and tears—when the far-shooting Phœbus came by force on her glowing charms.—In the arms of his spouse lay, the great Meleæger—fomenting the dark wrath of his soul: At his mother’s imprecations enraged. In deepest woe, to all the gods—she wildly stretched her hands in prayer—madly pale for her brother slain. Much she struck the huge earth, with her hand; calling, from her inmost soul—on Pluto—on horrid Proserpine. On both her knees distracted she lay. Her tears drenched her bare breast, as they fell. She prayed aloud, for death to her son. The furies heard, as they wandered in shades. In darkest hell, they heard her voice. Joy flamed o’er their iron hearts.”

“LOUD tumult now invades the gates. The dreadful clamour of arms ascends. The towers shake aloft on their walls. To Meleæger the elders come. The chosen priests of the gods implore. They pray him to assume his arms—to repel the foe from the walls: and promise mighty gifts for his toil. In the rich fields of beauteous Calydon—they bade him chuse the spot he loved—fifty acres of fertile soil. One half planted with the vine—the other cleared wide for the plow. Much his father intreated

the chief—the aged ruler of coursers, Oeneus ! Trembling with years he ascended the steps—to the chamber, where lay Meleäger : Shaking the glued planks of the floor—as he sunk, on his knees to his son. Much his sisters besought the chief. Much his venerable mother implored. More hardened grew the youth, at her voice. Much his companions most beloved : Much the dearest of his friends !—But none could bend his soul in his breast.”

“ HIS very halls shake at length by the foe. On the towers the Curëtés ascend. Wide, the city is all in flames. To Meleäger, with mournful cries—at length entered his beauteous spouse. She besought him with tears, aloud. All the evils she, in order, recounts—which fall on those hapless men—whose city is stormed, by the foe. The men are slain in every street. The flames rage o’er the sinking town. The children bound, are captive led. The high-bosomed women are seized. His soul starts, at the horrid tale. He rose in wrath and assumed his arms. Bright he strode along in the pride of his soul—and from the city repelled the foe. The Ætolians the rich presents refused : Unrewarded he drove the evil away.”

“ BUT thou, think not thus, in thy soul. Let no god sway thy fury so far. Relent, in time, O friend beloved. Let not fire seize our ships ere thou aid’st. Receive the offered presents, and come. THEE like a god the Argives will honour. But should’st thou, after scorning his gifts—enter battle, the destruction of men : Not equal honours will crown thy renown : though from Greece thou should’st drive the war.”

To him great Achilles replied.—“Phoenix, father, aged chief, beloved of Jove! Of THAT honour I stand not in need. ME Jove will honour, I deem, from his soul. The glory, which descends from the god—shall attend me at the ships of the Argives—while the spirit remains in my breast—while move my limbs, with life, along. But this to thee, I farther tell—and thou record it in thy mind. Disturb not my soul with these complaints—melt not with tears my heart—to gratify the son of Atreus. To favour HIM becomes not THEE—lest hate should succeed to my love. It becomes THEE to think like thy friend: To make a foe of the man I abhor. Here reign thou equal with me. Divide my honours and share my power. The chiefs will bear back MY resolves. Here remaining, pass the night in repose. But when the morn shall rear her light on the world—we together, shall consult—whether to return to our land—or here to stay before high Troy.”

HE spoke: And, with a secret nod, to Patroclus gave his commands. To spread the thick bed for Phoenix: that the chiefs might think, straight, of return. Mean time, the godlike son of Telamon—great Ajax thus began:

“NOBLE son of Laërtes! Ulysses, for prudence renowned! Let us hence.—It appears not to Ajax—that here the object of our words will succeed. But, to bear an answer to Greece—though displeasing, becomes us, with speed. The leaders long for our return. But Achilles has placed in his breast, a haughty soul, unknowing to yield. Relentless man! He cares not for the sighs of his friends:—Though honoured, o’er the host, at their ships. Unfeeling chief! A brother receives the price of

a brother's blood. Fathers, for their slain sons, are appeased. The murderer pays the high fine of his crime:—And in his city, unmolested, remains. The heart of the parent relents: The roused rage of his soul subsides. To thee alone, son of Peleus! the gods have given an inflexible mind: A heart relentless, unswayed and unkind! And whence is this stubborn wrath!—for one captive woman, the slave of thy sword! Seven beauteous in form we propose: And add gifts unequalled to these!—But thou, clothe in mildness thy soul. Thy dwelling, son of Peleus, revere. Beneath thy roof we the Greeks represent. Above others we regard thy renown. Of all the Argives we most are thy friends.”

“AJAX divine!” Achilles replied: “Son of Telamon! Leader of armies! ALL thou seem'st, from thy soul, to have said, But my heart swells, with wrath, unappeased. With fury I reflect on the man. I remember Atrides with rage. He that rendered me dishonoured in Greece:—Like a vile stranger, detested, despised. Go hence—report mine answer with speed. The bloody battle shall NOT rouse my soul: 'Till the son of warlike Priam—till noble Hector shall come to my tents;—to my fleet, in the blood of the Argives—and burn your navy with his fire. Round these tents—around these dark ships of mine—great Hector, though glowing in rage—will, I deem, cease his hand, from the fight.”

HE spoke: And each chief took his bowl. They poured their libations on earth; then returned to the ships of the Argives. The great Ulysses precedes, as they move. Straight

Patroclus the damsels commands. They spread the thick bed for Phœnix. Obedient, they attend to his voice. The skins of sheep they first lay on earth. They spread above, the purple covering and fine-spun sheets. There the aged lay down to repose—'till the light of the morning divine. In the inmost recess of the tent, lay Achilles, in form like the gods. By him lay his fair captive from Lesbos: The blooming daughter of Phorbas—Diomedé of form divine. Patroclus lay down to repose. In his arms was white-bosomed Iphis: Whom great Achilles had bestowed on the chief;—when he took the lofty Scyros—the sacred city of great Enyeus.

THE chiefs, arriving at the tents of Atrides; with golden cups, were received by the Greeks. Each, impatient, in their presence, arose: And questioned them both with their eyes. The king of men, Agamemnon, spoke first.—“ Say, Ulysses, high in renown! Great glory of Achaia, unfold! Will HE turn the hostile fire from the ships? Or still retain the haughty rage of his soul?”

THE patient Ulysses replied: “Son of Atreus, in honours the first! Agamemnon, sovereign of armies! He will not extinguish his wrath. HE rather adds fire to his rage. Thee, at once, and thy gifts, he contemns. Thee he bids to consult with the chiefs. To save the ships and the army of Argos. He threatens, when the morn shall arise, to launch his oared ships to the main. He counsels the Greeks to return: Advises all to raise the sail. No period to war shall ye find. Lofty Ilium shall not fall by your arms. Jove spreads his broad hand round her

walls. Confirmed in their souls are our foes.— Thus spake the chief. To THESE known, as to me, are his words: To Ajax, to the heralds divine—both prudent, in their souls, to conceive. But aged Phoenix takes repose in his tents: For such were the hero's commands. That he, with the chief, may return—to the loved shore of his native land. To-morrow, if such is his choice. By force he will not bear him from Troy.”

He spoke. Silence darkened the brows of the chiefs. Mute, they sat, astonished in soul: For harshly the answer he spoke. Long, silent, sat the mournful sons of the Argives. At length, in the midst, arose—Diomedes unmatched, in the fight.”

“Atrides, first in renown! Agamemnon, sovereign of men!—Would! thou had'st not, a suppliant been—at the knees of the son of Pelous. Would! thou hadst not proffered such gifts! Already too great was his pride. Thine offers to his insolence add. But let us dismiss him from thought. Let him depart or remain. Hereafter, the warrior will fight: When humour turns the tide of his soul: Or some god, descending, incites. But now, to MY counsel, attend. Obey what my mind suggests. Let the leaders retire to repose. But let them first refresh their souls—with the equal repast and with wine:—For this is the strength and the vigour of armies! But when, in the east, with her light—the rosy-fingered Aurora appears—straight array the foot, in the field. Urge the horse to commence the war. In the front, let Atrides appear: As first in power, be HE first in fight.”

He spoke. All the kings assent: Admiring the speech of the chief;—Of Diomedes, the breaker of steeds. Their libations they poured to the gods. Then each, to his tent, retired. There, reposing themselves in night;—pleasing sleep involved them around.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK X.

THE other leaders of assembled Achaia—in sleep, wear down, at their ships the long night. In pleasing slumber, THEY lay subdued. But on the shepherd of his people, Atrides—descended not soft repose. Wild rolled his anxious soul in his breast. As when the husband of Juno, on high, darts his lightning, flash on flash, through the night: When he prepares to wrap, in tempest, the world—to send his hail or flaky snow—to whiten o'er the broad face of the earth. Or when he resolves, in his wrath, to open the huge jaws of destructive war. So frequent, burst the sighs of the king;—deep-fetched from his inmost soul. Within, his stout heart fiercely heaves, with his cares.

IN thought the hero turns his eyes—where the Trojans lie encamped on the plain. Astonished, he beholds their frequent fires—spreading wide to the walls of Troy. The voice of their pipes reach his ears: The tumult and the clamours of men. When he turned to the ships

his thoughts, to the nations of Achaia in arms—  
from the roots he tore his long hair—in earnest  
prayer to high-dwelling Jove. Much groans  
his generous soul, in his breast. At length it  
seems best to the king—to bend his steps to the  
son of Neleus: To form some happy project  
with Nestor—to turn, from Greece, the evil day.

STARTING, from his bed, rose the king.  
Round his ample body his vest he drew. The  
stately buskins he bound on his feet. O'er his  
broad shoulders, the spotted hide of a lion he  
threw. Large and tawny fell the rough spoil to  
his heels. He grasps the long spear in his hand.  
Equal cares Menelaus invade. Sleep weighed  
not his eyes to repose. Much he dreaded  
new woes to the Argives: Who had crossed  
the wide main, in his cause. Who had come,  
in his quarrel, to Troy—rolling war to her  
troubled shores. O'er his broad shoulders, the  
chief—threw a spotted leopard's hide. The  
brazen helm, on his head, rose aloft. His  
mighty hand grasps the spear, as he strides.

To wake his brother the hero moved. To  
rouze HIM whom the Argives obey: Who is  
honoured, like a god, by the host. Fitting, on  
his shoulders, his beauteous arms—the king he  
found, at his own dark ship: And raised him,  
with his coming, to joy. First the warlike  
Menelaus began:—"Why, thus, in arms, O  
brother revered! Would'st thou send some spy  
from the ships! Some friend to explore the  
foe? Much I dread, that none will be found—  
to dare this task of peril alone: Singly to ad-  
vance to the foe—through the still bosom of  
Night. Bold must the chief be in arms:—  
Unconquered in the force of his soul!"

To him replied Agamemnon: "O Menelaus, beloved of Jove! Much we both need some prudent advice;—to save the Argives and their ships, from the foe. Changed from us is the soul of great Jove. To Hector's offerings the god is inclined. Never have I seen, with these eyes:—Nor came it, by report, to mine ears—that one chief, in one day, e'er performed such arduous deeds, in the field—as Hector high-favoured of Jove—has, on the sons of Achaia, achieved. Yet a mere man is the chief. Nor derives he his blood from a god: Nor of a goddess is the warrior born. But such were his feats, that the Argives—will long remember the fatal day—which brought so many woes, from his hand. But thou to Ajax repair. From sleep Idomeneus rouse. Hold thy rapid way to their ships. To the noble Nestor I bend my steps. To raise the aged chief, in his night. To bid him the guards to instruct—the sacred troop, who defend the wall. Him they will in all obey: Since his son bears the chief command, and Meriones, unequalled in arms. For to these we gave the first charge of the night."

To the king, Menelaus replies: "What commands shall I bear to the chiefs? What orders shall thy brother obey? Shall I with the warriors remain? Shall I stop till thou comest to their ships? Or to thee return, through the night? When thy charge I have given with care?"

"There remain," said the sovereign of Argives: "Lest we stray from each other, in night: For many are the ways, through the camp. Send thy voice before, as thou movest. Bid the Argives to watch o'er their lines. Call to each, by his father's name. By his race, call

each warrior to arms. Honour all, as thou giv'st thy commands. Nor swell, in aught, the pride of thy soul. Like the meanest, we, the leaders, must toil: Since Jove, at our birth, exposed us to equal woes."

He said: And dismissed his brother—to hear, through night, his high commands. To the ships of the aged Nestor, the king took his anxious way. The shepherd of his people he found—in soft repose, in his lofty tent. His varied arms lay all by his side: His shield, his two spears, his splendid helm. Near him lay the high-wrought belt: Which girt the loins of the aged chief: When he armed for the battle of heroes—leading forth his people to war. Nor yet had yielded the king to years: Nor shrunk from fight, in mournful age. Half-rising, he leaned on his arm: And thus spoke to the son of Atreus:

"WHO moves through the camp alone? Who holds his way through gloomy Night? When other mortals calmly sleep? When deep repose has invaded the world? Wantest thou one of the watch? Or dost thou wander after some friend? Speak. Approach me not, in silence. What are thy wants? Explain."

To him, the king of men replied:—"O Nestor, son of warlike Neleus! Greatest glory of Achaia in arms! Behold before thee, the son of Atreus: A king, whom, of mortal men—great Jove has plunged the deepest in woes. Nor an end to my sorrows appears; till my spirit fly, on winds, from this breast: Till my limbs lose their motion, in death. Thus I stray, through the night, alone: As soft repose has deserted mine eyes. Disastrous war lies deep, on my heart: The gathered woes of the Argive powers.

Much I fear for the fate of the Greeks. My soul has ceased to be firm. Grief has quite distracted my mind. My heaving heart beats high to my breast. Beneath me tremble my failing limbs. But now if aught grows in thy thoughts: For thee also sleep seems to desert. Arise. Let us to the guards descend. Let us see, whether, wearied with toil—they have resigned to repose: Forgetful of their task, at the watch. Near—near us encamps the foe. Nor know we, but, this instant, they mean—to rush on Greece, through the gloomy night.”

To him the aged breaker of warlike steeds: “Son of Atreus, in glory the first! Agamemnon, sovereign of men! Nor prescient Jove will for Hector perform—all the towering hopes of his soul. With many cares shall labour the chief—should Achilles his arms resume—and turn his heart, from destructive rage. But **THEE** I will follow with joy. Yet let us others rouse from repose. Let us call the son of Tydeus, renowned at the spear. Let us noble Ulysses awake. Let the swift son of Oïleus arise: And the gallant race of the warlike Phyleus. Send some message to the verge of the camp: Where their ships lie the farthest of all;—to rouse the godlike Ajax;—to call Idomeneus, reigning afar. But though dear to my soul is the chief—though Menelaus I much revere;—his indolence I now must blame: Though thy wrath should arise on thy friend. In repose he passes the night—and leaves the toil to his brother alone. Now he ought to go around to the chiefs. To rouse their falling courage, with prayer: For dreadful are the perils which hover o’er all.”

THE king of men, Agamemnon replies: “O aged warrior!” the hero said; “At other

seasons, accuse the chief. Often, he the toil has declined. But nor then he to indolence yields—nor wanders, from the thoughts of his soul. To me he looks up, in his deeds. He waits for my high resolves. Now, before me, he started from rest: And came to my tent for commands. I have sent him to the chiefs, thou hast named. Let us join them, at the gates of the camp. To the guards I advised them to come. We shall find them, convened, at the watch.”

To the king aged Nestor replied: “While, thus, he acts, he escapes from the blame, and gains the obedience, of Argives. They will him obey, when he urges to war. They will listen to all his commands.”—He spoke and drew his vest round his breast. The stately buskins he bound on his feet: And o’er his shoulders, he threw—a purple mantle both ample and large. The shaggy pile flourished o’er it, with pride. He graspt the huge spear in his hand—pointed before with beaming steel. Through the camp he foremost advanced. He roused from sleep Ulysses—equal to the counsels of Jove. Loud spoke the chief in his ear. The voice reached the hero’s soul. He rushed forth, at once from his tent: And, thus, to the kings he began:

“WHY wander ye thus through the ships? Why, alone, through the Night divine? Rise some recent woes to the Argives? What new necessities urge?”—“Noble son of Laërtes!” the aged breaker of steeds replies: “Ulysses for prudence renowned! Be not displeased, O chief! Great the woes, which oppress the Argives. Follow us. Let us others rouse.”

Let each in council give advice. Whether to fly o'er the main : Or here to urge again the fight."

He spoke. To his tent returned the prudent Ulysses. On his shoulders he threw his broad shield : And trod in the path of the kings. To the son of Tydeus they bent their way. Without, his tent they found the chief, in his arms. Round the hero slept, in order, his friends. Beneath their heads were laid their broad shields. Their spears inverted stood fixed in the ground. The bright points shone aloft, to the skies—like the lightning of father Jove. The king himself slept in Night; on the rough hide of a savage bull. His head, on a purple carpet was laid. Near him stood Nestor divine. With his foot, he touched the king, as he lay : And, thus, upbraided, with lofty voice :

"ARISE, son of warlike Tydeus. Why givest thou all the night to repose ? Knowest thou not that the Trojans in arms—lie encamped, on the rising ground ? Near the ships, they their station have placed. Small the space, which divides the foe!"—He spoke : The chief started, at once, from rest : And thus, to aged Nestor replied :—"Too severe on thy years thou art. Thou takest no respite from toil. Are there not many warriors of Argos ? Many youths to awake the kings ? To bear orders through all the camp ? But thou, aged chief, art not to be won from toils !"

To him the aged breaker of steeds : "True, O my friend ! are the words thou hast said. I have gallant sons, in the camp. Many thousands obey my commands ;—of whom ONE

might awake the kings. But such a train of woes fall, at once, on the Argives!—Our fortune rests on a moment's point: Whether ruin invades the host: Or life is restored to our cause. But repair to the son of Oileus. Awake the offspring of warlike Phyleus. Thou art less in thy number of years. Thou hast pitied my toils, through the night."

HE spoke: The chief, o'er his shoulders, the spotted hide of a lion, threw. Large and tawny fell the rough spoils behind. He graspt the spear in his hand; and held, along the camp, his way. From sleep awaked, the chiefs he led. To the gathered troop of the guard, they came. Nor sleeping were the chiefs of the watch. They, standing, held forward, their arms. As faithful dogs, in the night—watch the folds of the sheep around. Afar they hear the lion's voice, coming, headlong, through the woods, from his hills. Loud they bark, on every side. Their howls join, with the clamours of men: And sleep flies, on its wings, from them all. So sleep fled from THEIR lids—as they held the tedious watch of the night. To the plain they turned their fierce eyes. They listened for the tread of the foe. The aged rejoiced o'er the chiefs. Thus, Nestor confirmed them, with words:—"Go on," he said, "my sons beloved. Keep the watch. Drive sleep from your eyes. Lest the Trojans may invade us, through Night: And we become the sport of the foe."

THIS saying, the trench he passed. The kings followed his steps, as he moved. Those, who came to council, advance. Meriones and the son of Nestor attend. Nor unbid come the chiefs of the watch. Them to council, the

heroes called. Passing the deep trench, they sat down. A spot unsoiled with slain they chose: Where raging Hector from slaughter had turned: When many Argives had fallen by his hand;—when Night involved him around. There, sitting, they each other addressed. First the aged Nestor began:

“ O FRIENDS!—Is there here any chief; who, trusting to his own daring soul—will pass to the camp of the foe? To try to seize some straggling Trojan? To hear the discourse of the foe? To learn what, in Night they consult? Whether here to remain near the ships? Or to return to their city, they mean: Having vanquished the Greeks, in the field? These, perhaps, the warrior may hear: And, in safety, return to his friends. Great is the fame of the deed: And uncommon shall be its reward. To him shall each chief of the Argives—give a black ewe, for his toil. A female that suckles a lamb. Nor matched is the beauteous prize. At the feast, he, distinguished, shall sit: Most honoured at the banquet of joy.”

He spoke: Silence darkened o'er all the chiefs. But in the midst spoke the great Diomedes: “ O Nestor! my heart prompts me on. My rising soul the danger demands. I will enter the camp of the foe. I will pierce the lines of the warlike Trojans, But should some other warrior attend: Some chief the danger divide; then more assured in my soul—with greater boldness I would advance. When two move together to dangers: One sees what the other escapes: and double is the chance to the best. But when, singly, we perils attempt: The soul is dubious and cannot decide.”

HE spoke. Many wish to attend the chief. The two Ajaces arise in arms. Meriones the danger demands: Much demands the son of Nestor. Menelaus stood forth, with his spear. The great Ulysses, in arms advanced;—and wished to enter the hostile lines: To penetrate the Trojan camp: Ever daring was the soul of the chief! To them the king of men arose;—and, thus, in their presence, began:

“O SON of Tydeus!” he said: “Dearest of my friends to my soul! Chuse the companion, thou lovest. Chuse the bravest: For many attend. Nor thou, respecting rank in thy mind—pass over the stoutest in arms. Look not to birth in thy choice. Nor be swayed, by his high command.”

THUS spoke the king to the hero. For his yellow-haired brother he feared. Diomedes stood forth to the chiefs. Thus began the breaker of steeds: “Since to chuse is thy high command: How can I forget, in my choice—great Ulysses of actions divine? Wise is his heart in each toil. In perils his soul is brave. Him the blue-eyed Minerva loves. Let HIM attend me through Night: And let a thousand fires oppose. Through all we shall both return: Since unequalled is his wisdom, in war.”

IN turn, the prudent Ulysses replies: “Son of Tydeus, nor praise me too much: Nor yet, in this presence, blame. Thy words are addressed to the Argives. To them all, Ulysses is known. But, with speed, let us hence. The night declines and the morning is near. The stars have passed and descend in the west. The greater portion of night is gone. Two thirds of the darkness is past. One third still remains on the sky.”

THEIR dreadful arms they assumed, as he spoke. To the son of Tydens, the bold Thrasymedes—gave his two-edged sword from his side: For his own at the ships had been left. A shield he also gave to the chief: A leathern helm without studs, without crest: Such, as youths bear, early, in war. Meriones gave a bow to Ulysses—a leaden quiver, a deadly sword. On his head, his leathern helm he placed: Bound fast, within, with many thongs. Without—are the white teeth of a boar. In rows the casque they strengthen on every side. In the midst the soft bonnet he fits. The beauteous helm Autolycus brought—from Eleon the city of great Amyntor: Having burst the huge gates of the hero's halls. Autolycus gave the casque to Amphidamas: Warlike Amphidamas to Molus. Molus left it to his son: To Meriones to bear it in war; and, now, it graced the lofty head of the great Ulysses.

CLAD, in their dreadful arms—the heroes took forward their way. By the side of the trench the leaders, in silence remained. To the chiefs, as they strode to the foe—blue-eyed Pallas, a heron sent, on the winds. On the right flew the omen divine:—Undiscerned, by the eyes of the chiefs: For gloomy Night had o'ershadowed the world. The clangour of his course filled their ears. In the happy bird, great Ulysses rejoiced: And, thus, to Pallas, he prayed:—“Hear me,” the hero began, “daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! In my perils thou stand'st by my side. Nor, by thee, unobserved are my steps. Look down again, O blue-eyed queen! Give us, again, to return—with glory laden to the ships of the Argives.

Let some noble deed be performed ;—which the Trojans shall feel o'er their souls."

"**HEAR** also **ME!**" said the great Diomedes. "Invincible daughter of Jove, attend! Follow **ME**, to the nightly foe: As thou didst follow the noble Tydeus. When led to Thebes by thy hand divine, he bore the demands of Achaia in arms. At the deep Asopus, his friends he left: The embattled Argives, with brazen mails. Full of peace were his words to the Thebans: But, returning, his deeds were in blood! Beneath thy hand divine, he fought. Thou mighty goddess, stood'st bright, by his side. So deign to stand near his son. With thine arm ward, from me, the foe. A year-old heifer, O queen! shall be thine; broad-fronted; unbroken and wild: which never man placed, under the yoke. Her to thee I will offer, with prayer: Gilding, with gold, her horns."

Thus, praying, the heroes spoke. Blue-eyed Pallas heard, from her sky. When, thus, their vows they paid, aloud; to the daughter of greatest Jove: Onward they moved, in their strength; like two lions, rushing through night. Through slaughter, through bodies, through arms, through blood—they darkly strode their dreadful way.

Not permitted the godlike Hector—his Trojans to sleep the night. The nobles to council he called: The leaders and chiefs of the host. In darkness the heroes met. Thus, Hector, with prudence, began: "Who," he said, "will this service perform? Who, my purpose, for a mighty reward? Great will be his recompence? To his hands I will give a car—two high-crested steeds to bear him in fight: The noblest, the fleetest, the best—which Greece, at her navy,

holds. He that dares my design to perform—shall add renown to his great reward. If to the swift ships he will approach; and learn the state of the foe. Whether they guard, as heretofore—their ships, from the nightly surprize: Or meditate, subdued by our hands—to urge their flight across the main: Or, neglecting the watch of night—lie fatigued, from their heavy toils.”

HE spoke. Silence darkened, o'er all the chiefs. Among the Trojans a man there was—Dolon, the son of old Eumēdes. Eumēdes a herald divine—rich in gold and wealthy in brass. His son was hideous in his form—but swift were his feet, in the race. His only son to manhood reared—amid five sisters at home. Standing, in the midst of the Trojans, Dolon, thus, to Hector spoke:

“O HECTOR, my heart prompts me on. My soul this peril demands. I will approach the swift ships. I will learn the state of the foe. But thou, thy scepter raise aloft. Plight, before the gods, thy faith;—that thou, in truth, wilt give the steeds—the chariot varied o'er with gold—which bear the blameless son of Peleus to fight. Nor a vain spy shall Dolon prove: Nor frustrate thy wise design. To the center their camp I will pierce. To the ship of the son of Atreus; where, perhaps, the chiefs consult—to fly or to fight the foe.”—Hector raised his scepter aloft: And plighted, thus, to the warrior his faith: “Bear witness, high-thundering Jove! Let the husband of Juno witness bear: That never by those steeds shall be borne—any Trojan, but Dolon, to war. This to thee I affirm: That in them, THOU alone shalt rejoice.”

HE spoke. But vain the oath he swore! Yet it roused the soul of the youth. Straight, o'er his shoulders, his bow he placed: Around, the white hide of a wolf he threw. A ferret's skin formed his helm. His hand graspt the pointed lance. From the host he urged his steps to the ships: Never to return, from the foe; or to Hector to bring his report. Leaving the crowd of men and steeds—with speed he held onward his way. Him, at his near approach, divine Ulysses perceived; and thus to Diomedes began:

“BEHOLD,” he said, “Son of Tydeus! A Trojan comes forward, through night. A spy, perhaps, to view our ships; or some plunderer to strip the dead. But let him pass along the plain. Let him bear beyond us his steps. Then shall we start o'er the field;—and seize him as he flies. But should he outstrip us in his speed; then drive him, with thy spear, to the fleet. Turn him from the camp of the foe. Cut off his retreat, from the town.”

THUS saying, they strode aside, from the path. Down, among the dead, they lay. The Trojan passed, unperceiving, with speed. But when he a distance had gone—equal to the space between two ploughs: When heavy mules form the furrow with toil;—than oxen better far at the shining share. Starting, the chiefs bound away. Dolon stood, at the sound of their tread. He hoped, from his inmost soul—that, at the high command of Hector—some Trojans came rushing along—to recal his steps to the camp. When they came, within a javelin's cast—he knew, too late, the tread of the foe. Quick he plied his joints, as he fled. Swift the heroes pursued him, through night.

As two greyhounds, skilled in the chase—pursue a fawn or timid hare. Eager they press on its flight. Urging forward, through woody grounds. Shrill shrieks the panting prey, as it flies. Thus, the son of warlike Tydeus: Thus, the destroyer of cities, Ulysses—cutting off his return to his friends—pursued Dolon, with eager speed. When now he had advanced toward the trench;—When almost mixed his sight with the watch: Pallas added force to Tydides, lest some other warrior of Greece—should first glory to wound the foe. Raising, high, his pointed spear; the valiant Diomedes began: “Stop, or expect my spear. Not long shalt thou thus escape. Stop. Thou shalt not avoid the death, which flies from my hand.”

THE hero spoke and throw his spear. With design he erred from the mark. O'er his right shoulder passed the point of the lance. In earth it fixed and shook the staff. Trembling stopt the dastard, at once. His teeth chattered harsh, with his fears: And paleness wandered along his face. Panting, the heroes approached. They seized the wretch, in their hands: And, dissolved into tears, he began:—“Spare me, warriors!” he said. “Receive a ransom for my life. In my halls, I have brass and gold: A store of high-laboured steel. My father will precious gifts bestow: A high price for my freedom will pay; should he hear, that alive, at your ships, his son a captive remains.”

“CONFIDE.” said the wise Ulysses. “Let not death come across thy soul. But say, reply to me in all. Conceal not aught of the truth. Why wander'st thou thus alone? Why tak'st thou thy way to the ships? While Night involves the world in shades? While other mortals

yield to repose? Comest thou forth to strip the dead? Or has Hector sent thee, a spy, to view our state at our ships? Or only wert thou urged, by thy soul?"

To the hero Dolon replied: His limbs trembled beneath, as he spoke: "Much to my loss, against my mind—Hector induced me to come. He promised to give me the steeds, the chariot varied o'er with brass, which bears the son of Peleus to war. He bade me to pass through the plain—to hold my way through the Night. To approach to the camp of the Argives: To learn the state of the foe. Whether you guard, as heretofore—your ships from the nightly surprise: Or meditate, subdued by our hands—to urge your flight across the main: Or, neglecting the watch of Night—you lie fatigued, from your heavy toils."

SMILING, replied the wise Ulysses: "Nor small the presents, which covets thy soul;—the fleet steeds of the great son of Peleus! But restive they are and hard to rule—to any mortal, but brave Achilles—who is born of a mother divine. But say, reply to me in all. Conceal not aught of the truth. Where, hast thou left the gallant Hector? Where, the shepherd of his people in Night? Where lie on earth his martial arms? Where, stand his warlike steeds? How placed are the guards of the Trojans? Where lie their various troops on the field? What is the result of their councils? Mean they to remain, at the fleet? To the city will the warriors return: Having vanquished the Argives in arms?"

He spoke: The son of Eumædes replied: "To thee I will reply in all: Nor will I conceal aught of the truth. Great Hector, from

the tumult remote—sits, in council, with the leaders of Troy—near the tomb of Ilus divine. Of guards, thou, O hero, enquir'st. No certain watch the camp protects. No warriors in arms wake around. The native Trojans only watch: Those whom necessities urge. THEY stand, upon their guard, through the gloom. But the allies collected afar—give all the night to repose—and leave the care of the army to Troy. Nor near are their children beloved. Far distant are their wives from the foe!"

To him the prudent Ulysses replied: "Tell me, Dolon: Explain thy words. Sleep they mixed with the warlike Trojans? Or, apart, are they sunk in repose?"—"This also," Dolon began, "this, with truth, I will likewise unfold. By the main, lie the warlike Carians—the Pæonians, skilled at the bow. Near are the Lelegès, the Caucons, the Pelasgi divine. Toward Thymbra lie the Lycian bands. The haughty Mysians stretch their lines by their side. There the Phrygians, breakers of steeds: There the Mæonians, who fight in their cars. But why should you question me thus? Why search minutely each point? If bent you are to advance through the Night: To enter the wide army of Troy. The Thracians are the farthest of all:—Newly-come, apart from the rest. Rhesus, their king, lies in the midst—the gallant son of great Eöneus. His steeds the most beauteous, these eyes ere beheld! The best and the largest in size! Whiter than the driven snow? In the race, more fleet than the winds. His car is adorned with gold: With silver plated, high-laboured with art. He came to the field in arms of gold;

—huge, wonderous and bright to behold, Such as no mortal should wear! They fit only the deathless gods. But remove me hence to your ships. Or leave me here confined in chains: Till you return through the Night—till the truth of my words is tried. Whether in all I well-inform;—or, in all, impose on your ears.”

STERNLY turning to the wretch, the great Diomedes replied: “Suggest not, I beseech thee, Dolon—cherish not escape, in thy soul. Though good the report, which thou bring’st, no foe must return, from our hands. Should we now dismiss thee to Troy: Should we a ransom take for thy life. Hereafter thou might’st return to our ships—to spy our state or to meet us in fight. But if, subdued by my hands, thou, here, shalt pour thy soul in blood; nor Troy thou shalt aid in war—nor danger turn on Achaia in arms.”

HE spoke: And as the wretch lifted his hand—a suppliant, to seize the beard of the king;—the hero raising high his sword, struck, in the middle, his neck. Through both the sinews passed the blade. Down dropt the head to the earth, still muttering, as it rolled in the dust. His skin-lined helmet the heroes seized: His wolf hide mantle, his bow, his long spear. To warlike Pallas, Ulysses divine lifted high the bloody spoils in his hand; and, thus, addressed his prayer aloud: “Rejoice, O goddess! in these. Thee the first on Olympus we call. Of all the immortals thee first we invoke. But still extend thine arm o’er our course. Lead us hence to the Thracian lines: To their steeds, to their place of repose.”

HE said: And laid them high on a tamarisk; marking the place to the eye—with heaped up

reeds, torn from their roots—and the lept-off boughs of the branchy shrub. Lest the night should conceal the spoils—as, swift, they returned o'er the plain. Forward they rushed, through the shade. Through arms, through slain, through blood, they strode. To the lines of the Thracians they came. Broken with toil, lay the bands, in repose. Arranged, in three rows, on the earth—their beauteous arms gleamed to the stars. Rhesus, in the midst, lay asleep. His steeds stood, bright by his car;—bound, with thongs, to the seats behind. Ulysses first beheld the king: And, thus, began to the great Diomedes:

“BEHOLD! son of Tydeus, the man: The bounding steeds, O chief, behold!—Pointed out, by this Dolon, we slew. But thou, produce thy wonted force. It becomes thee not to stand idle in arms. Unbind these steeds from the car. Or slay the men, with thy sword—and the steeds shall command my care.”

BLUE-EYED Pallas breathed strength on his limbs. Around, the hero slew amain. Broken groans crowd the path of his sword. The blushing earth floats, wide, with their blood. As rushes a lion, by night on a fold—of sheep or goat, unguarded and left. Dreadful ruin he deals to the prey. So came the son of warlike Tydeus—on the warriors of Thrace through the shade. Twelve fell by the hero's sword. Wise Ulysses trod the steps of the king: And drew the dead, aside, with his hand. Nor vain was the thought of his soul. He opened a path for the high-maned steeds: Lest yet uninured to blood—they should start, as they moved, o'er the slain. Above the king stood the son of Tydeus. Him, the thirteenth,

he deprived of his soul. Gasping he lay in death. At his head, by command of Minerva—that night, stood a dreadful dream: The grandson of warlike Oëneus.

MEANTIME Ulysses loosed the steeds. All their bridles he collects in his hand. He leads them forth, from the Thracian lines. His bow supplies the place of a whip. To take the splendid whip, from the seat of the car—occurred not to his hurried mind. A sign he made to the son of Tydeus. But the chief cherished thoughts in his soul: To rush forward to bolder deeds. Or to seize the car, where lay the arms: To drag it onward, by the pole: On his shoulders, to bear it aloft. Or plunging deeper into death—to give more Thracian souls to the wind. While rolled these thoughts within his breast: Minerva stood, unseen, by his side—and thus began to Diomèdes divine:—"Place return in thy thoughts, son of Tydeus. Delay not thy return to the ships. Hence: Lest, disgraced with flight, thou should'st be forced to rejoin thy friends. Lest some other god, from his sky, should descend and awaken Troy."

HE knew the voice of the speaking power. Straight he mounted the bounding steeds. Ulysses urged them on, with his bow. They flew to the ships of the Argives. Nor an useless watch held the far-shooting Phœbus, when Pallas he beheld near Tydides: In wrath, he entered the huge army of Troy. A Thracian leader he roused from repose: Hippocoon, in council renowned; the loved kinsman of hapless Rhesus. Starting, from his sleep, he arose. He found empty the place where stood the steeds. The warriors gasping in death he saw:

Dreadful slaughter deforming the ground. Loud bursts his voice from his breast. He calls, by name, his friend beloved. The clamour of the Trojans swells around. Loud tumult pours in, on each side. With surprise, the bold deed they survey: Which, unperceived, the chiefs had performed.

Now the heroes had come to the place;—where Hector's spy lay slain on the ground. Ulysses, beloved of thundering Jove, stopt the bounding steeds, in their course. The son of Tydeus leaping, at once, to the ground—placed the bloody spoils in his hands. Again he mounted and lashed the steeds. Nor unwilling they flew to the ships. Nestor, first, heard the tread of their feet: And, thus, he the warriors addressed:—“O friends! brave leaders of Argives! Shall I tell, what my soul commands? The tread of swift-footed steeds seems to wander round mine ear. Would! that the great Ulysses—that Diomedes, unequalled in arms—drove hither the steeds from the foe—the well-earned price of their toil! But much I dread from my soul—that dismal Fate has involved the chiefs: That the bravest of the Argives have fallen—beneath the pressure of gathered Troy.”

THE words were scarce said, when they came. At once, the heroes alighted on earth. With joy they took the chiefs, by the hands: And Greece received them with friendly voice. To the warriors, first, began, the aged breaker of warlike steeds:—“Tell me, Ulysses, first in renown! Greatest glory of Achaia, unfold! How came these steeds to thy hands? Are these the spoil of our foes surprized? Or are they the gift of some god on the way? In

beauty they resemble the rays of the sun. I ever mix, with the Trojans in fight—nor have I yet, at the ships, remained—though age hangs heavy on mine arm, in the fight: But such steeds have I never beheld;—nor marked them in the lines of the foe. Some god descending gave the gift: For much-beloved are you both—by the storm-ruling Jove. By his daughter beloved are you both—by the power of the large blue eyes!”

To him the wise Ulysses replied: “Nestor, son of Neleus! great glory of Achaia in arms! With ease, might some descending god give better steeds than these to our hands: For than man, THEY are far greater in power. But the steeds, which thine eyes behold—came lately to high-walled Troy. Thracians they are, aged chief! Diomedes has slain their lord: And twelve chiefs lie around him in blood. The thirteenth we slew, near the ships: The spy of Troy to the army of Greece. Him Hector had sent, through the night; and other Trojans, in council convened.”

THUS saying, he led the steeds o’er the trench. Exulting in his soul he precedes. The Argives, with gladness, his steps pursue. When they came to the tent of Tydides, with thongs, they bound the steeds in their place. To the manger they all are tied: Where stand the fleet steeds of the king: With purest corn, in order, fed. High in the stern of his ship, Ulysses placed the spoils of Dolon. With blood stained, they hung aloft; while he, the rites for Pallas, prepared.

In the deep plunged the godlike chiefs. They bathed their bodies and limbs, in the main.

But when the wave had washed off the blood;  
had cleansed the sweat and dust away: To  
their polished baths sprung the heroes: And  
refreshed their souls, as they lay. O'er their  
limbs they throw the oil: And, all their sinewy  
joints anoint. To the joyful repast they sit  
down. From the urn, to the brim, filled with  
wine—they pour the rich libation to Pallas, the  
blue-eyed offspring of thundering Jove.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK XI.

AURORA, from her saffron bed, from the side of the splendid Tithonus—rose, blushing, upon the world—displaying light to the gods and to men. Jove sent fell Discord from heaven, to the ships of the Argive powers. Dreadful was the goddess in form. Her hands held forth the signal of war. High, she stood in rage, in the large dark ship of the noble Ulysses. In the center of the camp it lay. She sends her loud voice to both the wings: To the quarter of Telamonian Ajax; to the ships of the great Achilles. At either extreme of the host, the two heroes had dragged their vessels ashore: Confiding in their valour, in the strength of their matchless arms. There stood the goddess aloft. Wild screamed her horrid voice to the sky. Jarring, it struck the ears of the Argives. She poured strength on their rising souls: Urging them forward to slaughter and blood. To THEM battle more pleasing became, than to return in their hollow ships—to the loved shore of their native land.

DREADFUL swells the voice of Atrides. His commands to arm ascend the winds. He clothes himself in burnished steel. First, the beauteous greaves, on his legs, he draws: With silver clasps fastened graceful before. The breast-plate on his breast he placed: The gift of Cinyras, sent from afar. To Cyprus reached the loud report: That the Greeks, in their thousand ships—were to roll war to the high-walled Troy. The splendid gift was sent afar, to gladden the soul of the king. Ten pales held the breast-plate of polished steel: Twelve of gold and twenty of tin. Dreadful Dragons were rolled, on the plate: Three in number, of various dyes. They shone like rainbows of light—which Jove bends, aloft, in his clouds—a fatal sign of distress to mankind. Round his shoulders he threw his sword: Beaming forth, with its studs of gold. Of solid silver the scabbard was formed. On a belt wrought with gold it hung loose.

BEFORE him he reared his all-covering shield—strong, beauteous, of various work. Ten circles of brass are rolled around. Twenty bosses of tin crowd the orb: In the center ascends ONE of burnished steel. There engraved was the dreadful Gorgon; rolling her baleful eyes around. There was terror, there was flight! And on the strap, which hung the shield, a scaly dragon, in silver is rolled. Three were its heads bent, high, around: And all, from one neck, were sprung. On his head the bright-clasped helmet he placed. Four horse-hair crests adorn the helm: And, dreadful, nod aloft in the wind. Two spears the king grasps in his hand. Pointed, before, were both with steel. Wide spreads their dazzling light to the heavens. Pallas and Juno, o'er his head, awake a mystic, awful sound: Honouring,

each, from her sky, the mighty king of the rich Mycénæ.

EACH hero, to his driver, issues forth his high commands—to hold the steeds, in order, along the trench. In arms, they rush on foot, to the field. Wide spreads the clamour of war: Ere yet the morn confirmed her light. First the foot are ranged in their line. The cars, arrayed, sustain the rear. The son of Saturn, between the hosts—wakes tumult and dreadful noise. Drops of blood he sheds from his sky; for the mild dew of the sacred morn: For many heroes the god then designed, to send, untimely, to the regions of death.

THE Trojans, on the other side, form their lines, on the rising ground. Great Hector the battle arrays: Polydamas blameless in soul—Æneas, who, among the Trojans, was honoured, like a deathless god:—The three sons of the great Antenor, Polybus, the noble Agenor, and youthful Acamas, in form, like the gods. Hector, in the front, lifts aloft his broad shield: As, a baleful comet, by night, glides red, behind the broken clouds. Now it bursts forth, in full blaze, now hides, in darkness, its awful head. Thus Hector appeared now in the front: Now sunk, behind, as he formed the dark lines. All over flamed the chief, in his steel—like the red lightning of father Jove.

As reapers ranged, at either end of a field—hasten to meet, as they mow down the corn; or wheat or the golden barley, in the lands of a wealthy man. Successive fall, behind them, the ears! Thus the Greeks, thus the Trojans advance. Bounding, on each other, they slew. Neither host thinks of shameful flight. Equal fall the youths on each side. Like wolves, they

rush wildly along. Dreadful discord beholds them, with joy. She alone of the gods is THERE. The other powers were absent far. Quiet, they erposed in their halls. In their beauteous halls, which arose—on the top of the snow-clad Olympus. All accused the storm-ruling Jove: As he meant to give glory to Troy. Regardless of all, the father sat. Apart, in all his glory, he sat: Viewing the city of the Trojans—The navy of the Argive powers; The dreadful splendour of arms, on each side: The slayers, the dying, the slain.

WHILE the morning beams on the hosts: While encreases the sacred day: The darts fall equal, on either side. The people tumble, in death, on the field. But, at the hour, when the woodman prepares—his light repast, in the mountain-groves: When his hands are relaxed with toil—in felling the lofty trunks of the trees. A languor pervades his soul. The pleasing thoughts of repast fill his breast. Then, with their valour, the Argives—rouzing each other, broke the lines of the foe.

AGAMEMNON bounded forward, the first. He slew the shepherd of his people, Bianor. His friend the hero also slew: Oileus, the ruler of steeds. Bounding, from his car, stood forward the chief. Through his forehead, as he came, passed the lance. The brazen helmet withstood not the point. Through the skull rushed the deadly spear. All the brain is, within, discomposed. Subdued, he fell, dead, in the dust. There the king of men left the chiefs. Their armour from their shoulders he tore: And left their white bosoms, bare to the winds.

RIGHT, onward, passed the king—in his arms; to Isus, to youthful Antiphus: The two sons of the godlike Priam: One spurious, one born of his spouse. In one car moved the youths, in the fight: Isus drove the steeds along. Antiphus launched the spear, from his seat. Then the great Achilles found, once, on Ida, feeding the flocks. With twigs he bound their youthful hands: And then, for a ransom, restored. But, now, the renowned son of Atreus pierced Isus, through the breast, with his spear. Antiphus he struck with his sword—by the ear: From his car he tumbled dead on the plain. As, in haste, he spoiled the youths of their arms: Both he knew, lying bare, on the field. At the ships, they were seen, by the king: When swift Achilles brought them from Ida.

As the lion, when he finds, in their seat—the tender fawns of the bounding kind. With ease he tears the feeble prey: Seized within his horrid jaws. Round his teeth rush their souls, on the winds. The mother, though near, cannot aid. Sudden terror creeps cold, through her limbs. Through the woodlands and forests she flies: And sweats amain, as the savage she fears. So none of the Trojans, though near—could, now, repel death from the youths: For struck with terror were they all, by the Argives.

AGAMEMNON rushed forth, on Pisander, on Hippolochus, unyielding in fight: The two sons of the warlike Antimachus: Who, bribed by Alexander's gold, by presents of high value, won—suffered not the beauteous Helen, to be restored to the great Menelaus. The king of men seized his sons, in the fight. In one car moved the youths, in the field. Both urged

forward their bounding steeds. Wide flew the splendid reins from their hands. The horses start—Disturbed are the youths with fear. Like a lion, rushed, forward, Atrides. The hapless suppliants intreat, from their car.

“ Spare us, son of Atreus,” they said. “ Take a ransom. O spare us from death. Great is the worth of Antimachus: All stored, in his lofty halls! Much in brass, much in gold, and much in high-laboured steel! Our father will rich gifts bestow: a high price for the lives of his sons: Should he hear, that safe from thy hands—we remain, at the ships of the Argives.”

THUS, with tears, they addressed the king. With soothing words the warriors spoke: But not mild was the voice they heard! “ If, in truth, you are both the sons—of Antimachus, renowned in arms: Who advised, in council, the Trojans, to slay the godlike Menelaus: When he bore the demands of Greece, with Ulysses, the divine. To slay the chief he advised: To cut off his return to his friends. Now, the crimes of the father shall visit his hapless sons.”

HE spoke: And threw, from his lofty car—the youthful Pisander on earth. Through his breast passed the deadly spear. Supine, he lay, in blood, in the dust. Hippolochus leapt, on the ground. On the plain, is slain the youth. His two hands are lopt off, by the sword. Through his neck passed the eager blade. His head fell to earth, by his side: And rolled, in blood, through the gazing crowd. These he left, in death, on the field. Where the thickest engaged, he rushed. Behind him followed the Argives in arms. Foot

slew the foot, as they fled. Horse on horse advanced, in blood. The dust was roused in clouds from the field—round the high-sounding feet of the steeds. The huge battle inclined to Troy. The king pressed the flying and slew. Loud swelled his urging voice to the Argives.

As when devouring fire falls, on the withered groves. This way and that it roaring moves—borne wide, by the veering winds. The boughs fall in the strength of the flame. The huge trunks are, in ruin, involved. Thus beneath the son of Atreus, fell the warriors of Troy, in their flight. Many were the high-maned steeds, that bore their empty cars through the lines. Their sounding cars they bore along: Now of their gallant drivers deprived. But they, in blood, lay prone on the earth: To vultures, now, more pleasing, than to their wives.

Jove withdrew Hector from darts, from the dust, from the deaths of the field. Beyond the blood, that floats the earth: Beyond the tumult and clamour of arms. The son of Atreus hung forward on Troy. Loud swelled his urging voice to the Greeks. The flying host reached the tomb of Ilus. Half the field, they had passed, in their flight; with eager speed, to gain the town. Roaring, followed the king the wild rout. Dust and blood stained his invincible hands. When to the Scæan gates they came: To the high beech of our father Jove. There, waiting for each other, they stood. Some still fled amain o'er the field;—Like a herd of frightened beeves, scared at the lion's approach: When he assails them, in the still season of night. All he pursues, in his rage: But only one the savage destroys. He breaks

her strong neck, tears her limbs, drinks her blood, and her entrails devours.

THUS the king, the son of Atreus, hung forward, on the flying foe. The last he slew, as he strode. O'er the field they fly amain. Many prone in dust were laid; many fell, in death, from their cars: Beneath the bloody hands of the great son of Atreus: For above measure, he raged at the spear. But when he approached to the town: To the foot of its lofty wall. Then the father of men and of gods, sat aloft on the tops of the streamy Ida. Just descended from heaven, he sat. The thunder kindles, as it grows, in his hand. He called the golden-winged Iris: And thus, the father of gods began:

“Go, swift Iris, descend. Bear my words to Hector divine. While he beholds the great son of Atreus, the shepherd of his people, in arms; raging wide in the front of the line: Destroying the ranks of the host: Let the warrior, himself, retreat. But let him rouse all his troops to the fight: To meet the foe, hand to hand; to roll back the loud tempest of war: But when wounded is the king with a lance: Or pointed arrow dismissed from afar. When the chief shall his car ascend; then strength I will give him to slay: Till to the hollow ships he shall come; ere the sun shall descend, in the west: And sacred darkness arise on the world.”

HE spoke: Nor, in aught, disobeyed—various Iris, with feet of wind. She descended, from cloudy Ida: And held her way to sacred Troy. She found the son of warlike Priam—the mighty Hector amid his steeds: On the high-wrought seat of his polished car. Near him stood the

swift-footed Iris, and, thus, her winged words addressed:

“HECTOR, son of warlike Priam! Equal to the councils of Jove! Father Jove dispatched me from Ida: To bear his command to thine ear. While thou behold'st the son of Atreus, the shepherd of his people in arms; raging wide in the front of the line: Destroying the ranks of men. Thou, from the battle, retreat: But rouze, first, thy troops to the fight; to meet the foe, hand to hand—to roll back the loud tempest of war. When wounded is the king by a lance: Or pierced, by an arrow dismissed from afar. When the chief shall his car ascend, then Jove will give thee strength to slay: Till to the hollow ships thou shalt come: Ere the sun shall descend in the west: And sacred Darkness arise, on the world.”

THUS spoke the wind-footed Iris: And arose, from the hero's view. Hector to earth, from his car, bounds forward, in all his arms. Two spears fill the hands of the chief, Through the army he greatly moves: Urging forward his people to fight. Dreadful battle he rouzed around. From flight they, at once, turned their face: And stood forward against the Argives. The Greeks, on the other side, strengthen their lines restored. The battle is renewed o'er the field. Bending forward, they plunge in the strife. Agamemnon rushed forward, the first. Much he wished to excel in the fight.

UNFOLD to me, O muses! Bright dwellers of heaven's high halls! Who, first, came forward, in fight, to Agamemnon, the leader of armies? Whether a chief of haughty Troy? Or an ally in arms renowned? Iphidamas the son of Antenor, great in battle, large in size! Bred in

the fertile Thrace, the mother of flocks and of herds. Cisseus reared his tender youth, afar, within his regal halls. Cisseus his mother's sire: The father of the lovely Theano. When to the limits, he came, of manhood, that delights in renown: Still the youth he detained, and gave his daughter to his arms. Scarce entered he the hall of his spouse; when glory he followed to Troy. With twelve hollow ships, came the chief, along the bosom of the main. He left his beauteous ships, at Percotè: On foot, he travelled to high-walled Troy. Such was the chief, that now advanced—on Agamemnon the leader of armies.

WHEN, near each other, the heroes approached: Bending, in the strife of spears. Atrides from the warrior strayed. His spear flew wide on the winds. Iphidamas struck the king, on the belt. Beneath the breast-plate, the lance he urged. He threw all his force in the blow: Trusting to his powerful hand. But he pierced not the varied belt. The point met, first, the silver plate: And bent backward, stopping short of a wound! The king of men seized the spear, in his hand. With all his force he drew forward the lance: And wrenched it from the grasp of the foe. He then struck his neck with his sword. His limbs, at once, were in death, unbraced. Thus fell the chief in the fight; And slept the iron sleep of death. Hapless youth! From his spouse far remote—aiding his country he fell. Far from his virgin spouse: Whose favour he yet had not won. Much he had given for the maid. A hundred heaves he already gave, a thousand he promised to give, of fleecy sheep or choicest goats: Which wandered, as they fed, o'er his wilds.

THE son of Atreus despoiled, now, the slain:  
And bore his beautiful arms, through the line.  
Cöon beheld the mournful deed. Cöon, re-  
nowned among men! The-eldest born of great  
Antenor! Sudden sorrow o'ershadowed his  
eyes: For a brother slain by the foe. Unseen,  
he stood, by the side of the king. He struck,  
in the middle, his arm. Below the elbow entered  
the lance. Through and through passed the  
steely point. The king of men shrunk, with  
pain, at the wound: But he ceased not from  
battle and blood. On Cöon the hero rushed:  
Holding forward his long spear in his hand:  
He was dragging his slain brother along;  
Iphidamas of the same parents born. He held,  
by the foot, the dead: And called aloud, for the  
aid, of the brave. Him the king, as he drew  
the slain, struck below the bossy shield. His  
limbs are unbraced in death. On Iphidamas,  
lopped off by the sword, the head of his brother  
fell, in blood.

THUS the two sons of Antenor, beneath the  
hands of the great Atrides, fulfilled the decrees  
of Fate, and descended to the regions of death.  
Through the ranks of the foe rushed the king—  
with spear, with sword, with mighty stones: So  
long, as from the gaping wound, gushed forth,  
in its warmth, the blood. But when the wound  
became dry: When ceased the blood to flow  
again. Sharp pains pervade the strength of  
Atrides. Racking pangs glide through his  
frame: As when the Ilithyæ, who preside o'er  
births, the daughters of white-armed Juno!  
fierce dealers of bitter pains! throw all their  
sharp darts, unseen, on hapless women that tra-  
vail with child. Such pains pervade the strength  
of Atrides. He bounds into his polished car:  
And turns his steeds to the fleet of the Argives.

Though tormented to his soul, with his pain :  
He, thus, aloud, incited the Argives to fight :

“ O FRIENDS ! chiefs and leaders of Argos !  
Turn the foe from the navy of Greece. Oppose  
the tide of fight in its course : For prescient Jove  
to me denies : To contend, through the day,  
with the foe.”—He spoke : The driver urged  
the steeds, to the hollow ships of the Argive  
powers. Not unwilling they flew along. They  
poured the white foam on their breasts : With  
dust their sweating sides are stained ; as, they  
bore, from the battle of heroes, the pain-invaded  
king.

Now unperceived by Hector, the son of  
Atreus, forsook the field. He swelled his loud  
voice on the winds : And urged Lycia and  
Troy to the fight :

“ O TROJANS ! gallant Lycians, Darda-  
nians fighting hand to hand ! Shew yourselves  
warriors, O friends ! Recal the wonted force  
of your souls. The bravest of the foe has re-  
tired. Great Jove covers me with renown.  
Right forward urge your steeds on the Argives.  
Add greater glory to your fame.”—He spoke :  
And roused the soul of each chief. As, when  
a hunter, his eager hounds, urges on, to the  
mountain-boar, or lion issuing forth from his  
den : So, on the Argives, the Trojans were  
rouzed, by Hector the son of Priam, equal to  
Mars, the destroyer of armies ! In the front  
of battle, the chief himself—strode large, ex-  
ulting in his own great soul. He descended,  
with rage to the fight : Like a blast, that, burst-  
ing from heaven, falls, in its wrath, on the  
deep ; And rouses Ocean o'er all its waves.

Now, who first fell in fight ? Who last, be-  
neath the deadly lance—of Hector the son of

Priam, when Jove covered the chief with renown? Assæus first the hero slew: Next Autonöus and great Opites—Dolops the son of Clytus, Opheltius and brave Agelæus. Æsymmus and warlike Arus, Hipponöus, sustaining the fight. These of the chiefs the hero slew. Unnumbered fell the crowd by his hand. As when the roused strength of the western wind, drives before it the rain-threatening clouds, which the east had rolled large on the sky. Successive move before it the swelling waves of the main. The white foam is strewed along the deep, as veers the wing of the wandering wind. Thus, fell the frequent lines of the foe—subdued by Hector divine.

THEN had ruin come apace: Then deeds of woe had been performed: Then had fled the Greeks amain, rolled back to their hollow ships: Had not Ulysses waked to fight, the great son of the warlike Tydeus:—"Son of Tydeus!" the hero said. "Why forget we our wonted strength? Advance, O friend! Support my side. Disgrace hovers o'er us, should Hector—should this kindler of dismal fight, take the hollow ships of the Argives."—To the chief the son of Tydeus replies: "I will remain and thee sustain. But vain is our prowess in war. The cloud-compelling Jove is our foe. He wishes to give Troy success: To cover us with lasting woe."

He spoke: And, from his lofty car, threw, in death, Thymbræus on earth. Through his left breast passed the lance. Ulysses the warlike driver slew: Molion the friend of the hapless king. There they left the dead, in their blood; having thus stopt their progress in war. They themselves broke their ranks, as they moved:

As when two mountain-boars, descending in rage, rush forward on the hunter's hounds: So, turning back from the flight, the chiefs the war-like Trojans slew. The Argives, with joy, their steps repressed: And breathed, from Hector's deadly spear. The heroes seized two youths in their cars; the bravest of the Trojan host: The two sons of Percosian Merops, in prophet-arts, above mankind. His sons he detained from war—from Battle, the destroyer of men. But they his voice disobeyed: Forced by the Fates, which lead to death. These fell by the son of Tydeus: By Diomedes, renowned at the spear. Both their souls he gave to the winds: And both despoiled of their arms. Ulysses slew the gallant Hippodamas. Hyperochus fell by his spear.

Jove equals battle to either side; as, from Ida, the plain he surveys. With mutual wounds, slew the hosts. The son of Tydeus struck a chief with his spear: Agastrophus, the son of Pæon, a hero great in fight. Nor near were the steeds of the chief: To bear him from the spear of the king. Troubled was his soul in his breast. His driver held them far in the rear. On foot he rushed, by the front of the line. He left his soul on the hero's spear. Hector perceived the chiefs. He rushed furious on both, in his arms. Resounding the chief came along. The Trojan columns tread the path of the king. Tydides shuddered, as the chief he beheld: And, thus, spoke to the great Ulysses:

“DESTRUCTION rolls on us apace. All-furious, great Hector is near. But let us his rage oppose; and sustain the storm as it comes.”—He said, and threw his quivering lance. Nor strayed the long spear from the foe. On his head, on the helmet it fell. Stopt short is the steel by

the steel. The point pierced not through, to the skin. The long, triple helmet forbade: The gift divine of Phœbus Apollo. Staggering, the hero fell back and mixed, with the warrior crowd. On his knees half-inclined he fell. His hand robust sustained the chief: And sudden night arose, on his eyes.

THE son of Tydeus advanced to his spear. Through the warriors, as they fought in the front: He advanced, to where it, fixed, remained in the ground. The spirit of great Hector returned. His car again the hero mounts: And drives amain amidst the crowd—escaped from the hands of death. The son of Tydeus rushing on, with his spear—sent, before him, his voice to the chief: “From death, thou hast, now, escaped. Sure, near thee advanced was Fate. But Apollo stretched o’er thee his hand. To him alone, thy vows are paid, when thou issuest to the clangour of spears. But thou shalt not escape from this lance: Should we meet hereafter, in fight. Should some god, as to thee, lend his aid: And guide forward my spear, through the winds: But others I, now, will pursue: Such as Fortune will bring to mine arm.”

HE spoke: And the slain son of Pæon, he began to despoil of his arms. But Alexander observed the chief—the stately spouse of the long-haired Helen. His bow, at once, the warrior bent, on the shepherd of his people, Tydides. Behind a pillar he stood—the tomb of a man deceased: Of Dardanian Ilus, a hero honoured in former years. The beauteous corslet he loosed from the dead: From his shoulders he took his broad shield. To the casque he, now, laid his hand. Alexander drew the horns of

his bow. Nor, in vain, flew the shaft from his hand. He struck the right foot of the chief. Through and through the arrow passed: And sunk its point, in the ground below. Forth from his ambush he sprang: And loudly laughing, thus, boasting began:

“THOU art wounded, son of Tydeus! Nor, in vain, flew the shaft from my bow. Would, it through the body had passed: That thy soul had come forth, round the steel. Then had Ilium some respite from woe: From the deaths, which thy hands deal around. Thee the Trojans all abhor; as trembling goats the lion’s voice.”

UNCONCERNED, the son of Tydeus replied: “Vile archer! Base railer! Skilled in no arms, but the bow! Should’st thou, fair seducer of maids! Should’st thou, in open war advance: Little would thy crooked bow thee avail: Thy frequent arrows, which fly from thy string. Now thou gloriest, as my foot thou hast pierced. I value no wound from thy hand. Slight thou touch’st, like some woman or boy. Light ever are the darts of the feeble in fight. Not so flies the steel from this hand: Though slight the touch, yet that touch carries death. Straight the warrior gives his soul to the winds. His spouse tears both her cheeks, with her hands. His children are orphans at home. Staining earth with his blood, he lies. More vultures crowd round him, than maids.”

HE spake: And before him, stood forward: Ulysses divine. On the plain, the hero sat down: And, from his foot, drew the barbed shaft. Bitter pangs creep through all his joints. Straight the polished car he ascends. He drives amain to the hollow ships: Grieving, with pain, in his soul. Now Ulysses is left alone. No

Argive remains by his side: For wide spreads the panic o'er all. Deeply-sighing in his distress: The chief, thus, spoke to his mighty soul:

“AH me! what course shall I take? Great the shame, if from numbers I fly! But worse the peril, if, alone, I remain. Yet the Argives have left the field. Great Jove has turned others to flight. But why thus argues his soul with Ulysses? To ME already is known: That the coward shrinks back from the fight: That the valiant the battle oppose. To stand firm is the part of the brave: Whether they fall, in their blood, or hurl death on the rushing foe.”

WHILE this he revolves in his soul; the shielded Trojans advance, with their ranks. In the midst they inclosed the chief: Placing death, in the heart of their lines. As youthful hunters, with all their hounds, bear forward on a huge mountain-boar. From the brushwood the savage springs forth. He sharpens his white tusks, in his crooked jaws, on every side they assail him, with rage. The crash of teeth ascends the wind. Unabashed, they his fury sustain: Though dreadful the foe they inclose! Thus the Trojans Ulysses surround: Thus assail the beloved of Jove. First Deïopites renowned, through the shoulder, he pierced with his spear. Then Thoon the hero slew: Then Ennomus, fearless in war. Chersidamas as he bounds from his car—fell in death, by the hand of the king. Through his navel passed the bright lance: Beneath the bossy orb of his shield. On the dust dropt the chief, on the spear. He graspt the earth, in his dying hand.

THESE the hero left, in their blood. The son of Hippasus, Charops, he slew: The much-loved brother of the generous Socus. To aid his hapless brother advanced—great Socus, in form like the gods. Near Ulysses, the warrior stood: And, thus, to the hero began:—“Ulysses, renowned in war! In stratagem versant and toil! To-day, two chiefs shalt thou slay: Thou shalt glory o’er two brothers in death; and despoil them of their arms, with thy hand: Or else, by this spear subdued, thou shalt give thy soul to the winds.”

HE spoke: And struck the orb of his shield. Through, passed the rapid point of the lance. Through the breast-plate, infix’d, it remained: And tore the skin, from his ribs, behind. Nor Pallas permits the keen steel—to mix with his bowels its point. The great Ulysses soon perceived, that, deathless, the javelin came. Backward stepping he held on his lance: And, thus, to Socus began:—“Ah! unhappy!” the hero said; “o’er thee hovers destructive Fate: Thou hast forced me to cease from blood: To urge the battle, no more, with Troy. But to thee I affirm, that this day—shall cover thee with slaughter and death: That subdued by this spear of mine: To me thou shalt glory give, but thy soul to the shades below.”

HE spoke: The youth had turned his steps, and urged his flight from the king. Forceful came the spear from behind. Between the shoulders entered the lance: And shewed its bloody point, through his breast. Resounding he fell, to the ground. Ulysses insulted the slain:—“O Socus, in battle renowned! Son of Hippasus, breaker of steeds! The cloud of death has o’ertaken thy steps. In vain was thy

flight from my spear! To thee, unhappy! No parent in grief—no father, no mother, in tears—shall close thy languid eyes in death. But thee birds of prey shall devour, beating thy corse, with their flapping wings. When Ulysses shall yield to his fate; the warlike Argives will raise his tomb.”

THUS he: And, from his side, from his shield—drew back the strong spear of the foe. Forth gushed the blood, with the steel. Pains invade his manly soul. When the Trojans beheld the blood of the king, encouraged, they assail him all. Backward stepping, the hero retreats: And rears his loud voice to his friends. Thrice he swelled the dreadful sound: And thrice heard the great Menelaus. Straight, thus, the chief Ajax addressed:—“ Noble Ajax! son of Telamon! Leader of armies! Around me comes the voice of the great Ulysses. His voice, as in deep distress—as if urged in the battle alone: Alone inclosed, in the lines of the foe. Let us hence through the crowd. Let us aid. Much I dread the chief must fall: Left alone, though brave, ’midst the foe. Great the grief were his death to the Argives!”

THUS saying, he strode with speed. The godlike hero attended his steps. They found Ulysses of Jove beloved. Round, the Trojans crowd, with their arms. As when the slaughter-loving lynxes, in herds, find wounded the branchy stag: Whom, the hunter has pierced with his shaft. Bounding, he escapes o’er the wilds; while warm issues the blood from his side: While pliant his joints remain. But when he lies subdued by the shaft; him, the lynxes tear, on their hills—within the dark shade of the

grove. But should fortune lead a lion, that way, trembling fly the lynxes amain: And the savage devours the prey.

THUS, round the warlike Ulysses, the Trojans crowded many and brave. But, rushing on, with his spear; he turned away the evil day. Ajax approached to his side: Bearing high his shield, like a tower. Before him, tall, arose the chief. The frightened Trojans give way, on each side. Menelaus led Ulysses along. By the hand, he led the chief, through the crowd; till the driver approached, with his car. Great Ajax issued forth, on the foe. Doryclus he pierced, with his spear: Priam's son by a secret bed. Pandocus next he slew: Lysander, Pyrasus and warlike Pylartes.

As pours a swollen stream to the plain, white-foaming, as it roars down the hills—when lower, aloft, the wild tempests of father Jove. Many aged oaks on its course, many pines it bears along: Then throws its troubled waters, with rage, in the main. Thus, rolling onward the flight of the foe, great Ajax moved over the plain: Laying steeds, laying warriors in death. Nor illustrious Hector heard: In the left wing of the battle, engaged; near the bank of the roaring Scamander. There chiefly fell the heads of the brave. There the loudest tumult arose: Round the great Nestor in arms. Round Idomeneus, renowned at the spear. Through their lines Hector winds his deadly course. Dreadful were the deeds of his hand. Whether he wasted the ranks of warriors on foot: Or threw the beamy lance, from his car.

Nor yet would the Argives give way, had not the spouse of the long-haired Helen: Had not Alexander removed from the fight—the' shep-

herd of his people, Machaon. His right he struck with his shaft. Fear seized the Argives, breathing strength; lest the warrior should fall by the foe. Straight Idomeneus advanced, through the lines; and thus to Nestor divine began:

“O NESTOR, son of Neleus! Great glory of Achaia in arms! Haste, ascend, with speed, thy car. Let Machaon ascend by thy side. Turn thy swift steeds to the navy of Argos. A physician equals, in value, a host: Whether to cut the shaft from the wound: Or pain to expel, with his art.”—He spoke: Nor Nestor disobeyed. Straight he mounted the polished car. Machaon placed himself by his side: The son of the great Æsculapius—renowned for the healing arts. He applied the sharp lash to the steeds. Not unwilling they flew o’er the plain. Toward the ships, they held their way. The well-known path they trod with joy.

CEBRIONES, as he sat in the car, by the side of illustrious Hector; beheld the Trojans, afar, dispersed. To the chief, he addressed his words:—“Hector!” the warrior began: “While here we wind, through the Argive lines; on the farthest edge of resounding war. The other Trojans, afar, are dispersed. Horse mix with foot, in the rout. Ajax dissipates their ranks. Well I know his tremendous shield. Let us thither guide the fleet steeds. Let us drive the car, where, engaged—both horse and foot with ruin mix: Where mutual deaths are dealt around: Where the loudest clamour ascends the sky.”

HE spoke: And struck the high-maned steeds. Beneath the lash, they drew forward the rapid car. Between the Greeks and Trojans they

rushed: Treading bodies, treading shields. In blood the whole axle is drenched: The car itself is stained, with blood: Which flew wide, from the feet of the flying steeds. Much the hero wished to advance: To break the solid ranks of men; to bound, with death, upon the foe. Dreadful tumult he raised on the Argives. Nor ceased he to rage with the spear. He winds his course, through other lines; with lance, with sword, with mighty stones. But he shuns the battle of Ajax: The son of Telamon's invincible hands.

BUT Jove, as aloft on Ida he sat, threw terror on the soul of Ajax. Astonished, he darkly stood. O'er his shoulders he placed his seven-fold shield. Shuddering the hero retreats. He often bends his wild looks on the foe. He often turns his dreadful face: Then slowly lifts his limbs along. As when the hinds, with all their dogs, drive the lion away, in his rage—from the wide pen of their lowing herds. They permit not the prey to his jaws; watching down the whole night, round the fold. He, greedy of blood, rushes on: But his efforts avail not in aught. Forward fly the frequent darts from their hands. The flaming torches they rear in air. Dreading these, he retreats, though aroused. With morning, apart, he retires; disappointed and gloomy in heart.

THUS Ajax, unwilling, retreats: Thus, sad in soul, forsakes the foe: For much he fears, for the navy of Argos. As when the slow ass to a field—holds, careless of boys, his way. Many battons resound on his sides. Yet, entering, he crops the tall ears. The boys batter him round with their sticks: But feeble are blows from their hands. Scarce expel they him forth from

the field: When his hunger, with corn, is allayed. Thus the Trojans renowned in arms; thus their aids, who came from afar; pursued the steps of the great son of Telamon: And struck, with frequent darts, his broad shield. Now, mindful of the wanted force of his soul; he shows his face and represses the foe: Now he turns his steps to flight. Behind him the Trojans pour. Opposed to them all was the chief: And stop their progress to the navy of Argos. In the midst raged, in silence, the chief. Showers of darts fly from valiant hands. Some in his broad shield stand fixed aloft. Many fall short of their aim in the earth: And stop their progress, though eager for blood.

HIM the son of Euæmon beheld, great Eury-pylus renowned in arms. Oppressed with darts he saw the chief. He stood before him and threw his spear. The son of Phausias the hero struck: The shepherd of his people, Apisæon. Beneath the liver the javelin passed. His limbs are unbraced in death. Eurypylus bounds on the slain; and draws, from the body, his arms. Nor unseen is the son of Euæmon, by Alexander, of form divine. He drew his bow. The arrow flew. He struck him, as he spoiled the dead. In his right thigh is deep-fixed, the shaft. The arrow broke short in the wound. Bitter pangs ascend through his limbs. Backward he retreats to his friends: Avoiding death, which hovered near. Loud swells the voice of the chief; urging the Argives to fight:

“ O FRIENDS, chiefs and leaders of Argives! Stop. Return. Turn away the evil day. Ward off the fate, which hovers o'er Ajax. Save him, thus, with darts overwhelmed. Nor, deem I, the chief will escape: From the

side of resounding war. But you, stand forth and Ajax save. Round the son of Telamon, form."—Thus the wounded Eurypylus spoke. Near the hero, advancing they stood: Inclining from their shoulders, their shields; raising forward their pointed spears. To meet them great Ajax advanced. Turning, he stood before his friends.

THUS they fought, on the bloody field; like the rage of devouring flames. But Nestor is borne by his steeds, to the swift ships of the Argive powers. Aloft, on the car, by his side, sat the shepherd of his people Machaon. Him the great Achilles perceived. He knew him, as he passed, in the car. In the stern of his own huge ship, the hero stood and beheld, afar, the dreadful toil of the field—the mournful flight of the Argive powers. Straight he called aloud to Patroclus: He sent his voice from the lofty ship. The warrior heard, within his tent. He issued forth, like dreadful Mars. Here was the source of all his woes! The gallant son of Menætius began:—"Why strikes the voice of Achilles mine ear? What need of me has my valiant friend?"

To him, the great Achilles replied: "Noble son of brave Menætius! Dearest of my friends to my soul! The Argives will, soon, I deem—fall, as suppliants, before my knees. Distress urges, on every side, and ruin not to be borne. But go, Patroclus of Jove beloved. Ask the aged Nestor with speed: What chief he brought in his car? What renowned hero from the field? From the back, he resembled Machaon. Behind he bore the warrior's form. His face was not seen by mine eyes. For swift passed the steeds from my view."

HE spoke: Nor disobeyed, Patroclus, the voice of his friend beloved. With speed, he strode along his way: Through the tents, through the navy of Argos.—Meantime the heroes came, to the lofty tent of the son of Neleus. They descended from the car to the ground. Eury-medon loosed the steeds of the aged. The chiefs refreshed themselves from the heat: Standing on the shore of the main; receiving the light breeze, as it flew. The tent, at length, they entered both. In two chairs of state they sat reclined.

THE mixed draught is prepared, with speed, by the hands of the long-haired Hecomedè: The daughter of the great Arsinous, whom from Tenedos, the aged bore: When Achilles laid waste the isle. HER—first chosen by Nestor, the warlike Argives gave to the chief: As in council he all excelled. Before them a table she placed: Beauteous, azure-footed, and smooth. Upon it a brazen bason she laid. An onion—fresh honey she brought, with a portion of sacred flour. Near, she placed the beauteous bowl, which the aged had brought from his halls, at Pylos. Distinct, with golden studs, it shone. Four were the handles around. Two pigeons, carved, support each ear: And seem to feed, though of gold. Double was the bottom beneath. When full, scarce another could lift it, with toil: But aged Nestor raised it with ease.

IN this, the pleasing draught was mixed, by Hecomedè, like the daughters of Jove. The beverage was of Pramnian wine. She raspt the goat-milk cheese above. She strewed the whole, with sacred flour. When the draught was prepared, by her lovely hands, she bade the chiefs

to quaff the bowl: And they expelled their thirst with the draught. In pleasing talk the time they passed: Whilst Patroclus approached the tent. Before the door stood the godlike man. Nestor saw and arose from his place. He led him forward by the hand: And bade the chief to sit down. Patroclus refused the offered seat: And, thus, with winged words, began:

“ THIS is no time to rest, O aged king, beloved of Jove! Nor now will thy suit prevail. Revered and impatient the man! who sent me to enquire to thy tent, what wounded leader thou hast brought from the field. Now I myself the chief perceive: I see the shepherd of his people, Machaon. To bear the report I return to Achilles. For well thou knowest, O aged descendant of Jove! that hard and wrathful is the chief: That often the guiltless he chides.”

To him the aged Nestor began: “ Pities Achilles the hapless sons of the Argives? Feels the chief for the wounded in fight? Alas! he knows not half the woes, that now are roused o'er all the host. The bravest lie, in grief, in their ships: Or wounded from afar, by the shaft, or hand to hand by the spear. Struck is the valiant son of Tydeus; Wounded Ulysses renowned, at the spear. Agamemnon bleeds, in his tent. Eurypylus is pierced through the thigh. Machaon I brought, from the field, struck with a shaft from a bow. But Achilles, though brave in fight, values not the Argives in aught;—nor pities their sore distress. Waits he till the fleet is lost;—whilst all the Argives, in vain, oppose?—Till the ships catch the flame

from the foe? Till heaps on heaps, we all are slain? Till one ruin covers the shore?"

"My strength, alas! is not the same, that once informed my active limbs. Would that my youth were returned! That my vigour were restored to these arms! As when between the warlike Elëans and my people fierce battle arose. For driven beeves we strove in fight. The great Itymoneus I slew: The son of warlike Hyperochus, who held the scepter in sea-washed Elis. Reprisals we made on his herds. He, driving the force from his beeves; was struck in the front of the fight. He fell beneath the spear of my hand. His rustic troops fled amain from the place. Great was our spoil in the field. Fifty droves of lowing kine. Fifty flocks of bleating ewes. Of bristly swine as many herds: As many of bounding goats. Thrice fifty steeds we drove away, rearing high their yellow manes: All females of generous breed: And most with beauteous colts were seen. These we brought to sandy Pylos. By night, we entered the town. Aged Neleus rejoiced, in his soul. He rejoiced above his son; that so early my fame arose in war."

"The sacred heralds went forth, with the morn. Aloud they raised their voice to all: To the injured, by spacious Elis. The Pylians gathered, with speed, around, and the chiefs divided the spoil. To many owed the Epëi, for wrongs; though, broke by Fortune, we the Pylians were few. Not many were the years that had past—since great Alcides afflicted the state. The best, the bravest fell in fight. Twelve were we, the sons of Neleus. Of these I was left alone: The others perished in wasterful war. Thence arose the souls of the steel

clad Epëi; Us they insulted and added injustice to woe.—The aged Neleus chose, the first: A herd of beeves, a flock of ewes. Three hundred the hero chose, with the shepherds, who drove them a-field. Much owed, to the king, the spacious Elis: Four steeds, with their polished car; four, sent to bear the prize in the race. For a tripod they strove in the field: Victorious were the steeds of Neleus. But the king of men, Angëas, detained them all in his stalls. The driver he dismissed, from wide Elis—sad in soul, for the steeds, which he loved. For these wrongs rose the wrath of the aged: And much of the spoil he retained. Among his people the rest, he divides: Lest any, deprived of his right, should want his equal portion of spoil.”

“ THIS done, through the city, with care: We paid offerings to all the gods. On the third day, came the warlike Epëi. They all came, with all their steeds. With all their troops, they covered the plains. The two Moliones were armed in their line: Still boys, and unskilled in the furious contest of arms. There is a town, Thryoëssa by name; placed high on a steepy rock: Far, on the banks of Alphëus; on the utmost bounds of sandy Pylos. This they besieged in their wrath; and wished to level its towers with the dust. But when the whole plain they had passed; to us Minerva, from Olympus, descends. Through the night came the message divine. Nor unwilling the Pylians convene: For much they burnt, with the rage of fight. Nor Neleus suffered me to arm. He hid my steeds and my polished car: For he thought me yet unskilled, in the labours of war. But even thus I rushed forth to the

field; and shone, conspicuous, amid the horse:  
Though, on foot, I trod the plain: For Mi-  
nerva led me, thus, to the fight."

"A RIVER, by name, the Minyas—throws  
itself in the main, near Arène. There, we, the  
warlike horse of Pylos, wait the bright return  
of the Morn. Through the night, poured the  
scot, from each side. Then, all in arms, with  
all our troops, we came, with the mid-day sun,  
to the sacred streams of Alphæus. There to all-  
powerful Jove, we offered sacrifice, with prayer.  
A bull we gave to the roaring Alphæus: A bull  
to the god of the main. But to the blue-eyed  
daughter of Jove, we slew a heifer unknown to  
the yoke. By troops we took repast, through  
the camp. We slept, in night, in all our  
arms: Round the course of the sacred stream.  
But now the magnanimous Epëi spread their  
lines around the town: Longing to level its  
towers with the dust. But ere their wish, they  
had obtained—before them rose the huge  
labours of Mars."

"Now, when the splendid sun—shone forth,  
with his light, on the world: We bent forward  
to dreadful fight; to Jove, to Pallas raising our  
prayers. When, now, the loud contest began;  
—when the Pylians and Epëi strove in arms!  
First, I, a godlike hero slew, and seized his high-  
maned steeds in fight: Mulius, in battle renown-  
ed—the son-in-law of great Angëas. His eldest  
daughter the chief had espoused: The beaute-  
ous, yellow-haired Agamède. SHE each power-  
ful simple knew—that broad earth, o'er its sur-  
face, shoots forth. HIM, as he advanced in  
fight, I struck, with my steely lance. Down  
dropt the chief, in the dust. I bounded at once,  
to his car. To the fighting front I drove: But

the magnanimous Epeï—fled amain o'er their lines; when they saw the leader of their horse, in his blood: For HE was their bravest in war."

I RUSHED upon the flying foe—like the dark whirlwind, that scours the wilds. Fifty cars I took, in the rout. Two warriors, in each, my spear subdued. They bit, in death, the bloody ground as they fell. Then had I slain the sons of Actor—the Moliones young in arms; had not the wide-commanding Neptune, born them, from the fight, in a cloud. Then great Jove, in his favour, gave—a mighty conquest to the warriors of Pylos. We pursued the foe, amain, from the fight: Through the field, with bucklers, strewed. We slew the warriors, as they fled; and collected their beauteous arms. To Buprasium, fertile in wheat—we drove, through blood, our flying cars: To the lofty rock of Olenos, to Alesium, to fair Colônè. There Minerva turned our host from pursuit. There, the last in their flight, I left slain. To Pylos, from Buprasium we turned. We homeward drove our polished cars. All returned their thanks for success: To Jove of the deathless gods—to Nestor of mortal men."

"SUCH have I been in my youth; so I shone forth to mankind. But Achilles is brave for himself, alone. HE only enjoys his valour in war: Much, hereafter, I deem, he will grieve—when our host shall have perished at Troy. But, O my friend beloved! remember the words of Menætius: His words in Phthia, on that day, when he sent thee to great Agamemnon. We both were present in the hall—I and Ulysses divine. All that passed, within, we heard. His commands came all to our ears. To the lofty halls of Peleus we came; when troops we col-

lected, through the fertile Achaia. There we found, within the hall—thy father, the hero Menætius. Thou, also, wert there, my son. Near thee stood the great Achilles. Then the breaker of steeds, aged Peleus—was burning the sacred thighs of a bull, to the thunder-delighted Jove. He burnt them, within the court of his halls. A golden cup he held in his hand. On the sacred offerings he poured—in rich libations, the dark-red wine. You both prepared the flesh for the flame. Before the threshold, with awe, we stood. Astonished, started forth Achilles. He led us in, both, by the hand; and bade us to sit, in the hall. Before us the feast is spread. The honors due to strangers are paid.—When hunger and thirst were both removed;—then I, first, began to speak. Both I exhorted to follow the war to Troy.”

“MUCH you wished both to proceed. Much the aged gave in command. Peleus gave in charge to his son: The aged king advised Achilles: To bear himself always with valour—in virtue above others to rise. To thee, also, was given in charge—by great Menætius, the son of Actor:—“My son,” the aged warrior said, “in birth superior is great Achilles. In years thou excellest the chief. In battle he exceeds THEE far. But thou, give him prudent counsel—admonish, instruct the king. He will listen to thy words with joy: He will hear thy advice, when good.” This the aged gave in charge. But thou remember’st not a father’s commands.”

“BUT thou relate all to the godlike Achilles. He will listen, perhaps, to thy voice. Who knows, but, by the aid of some god—thou still may’st move his mighty mind? For powerful is the advice of a friend! But if some prophecy

he shuts, in his soul: If aught his mother has brought from Jove: Let him send THEE, at least, to the field. Let his other troops attend. Let the Myrmidons arm, by thy side: To try if aught of light thou can'st pour on the Argives. Let him give to THEE his beauteous arms—to bear them, beaming, through the war. The foe may believe thee, Achilles: The Trojans may abstain from the fight: And the warlike Argives may breathe, from their woes. Small the respite, that helps not in war. With ease your fresh troops will repel—the foe, already fainting in fight. With ease, they will drive them hence; from the tents, from the navy of Argos.”

THUS spoke the aged chief. He moved the hero's soul, in his breast. He hastened along the fleet—to the ship of the great son of Peleus. But when he came to the place opposed, to the dark ships of Ulysses divine: To the place, where the assembly convened—where justice was dealt to the host: He met the warlike Eurypylus—the noble son of great Eusemon. Limping, he came from the fight. In his thigh still rankled the shaft. The sweat wandered along his face. The blood issued dark from the wound: But firm remained the soul of the chief. The son of Menætius beheld—and pitied the king, as he moved. Mournful he stopt his steps; and, thus, with winged words began:

“ AH! hapless leaders of Greece! Chiefs of Argos lost in woes! Must you, thus, fall, remote from your friends? From your country distant far? Must you, thus, become a prey—to beasts and to birds, in Troy? But thou, Eurypylus, unfold—tell me, hero descended from Jove!

Still sustain the Argives the furious Hector?  
Or, must they perish, subdued by his spear?"

To him Eurypylos replied: "No hopes remain, divine Patroclus: No resource is left to the Argives. In their dark ships they must fall; and stain this wide shore with their blood. The bravest have been forced to retire. They lie, in grief, within their ships: Or wounded from afar by the shaft—or, hand to hand, by the spear. By the hands of the Trojans, they lie. Apace swells the force of the foe. But thou, lend thine aid to me. Lead me to my hollow ship. Cut the keen shaft from my thigh. Wash the blood, with tepid water, away. Spread some soft liniment o'er the wound. Use the art which Achilles taught: The art which HE learnt of Chiron—the most just among the Centaurs. Absent are the skilled in healing arts, Podalirius and great Machaon. This lies, in his tents, with his wounds; and needs the art he knows. The other, in the field of blood, sustains the weight of the Trojan war."

To him, in his turn, replied—the gallant son of warlike Menætiüs: "What course shall I now pursue? To what, O hero, turn my soul? I hasten to the great Achilles; to bear a message to his ear: The message of the aged Nestor—the bulwark of Achaia in arms. But thee, I thus, cannot leave. I shall not pass o'er thy distress."

He spoke: And, in his arms, he bore—the shepherd of his people, along. To his tent he bore the chief. A slave placed rough hides, on the ground. On these Eurypylos he laid. He cut the keen shaft from his thigh. With tepid water he washed the blood away. A bitter root

he pressed in his hands. The juice falling deep  
in the place—blunted the pain with its power—  
and settled the pangs, o'er the thigh. The  
wound began to dry apace: And the dark blood  
ceased to flow.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK XII.

**THUS**, in the tent of the chief—the warlike  
race of great Menæti<sup>us</sup>—dressed the wound of  
the son of Euæmon. Mixed in crowds fought,  
with rage, the foes: The sons of Argos and the  
warriors of Troy. Nor, now, the foss sustains  
the charge: Nor lofty wall protects the Argives.  
The defence of the navy fails: The wide trench,  
which around was drawn. When the huge  
bulwark arose from their hands—no perfect  
offerings they paid to the gods: To save the  
swift ships from the foe; to save the mighty  
spoil within. Against the will of the deathless  
powers—the wall was reared: Nor long the time  
it stood whole to the view. While Hector lived,  
while raged Achilles—while the lofty city of  
aged Priam remained: So long stood the wall  
of the Argives—the lofty bulwark, which their  
navy inclosed.

BUT when the Trojans failed in arms—when their bravest lay dead on the plain: When many of the Argives had fallen; when some had the battle survived: When levelled with earth was the city of Priam—in the tenth year of the tedious war: When the Argives returned in their ships to the loved shore of their native land: THEN Neptune joined in counsel with Phœbus—to raze, from sight, the lofty wall. On the bulwark, they turned the whole strength—of all the rivers, that rush to the main—from the storm-covered summits of streamy Ida. There roared amain the rapid Rhesus, the Hep-taporus, the swift Carësus; the Rhodius, the Granicus, the deep Æsëpus—the sacred stream of the wide Scamander: With the waters of far-famed Simois: On whose fatal sands fell in blood—many shields and many helms—and many heroes, descended from gods.

The wide mouths of all the rivers are turned, by Phœbus Apollo, to Troy. Nine days, he sent their course on the wall. Jove, wrapt in darkness, rained from high. The huge ocean, o'er the bulwark, heaves. Neptune strides, before, in his strength. He grasps the trident in his hands; and lays bare, to his waves, the wall—the lofty stakes, the massy stones—the mighty work of the Argive powers. The god levelled all to a plain—along the rapid course of the Hellespont. The wall disappeared before him. The wide shore he covered with sand. He bade the roaring streams to retire. Each river to its own deep channel returned: And poured its waters, as before, to the main.

THIS hereafter were the gods to perform: Mighty Neptune and far-shooting Phœbus. But now, around the firm-built wall—fierce battle,

and clamour arose. The high towers, struck aloft, resound. The Greeks, subdued by the scourge of Jove;—are held inclosed, to their hollow ships. Mighty Hector they dread, from their souls—the fierce awaker of flight to the foe! Nor abates his fury in blood. He fights, with a whirlwind's rage. As when, surrounded in the chace—by hunters and by all their hounds—a mountain-boar or a lion roars. Dreadful roll his glaring eyes, in his strength. They thicken their doubled lines around. Forward, on the savage, they rush. The frequent darts fly, in showers, from their hands. But HIS generous heart is a stranger to fear. HE never thinks of shameful flight. HIM his courage only slays. Often he turns him around. He tempts the thickest ranks of men. Wherever he assails, they yield.

THUS Hector moved through the crowd. Loud swelled the lofty voice of the king. He bade his friends to pass the foss. Nor durst his steeds attempt the trench. Loud-neighing, they stood on its brink: Or started back from the foss profound. Nor easy was the depth to pass. Abrupt sunk the banks on each side. Sharp-pointed rose aloft the stakes: The palisades, which, thick and large—the Argives had reared to repel the foe. Nor there with ease; the bounding steeds—could bear forward the flying car. Much the roused souls of the foot wished to pass. But full of peril and hard was the task. Then Polydamas, rushing near—thus to daring Hector began:

“O HECTOR!” the warrior said, “Other leaders and friends of Troy! In folly, in rashness, we urge—the bounding steeds o'er the trench profound. Sharp ascend the stakes

within. Behind, is the wall of the Argives. Thither we cannot drive the war: At least, not engage from our cars. Narrow is the space between. Confusion and death will reign. But if, from his hostile mind, high-thundering Jove has doomed the Argives to fall, beneath our spears in fight. If he means to aid Ilium in all; it is, surely, the wish of my soul—that now his high resolves were performed: That inglorious here they may perish—far from Argos, their native land. But should Fortune forsake our side. Should the foe, returning from flight—repel us, from the ships, with their spears—incumbered in this trench profound: Not, thereafter, I deem, would escape—one man, to bear the news to Troy. But hasten. Attend to my voice. Let all give ear and obey. Let the drivers, here, the steeds restrain. On the brink of the foss, let them form. While we ourselves, on foot, in arms—deep-formed follow Hector divine. Then the Argives will not the charge sustain: If o'er them hovers destructive Fate.”

Thus spoke the wise Polydamas. The prudent counsel pleased Hector's soul. Straight he bounded to earth from his car—in all the sound of all his arms. Nor remained the other chiefs, in their cars. With force they descended to earth—when first they saw Hector divine. Each to his driver gives command: Without, to restrain the steeds;—on the brink of the foss profound. They all fell, at once, into ranks: Forming themselves with speed, to charge. Into five troops the warriors divide. Before each strode its leader in arms. The most, the bravest, fiercest youths—those, who longed most to engage: To arise o'er the walls, in assault—to

slay, before their ships, the foe—formed behind Hector divine—behind Polydamas blameless in soul. Cebriones followed, third in command. A warrior more feeble was left, at the car. The second band was led by Paris—by Alcathous, by noble Agenor. The next by the prudent Helenus, by Deiphobus, in form like the gods: The two sons of the aged Priam. The third was the hero Asius: Asius, the son of Hyrtacus—whom his steeds from Arisbè bore;—his white high-pacing steeds—from Selle's resounding stream. The fourth was led by Æneas—the dauntless son of great Anchises. By the side of the hero arose, the two sons of the prudent Antenor: Archilochus and Acamas bold—skilled both, in each motion of war. The renowned allies were led, by Sarpèdon: By Glaucus, by great Asteropæus. These to the godlike Sarpèdon seemed—of all others, the bravest and best: Next to the hero himself: For all the chiefs, he, in all, excelled.

THESE, covered o'er with their arms—raising aloft, the solid orbs of their shields—rushed straight, on the Greeks, in their valour. Nor long, they deemed, the foe would stand. They, already, saw them slain, at their ships. The other warriors of Ilium: The allies, who came from afar—obeyed, in all, the prudent Polydamas, blameless in soul. But the son of Hyrtacus refused—Asius the leader of heroes! He refused to leave his polished car—his warlike driver, before the foss. His bounding steeds he urged to the ships. Fool that he was! Nor destined was HE—escaping the dark band of death—exulting, on his car, to return—to Ilium, exposed to the winds. Unhappy fate involves him around. The cloud of death is hovering

near: By the spear of the great Idomeneus—the undaunted son of Deucalion.

On the left wing of the camp he drove: Where the Greeks, with their cars and their steeds—fled amain, from the urging foe. Here, forward, he drove his car. Nor shut was the ample gate: Nor passed, behind, the long, thick bar. The heroes held it open to view: To receive their friends, flying from war. To this, with soul elate, he drove. Shrilly shouting crowd his warriors behind. Nor long they deemed the foe would stand. They, already, saw them slain, at their ships. Imprudent men! Two chiefs they found, in the gate: Two heroes, unequalled in arms: The gallant race of the warlike Lapithæ. The first, the son of Perithous—Polypætēs, undaunted in soul: The next, the great Leonteus—equal to Mars, the destroyer of armies. These stood, tall before the gates: Like two oaks, on their native hills—which, for ages sustain the winds—and the rushing course of the driving rains. Firm they stand, on their mountain: Spreading their huge roots; around.

Thus stood the heroes, in steel—confiding in the strength of their arms. They waited the coming of mighty Asius. No thoughts had the warriors of flight. Right to the wall pressed the foe: Holding aloft, their wide shields. With mighty shouts they urge forward their line;—round Asius their leader and king: Round the spear of Iamenus, of Orestes, of Acamas bold: beneath the command of Thöon—of Oenomaüs, in battle renowned. The two chiefs roused the Argives to fight: To save their hollow ships, from fire. Still within the wall were the troops: But, when they saw the Trojans rushing amain:

Flight and clamour arose around. The Argives fled back from the wall. Issuing forth, the two heroes, alone—before the gate, sustain the war.

As when two mountain-boars—in the wild paths of their hilly groves, wait the rushing tumult of men—the shrill clamour of all their hounds. Side-long they rush on the foe. Around, they break the lofty wood. Sheer from the roots, fall the trees. Dreadful swells the crash of their teeth: Till some hunter the javelin shall launch—and lay them, breathless, along the ground. Thus sounded the bright steel, on their breasts: As, o'er their mails, redouble the blows. Bold above mankind, they fought: Trusting to their friends, on the wall—but more to the strength of their arms. The Argives stood, aloft, in the well-built towers. Huge stones fly, in showers, from their hands: For themselves, for tents they fought;—for the ships, which should bear them away.

As falls the snow, on the ground;—borne along, by the boisterous winds: When the blast bursts the laden clouds, and pours the thick-flying flakes, on the world. So thick flew the darts, from each side; from the hands of the Argives—from the Trojans renowned in arms. Hoarsely sound the struck helms to the sky—the breast-plates, the bossy shields—as pour, on all, the flying stones. Then Asius groaned, from his soul: He struck, in wrath, his thighs, and began:

“O FATHER Jove!” he said, “Dost THOU also deceive all my hopes? Nor thus I deemed, would the heroes of Argos—sustain our force, our invincible arms. But THEY are like the varied wasps—like bees, which form aloft their hives—by the rocky side of the narrow path.

Nor they their hollow house forsake. The hunter's approach they await: And fight, with rage, for their feeble young. Thus, fight these chiefs, at the gate;—though, only two, they stand in arms. Thus, they disdain to retreat—till slain or taken by this arm."

He spoke: But bent not the mind of Jove. To Hector only was turned his soul: Him only he would cover with fame. Others, at other gates, engaged—sustained the fight, with furious force. But hard for me is the task—to speak all, like a deathless god. On every side, o'er all the wall—the battle flamed, like devouring fire. Wide flew the heavy shower of stones. The Argives, though sad o'er their martial souls—through necessity fight for their fleet. Grief covered, with darkness, the gods: All who favoured, in battle, the Greeks!

BUT the Lapithæ sustained the fight. The two heroes still stood, in their arms. A foe fell by the son of Perithöus—by Polypætēs; undaunted in war. He struck Damasus, on the head with his spear. The brazen helm yields to the point. Through the skull rushed the deadly lance. All the brain is, within, decomposed. Subdued, from his fury, he fell. Pylon, next the hero slew: And Ormenus, valiant in fight. The son of warlike Antimachus fell—by Leonteus, equal to Mars. The chief struck the warrior Hippomachus. By the belt rushed the point of the spear. His deadly sword he drew, then, from his side. He bounded forward, on the line of the foe. Antiphates, hand to hand, he slew. Supine, in the dust, lay the chief. Menon next the hero pierced—Iamēnus and warlike Orestes.

Heaps on heaps, they lay in blood, beneath the hands of the godlike chiefs.

WHILE the chiefs spoiled the slain of their arms: Around great Polydamas, around Hector beloved of Jove—the most, the bravest youths advanced: Those who longed most—to engage: To arise, o'er the walls, in assault—to burn the navy on the shore of the main. While yet anxious they stood, by the foss. While much they wished to pass to the foe: A prodigy rushed o'er their heads;—the high-flying eagle of Jove. To the left he divided the host. In his talons, a hideous serpent he bore: Stained with blood, wounded, quivering, alive. Nor forgetful was he yet of the fight. He struck the bird on the breast, near the neck: Twining his scaly body, around. The eagle, tormented with pain—dropt the monster, in the midst of the troop. Herself, changing on her wings—rose, large, on the blasts of the wind. The Trojans shuddered o'er all their lines—when the spotted snake they beheld. When they saw him rolling large, in the midst—the portent of Ægis-bearing Jove.

POLYDAMAS, straight, approached—and thus, the daring Hector addressed: “Hector,” the warrior said: “ME thou, ever, in council up-braid'st. Thou reject'st what of good I advance. Nor becomes it an inferior in rank—to advise aught, that suits not the state: Whether, in council he speaks—or in the troubled front of war. To advise the best is HIS part; ever to add to thy power. Now, again, my mind I will speak;—and explain what seems best to my soul. Let us not press the foe; nor contend, with the Greeks, for the ships: For this will happen, I deem: If, in truth, came the omen

from Jove. If from heaven the prodigy came— which, now, passed o'er the Trojan lines: The high-flying eagle of Jove—dividing the host to the left. In her talons, bearing a serpent—hideous, bloody, and still alive. But the monster she dropt, in her flight—ere she bore him, afar, to her nest. In her purpose she failed, on her wings: Nor gave she the prey to her young. So we, though the gates we should force;—and break through this wall, in our strength: Though the Greeks should give way, in the fight: Not victorious shall we return;—or tread back the same path to our friends. Many Trojans we shall leave in their blood: Many shall fall by the spears of the foe;—when, in fury, they fight for their ships. Thus, the augurs will explain, the portent. Thus, the skilled in each omen divine. Let THEM speak and the host will obey.”

TURNING sternly, on the chief—the various-helmed Hector replied: “Polydamas,” the hero began, “not grateful are thy words to mine ear. Well thou know’st some better counsel to give: Some advice more happy to form. But if, in truth, thou mean’st what thou speak’st: If thy words bear the thoughts of thy mind;—the gods, themselves, have distracted thy soul. Would’st thou bid me to forget father Jove?—The high-thunderer’s promise confirmed? Would’st thou bid me the god to forget;—to follow birds, that wander on winds? These nor sway MY thoughts nor MY deeds. I care not to what quarter they fly. Whether they sail to the right—to the sun, to rising morn: Or spread their broad wings to the left—to the west, all in darkness involved. Let us follow what great Jove decrees: He who reigns

o'er mortal men—who all the deathless gods commands. One augury is ever the best: It is—for our country to fight! Why dread'st thou to mix in the war? What makes thee shrink back from the fight? Though we, the others, should fall by the foe; though, in blood, we should lie, at the ships: What cause of terror hast THOU? Nor thy heart bears to wait for a foe: Nor urges thee forward to fame. But should'st thou abstain from the fight;—should thy words avert others from war: By this arm, thou shalt fall, in thy blood: And pour thy soul round the steel of my spear."

THUS saying, the hero advanced. With loud clamour, they followed amain. Darkly came forth from above—the thunder-delighted Jove. On the summits of streamy Ida—he waked a gust of squally wind. It bore forward the dust, on the ships. He broke the yielding souls of the Argives: He gave glory to Hector and Troy. Confiding in the omens of Jove;—and much confiding in their strength: They strove to burst the wall of the Argives;—they strove to break into the camp. The high towers they struck aloft, with their hands: The battlements they tore away. They sapped with bars the projecting piles;—which the Argives had driven in the earth: The stable stays of their lofty towers: These they wrenched, with force, in their hands. They hoped to draw, in ruins, the wall. Nor yet did the Argives give way. The battlements they lined, with their shields: And poured death, on the foe, from above.

THEN strode amain the warlike Ajaces. From tower to tower, they encouraged the host: And breathed valour in the souls of their

friends. Some they roused with soothing speech: Others with harsh words upbraid: When they beheld them remiss, in the fight:—  
 “O friends of Argos!” they said, “Whether valiant or timid in soul: For all men are not equal in arms. Advance, O friends! to the fight. Great the need is there now of us all. Our dreadful state to yourselves are known. Let none turn his face to the ships: None regard the loud threats of the foe. Advance, farther advance, O friends! Encourage each other. Engage. Jove may grant us success. The high thunderer may give to our arms;—to turn the battle, on the Trojans—to pursue the foe to their town.”

Thus exclaiming along the wall—the heroes roused the strength of the Argives. As on a winter’s surly day—fall frequent the flakes of snow: When prescient Jove comes forth, aloft—to pour his snow, on mankind: Displaying his own darts above. The winds are asleep in their skies. Silent, the white deluge descends. The mountains lofty brows are concealed: The vales are covered—the cultured fields of mankind. O’er the hoary main fall the flakes;—o’er the ports and the winding shores. The waves swallow all as they come. The face of Nature is clothed around: While thickens the tempest of Jove. Thus fell the thick stones, from each side. Thus flew the mutual darts from the foes. Loud tumult prevails below. Fierce clamour moves, above, o’er the wall.

NOR had the Trojans broke open the gates: Nor great Hector burst asunder the bars: If prescient Jove had not roused, on the Argives—his son beloved, the mighty Sarpëdon. Like a lion the hero rushed forth. He held aloft

the wide orb of his shield : Beauteous, brazen, plated o'er ;—which the artist had finished with care ;—and placed thick hides between its plates. Golden circles are bent round the orb. This, before him, the hero held. Two spears shine aloft, in his hands. Forward, he strides, in his strength : as a lion, bred, aloft in his hills—long deprived of his wonted prey. Him his mighty soul urges abroad—to tempt the sheep, to o'erleap the fold. Though THERE he the shepherds should find—with all their dogs and their pointed spears : Not bloodless is he driven from the fold. Or the prey he seizes or falls—deep-wounded, by the darts of the swains. Thus, his soul urged forward Sarpëdon ;—to the wall, to the bulwarks of Argos. Straight he spoke to the blameless Glaucus :—to the valiant son of Hippolochus :

“ GLAUCUS ! ” the hero began : “ Why are WE the most honoured, by all ? Why, with the chief seat at the feast ? With the flesh ? With the flowing bowl ? Why, in Lycia, look all, on our steps, as on the tread of descended gods ! Why possess we sacred portions of land—on the banks of the gulphy Xanthus ? Beauteous fields that bear the vine ?—O'er which, waves the golden grain ? It becomes us, for this, O Glaucus !—amid our Lycians, conspicuous to stand. To be the first to urge the fight :—To equal our honours with deeds. Then will some warrior say ;—some Lycian, bright-covered with mail : Not inglorious, o'er Lycia, preside our kings. Not undeserving they feed—on the choicest of all our flocks : Or quaff, the first, the generous wine. Their valour, equal to their honours, ascends : As, first in

place, they are foremost in fight.—But if, escaping this bloody war—O friend! we could age escape: If, free from the decline of years—we might ever immortal remain: Nor I, among the first, would fight—nor urge thee forward to glorious war. But now,—As many are the paths to the grave—as none of mankind can death escape;—let us advance: Or glory give;—or cover ourselves with renown.”

HE spoke: Nor turned Glaucus away;—nor disobeyed his friend beloved. Right forward they rushed, on the wall: Leading the mighty nation of Lycians to blood. The son of Peteus beheld their course: Great Menestheus shook deep in his soul. Straight onward, they bore on his towers: Rolling death and battle along. O'er the line looked the hero around;—to find some leaders, to break the storm: To turn the evil away, from his friends. The two Ajaces the chief perceived: Those insatiable lovers of war! Near, they stood; and, by their side—rose Teucer, just returned from his tent. Vain were it to raise his voice: Certain of not being heard. Wild swelled the horrid clamour around. The crashing sounds ascend the sky: Of battered shields, of rattling helms—of gates that harshly grate to blows. To all had now advanced the foe: To all had now applied their utmost force: To burst the bars—to enter the camp of the Argives. To Ajax, the hero sent—the herald divine, Thoötes:

“Go, noble Thoötes!” he said: “Call the Ajaces, with speed. Both the heroes call; for here—this place needs their aid the most. Here dreadful battle will soon arise. Here blood will quickly flow amain. Hither bend with all their force—the leaders of the warlike Lycians:

Hither, with their headlong rage—with their wonted fury in fight. But if, with them, the labour grows: If, on their station swells the strife: At least, let Ajax come alone;—the son of the warlike Telamon. Let Teucer his brother's steps attend: So much skilled to bend the bow."

HE spoke: And the herakl obeyed. Along the wall, he rushed, with speed: And, approaching, addressed the Ajaces:—"O Ajaces!" he said. "Leaders of the mail-bearing Argives! The son of Peteus calls you, with speed: Menestheus beloved of Jove. He bids thither both to bend: To share, with him, the rising toil. Both the chiefs he calls:—That place needs your aid the most. There dreadful fight will soon arise. There blood will quickly flow amain. Thither bend, with all their force—the leaders of the warlike Lycians: Thither, with their headlong rage—with their wonted fury in fight. But if, with you, the labour grows: If, on your station swells the strife: At least, let Ajax come alone;—the son of the warlike Telamon. Let Teucer his brother's steps attend; So much skilled in bending the bow."

HE spoke. The great son of Telamon listened to the herald's voice. Straight he addressed the son of Oilcus—with winged words like these:—"Ajax, here repel the foe: Thou and the brave Lycomedes. Rouze the Argives, with valour, to fight. Thither, my steps I will bend: And present myself, in the strife. Soon I will return, my friends! When well I have aided their arms."—He said: And strode large along. His brother, Teucer, attended his steps. Pandion followed behind—and bore the hero's crooked bow. When to the tower they came—to the station of the mighty Menestheus: Moving tall,

within the wall—they brought aid to their toiling friends.

Now, on the wall rose the foe;—like a dark whirlwind in rage: The valiant monarchs of the Lycians;—the leaders, with their people, behind. From both sides, plunges forward the fight. Wild clamour ascends to the sky. Then, the great son of Telamon—was the first, who a warrior slew: The companion of godlike Sarpëdon—Epicles undaunted in soul. He struck the hero, with a stone—which lay, large, on the top of the wall. Nor, with ease, could a man raise the weight—though strong in the prime of his years—such as earth, now, produces mankind. This, great Ajax, whirling high, threw amain. He broke the crested helm—crushed the head. Like a diver, he fell from the tower: And left his sitting soul, in the winds.

TEUCER, with an arrow, wounds Glaucus—the gallant son of the great Hippolochus. He struck him from the wall, as he came; Where his arm appeared bare to the view: And forced him to cease from the fight. From the wall, he, in secret, leapt back: Lest some Greek should perceive his wound—and insult him, with bitter words. Sorrow rose, on the soul of Sarpëdon;—when he saw his retiring friend. But the hero forgets not the fight. He wounds Alcmaïon, the son of Thestor;—and draws back, from his body, the spear. The slain follows the lance, from the wall. Prone he sinks down to the dust: And, o'er his corse, all his armour resounds.

THE battlement is seized, by Sarpëdon. He wrenched it with his hand robust. It followed his force: Down it fell. Bare is the wall above.

Wide open is the way for the foe. Ajax, Teucer, all assail the chief—with their pointed steel. This, with the barbed arrow;—that, with the beamy spear. On the splendid thong, which hung his broad shield—fell, with force the eager shaft. Jove turned the fates from his son: And prevented his fall at the ships. Ajax struck his shield, in his might. Through and through passed the point: And harshly drove him back, in his course. A small space, from the wall, he retreats: Nor yet wholly retreats the chief. He is urged by his own great soul;—by his ardent desire of renown. Loud swelled the voice of the king—as he turned to his Lycians divine;

“O sons of Lycia!” he said. “Why abates the wonted force of my friends? Hard is the task for your king—though dauntless is his soul in arms: Hard it is for me, alone—though the wall is broken down, by my hand—to open wide a path to the ships. Advance. Follow me all in arms. The work demands the hands of all.”—He spoke. They revered the voice of the king. Round their great leader, they crowd;—and bear forward, on the foe, with their might. The Argives, on the other side—strengthen their lines, within the wall. Within its huge shade they form: For great the safety they derived from their works! Nor could the illustrious Lycians—burst the wall, and force their way to the ships: Nor yet could the warrior Argives drive—the fierce foe, from the lofty wall.

BUT as for their limits, contend—two eager hinds in their common field: Holding each the measures in hand. Small the spot for which they strive: Yet neither departs from his right. Thus the battlements the Lycians restrained,

O'er the wall, death passes, from side to side.  
The broad shields are torn on each breast.  
Through and through, the light bucklers are  
pierced. Many are the mutual wounds. Wild  
rushes the steel from the foes. Dark Fate in  
every form appears. The flying, the standing  
are slain. The first, through their backs, are  
pierced. The latter receive death, through their  
shields. The towers are all distained with gore.  
The battlements are drenched in blood. On  
each side horrid slaughter is seen. The Argives  
fall, the Trojans are slain. Nor could the foe  
force the Greeks to flight. In equal scales, the  
battle hung.

As a woman, strict in justice, though poor—  
who derives her scanty living from teasing the  
wool—holds the poised balance with care—and  
weighs, with caution, her work—to gain, for her  
infants, the wretched hire: So equally poised  
was the war. Thus, inclined battle to neither  
side. Till Jove, with superior renown—had  
crowned Hector, the great son of Priam: For  
he, the first, broke the wall of the Argives.  
Loud swelled the dreadful voice of the king, as  
he urged his Trojans to fight:—"Assail, with  
fury, the foe. Car-ruling Trojans advance.  
Burst the falling wall of the Argives. On the  
ships throw devouring flame."

THUS, inciting his troops, spoke the chief.  
All heard the loud voice of the king. Right  
forward, they rushed on the wall. The battle-  
ments they seized in their hands: Stretching,  
before them, their pointed spears. Great Hector  
raised, from the ground, a stone: Which lay  
before the spacious gate: Heavy, vast, rugged,  
pointed above. Two men, and they the first in  
strength—could scarce raise it to the cart, from

the sand—such as earth, now, produces mankind. But this, great Hector sustained alone. The son of Saturn made it light, in his arms. As when the swain bears, with ease in his hand—the white fleece of a ram, from the fold. Light, he treads the winding path: For small the weight, which urges his arm.

THUS, Hector bore, forward, the stone;—and whirled it, aloft, with ease. He bore it, forward, in all his strength;—to the well-compacted gate. Double-leaved and high was the gate. Behind, were passed, two solid bars;—which stretched their strength, from side to side: Fitted, both, with a lock within. Near this gate, stood the dreadful chief. Firmly spreading wide his limbs—he urged forward the stone, with all his force. In the center, he struck the wide gate: Nor feebly flew the weight from his hand. Both the hinges he broke in twain. Within, fell the stone, with horrid crash. Shrilly creaks the bursting gate. The bars, the boards give way at once: And wide fly the splinters, through air.

GREAT Hector bounded, forward, with rage. Dark as Night seemed the rushing chief. Dreadful, blazed o'er his body, his arms. Two spears he graspt, firm, in his hands. None, then, but the gods could oppose—the dreadful king, as he bursts through the gate. Awful flashed the living flame, from his eyes. Loud swelled to his people, his voice. He bade the Trojans to rush, to follow his steps: And, they, with eager speed, obeyed. Some clamber o'er the lofty wall. Others crowd in arms through the gate. The Argives fly amain to the ships. Horrid tumult resounds, o'er the shore.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK XIII.

**W**HEN Jove had opened wide, to the ships,  
a path for Troy and for Hector divine: He  
left them contending in arms; exposed to perils  
and ceaseless toils. Backward he turned, from  
the field, the radiant orbs of his heavenly eyes.  
He surveyed the realms of the Thracians, illus-  
trious breakers of warlike steeds: The land of  
the close-fighting Mysi, of the Hippomolgi,  
afar renowned; who feed on the milk of their  
herds;—the longest-lived, the most just of man-  
kind. To Troy, no more, he turned, around,  
the awful splendour of his eyes. Nor deemed  
the god, from his soul, that any deathless power  
would descend—to aid the Trojans or the  
Argives in fight.

NOR a careless watch held the king—great Neptune, who rules the main. Viewing the battle and strife, he sat, on the wood-covered summits of Thracian Samos. Lofty Ida rose whole in his sight; the city of Priam, and the navy of Argos. Emerged from his ocean, he sat. He pitied the Greeks, from his soul. He pitied the subdued, by the Trojans. His wrath flamed against father Jove. From the broken tops of the hills, he descends; stretching forward his rapid strides. The high mountains, with all their woods, shook beneath the immortal feet of the moving god. Thrice he stretched his mighty stride; with the fourth, he arrived at his destined place: In the sacred limits of Ægæ. There, in the depth of the main, arose, aloft, his beauteous halls: All gold, beaming bright, of incorruptible materials formed.

HERE the god arrived, in his strength. He joined his brazen-footed steeds to the car. His steeds, that contend with the winds, in speed: On their shoulders, pouring their golden manes. In gold he cloathed his deathless form. His golden whip he graspt in his hand; and mounted his own bright car. He issued forth, on his heaving waves. The mighty whales roll large by his side. Exulting, they acknowledge their king. With joy the sea divides her waves. O'er the levelled billows, they glide with speed: Nor bathed, beneath, is the axle of brass. Thus his fleet steeds bore, along, the awful power, to the navy of Argos. In the depth of the billowy main, there spreads, beneath, an ample cave: Between the sea-washed shores of Tenedos and Imbros, rugged with rocks. There, the god who shakes the world, placed his steeds, in their spacious stalls. He

loosed them, from the splendid car; And laid, before them, immortal food. Round their feet, golden shackles he threw, infrangible, not to be loosed: That there they might wait the return of their deathless king. Right forward, to the fight moved the god.

THE Trojans, like the strength of devouring flame—like the whirlwind's resounding wing, followed Hector, the son of Priam; unabating in their ardour of soul. Shrilly swelled their dreadful voice. Their wild clamour ascended the skies. They hoped to take the navy of Argos: To slay all the Greeks, at their hollow ships. The world-surrounding Neptune arrived. Emerging from the depth of his main, he urged the Argives to battle and blood. The form of Calchas he assumed—his voice unknowing to yield. The Ajaces he first addressed: Already, prompt in their souls to fight.

“O AJACES!” began the god: “It is you, who must save the nations of Argos. Remember, O chiefs, your wonted strength. Drive the thoughts of shameful flight, from your souls. On no quarter, but this, I dread the fierce assault—the daring hands of the foe. O'er the huge wall they, here, have crowded their lines. The other Greeks will sustain the fight. Here, only are raised my fears. Here, I dread disaster to Argos. On this quarter, with fury, comes on—bearing the force of flame in his course;—great Hector comes on, with his lines, and boasts himself the son of all-powerful Jove. But should one of the deathless gods place the thought in your souls—here firmly to stand: Here to stand, in all your arms, and to urge your people to war: Soon the chief, though all-flaming in fight, would turn his course from the guarded ships:

Should Jove himself urge him forward to blood."

Thus spoke the earth-surrounding Neptune. He touched them both, with his scepter divine. He filled, with valour, their rising souls: And made their limbs light, in the fight. As the swift-winged hawk, when he rouses himself to fly: When he springs from the rock abrupt, and throws himself on the winds. O'er the plain, with eager speed, he pursues, through the air, his prey. With such swiftness, the earth-shaking god disappeared, from the eyes of the chiefs. The swift son of the great Oileus, first, perceived the flying power. He, thus, addressed his winged words to Telamon's warlike son: "O Ajax," the warrior began; "some god has appeared to our eyes: Some dweller of snow-crowned Olympus assumed the aged prophet's form; and commanded us to fight for the ships. Nor this was the grey-haired Calchas; no augur skilled in the flight of birds. The steps of his departure I knew—his stately gait, as he failed on our sight: for with ease are distinguished the awful steps of the gods. As for ME, I feel my kindling soul. It burns, within my breast, for renown. I love, with ardor increased, the fight: The loud tumult of glorious arms. My feet long to bear me to blood. My hands, unconscious rise, already, to wounds."

"THE same my feelings!" the hero replied. "My daring hands burn with joy round the spear. Elated my heart beats high. I feel my limbs eager to move to war. Roused o'er my soul to the fight, I long to meet, alone, in arms—great Hector the son of Priam; as he presses, in his ardor, the foe."

THUS, to each other, the heroes spoke: Rejoicing in the approach of the fight. A god had awaked their valour, o'er their mighty souls. Neptune, mean time, in the rear, roused the sons of Achaia to arms. The warriors, to the ships, had retired—to refresh their wearied souls from the fight. With heavy toils, their limbs were unbraced. Sorrow veiled, with darkness, their minds. The inclining war they beheld: and, o'er their wall ascending, with tumult, the foe. These they beheld, in their grief; and, from their eyes, descended the tear. Nor deemed they, that long they could shun, the dreadful fate, which hovered around. But Neptune, with ease, as he came, roused their valiant lines to arms. To Teucer first came the god: To Leitus great in arms, to the hero Penéleus, to Thoas, to Deïpyrus bold: To Meriones, to young Antilochus—skilled all in each motion of war. Urging the heroes to fight, the god, with winged words, began:

“WHAT disgrace has invaded the Argives! What shame has covered the young in arms! In your valour I confided in vain. No safety remains for the fleet: If, thus, you decline the fight; and shrink back, from the toil of arms. Now shines the fatal day, on the world: The day of victory to Troy! Ye gods! What wonder presents itself to these eyes! What dire, what unexpected disgrace? The Trojans approach to our ships. The timid in soul are bold. Like flying deer, were our foes: Like trembling hinds, that o'er the wilds—the prey of lynxes, of leopards, of wolves—feebly stray—not born for the fight. Thus, heretofore, the sons of Troy shunned the valour and force of the Argives. Now, far from their city they

roam; and urge the battle before our ships:—  
Or, through our leader's cowardly soul, or  
through the neglect of his troops; who, con-  
tending with their king, refuse to contend with  
the foe. They save not their ships with their  
spears. Before them, they lie slain in their  
blood."

"But if even your king is in fault. If the  
son of Atreus has erred. If, unjustly, the great  
Agamemnon has disgraced the son of Peleus.  
It becomes not us to abate in the fight: To lose  
the navy in HIS revenge. Let us rather repair  
the evil:—Easy-healed are the souls of the brave.  
But ill it becomes you, O chiefs! to remit, in  
the glorious strife. The bravest in the host you  
are all. Nor I would, thus, upbraid, in aught,  
the coward who the battle declines—the timid,  
the feeble in heart. But against YOU, who, in  
war, are renowned, my rage kindles, o'er all my  
soul. O soft and degenerate men! Straight an  
inlet you will open to woe: Your sluggish valour  
will meet its reward. But place, at length,  
within your souls—the fear of shame, the  
reproach of mankind. Dark swell the perils  
around. Save your navy—save your fame.  
Hector advances with death. His valour he  
pours on the ships. The gate he has broken,  
and burst the long bars, in twain."

THUS, Neptune urged the Argives to war.  
They formed, deep, round the great Ajaces.  
Firm rose their warlike ranks to the foe. Nor  
Mars, descending to the fight, nor the stirrer  
of nations, Minerva—could the martial form  
of the lines despise: For the bravest—the  
chosen of Greece, waited the coming of Hector  
divine. Spears crowd on spears, as they rise;  
shield to shield is closed. Buckler its buckler

supports, helm its helm; and man his man.  
Crowded, the horse-hair crests arise. The  
plumes mix, as they wave, in the wind: so  
thick stand the warriors in arms. The lances  
vibrate in their hands; touching, as they stretch  
them to blood. Right forward they move to  
they foe. They burn, o'er their souls, for the  
fight.

THE gathered Trojans pour, with force, on  
the foe. All-furious great Hector precedes.  
Like the wasteful course of a falling rock, which  
the torrent rolls large from the mountain's brow;  
when the rugged steep is sapped aloft, by the  
ceaseless showers of high-thundering Jove.  
High-bounding it flies down the hill. The  
woods, beneath its course, resound. Resistless  
it holds its forceful way; till it reaches the  
echoing plain. There, though roused with  
gathered speed; it ceases to roll amain. Thus  
Hector threats destruction to Argos; rolling,  
furious, his strength to the main. He deemed,  
that he could reach the tents; and wade, in  
blood, to the ships of the Argives. But, when  
he came to the phalanx, he stopt—leaning for-  
ward, with all his strength. Before him stood  
the Argives in arms. Thick rattle the spears  
on his mail. The swords fall crashing, on  
every side. They shove him, large, away with  
force. With blows staggering, the chief re-  
treats. Loud, swells his voice to the Trojans;  
thus urging them forward to fight.

“ O TROJANS and Lycians renowned!  
Dardanians, fighting hand to hand! Stand  
firm to your arms, O friends. Not long the  
Greeks shall sustain mine arm: Though firm  
the phalanx, they present to the foe. But, now,  
I deem, they will yield to this spear: If, in

truth, I am urged to the fight, by the most powerful of all the gods—the high-thundering husband of Juno.”

THUS spoke the chief; and roused their strength. He kindled valour o'er all their souls. Deiphobus, the son of Priam, with mind elated, first, advanced. Before his breast, aloft, he held the round orb of his spacious shield. Light was his tread, as he moved. His buckler covered his body whole. Meriones, with all his force, aimed at the chief his beamy spear. Nor strayed the bright point from the mark. He struck the round shield of the hero. Nor pierced the steel the bull's tough hide. Shivered, fell the sounding lance to the ground. Deiphobus held, distant, his shield: For much he dreaded from his soul, the spear. Disappointed, the hero fell back—through the troop of his warlike friends. Much grieved he—enraged in his heart; for the victory lost—for his broken spear. To the ships he hastened, backward, his way; to bring the long lance, which lay in his tent.

THE rest toiled, with fury, in fight. The shrill clamour ascended the skies. Teucer, first, a warrior slew: Imbrius in battle renowned; the son of valiant Mentor, rich in bounding steeds. In high Pedæus, the hero dwelt; ere yet came the Argives to Troy. The spouse of beauteous Medesicastè; Priam's daughter, by a secret bed. When the Argives arrived in their ships; to Ilium, again, he returned: And excelled, amid the Trojans in arms. In the king's proud palace, he dwelt. Priam honoured the chief, like a son. Him, the son of Telamon struck, beneath the ear, with his pointed lance. The spear he regains,

from the wound. He fell to the earth: Like an ash, which, on the mountain's far-seen brow, falls beneath the sounding steel, and spreads its tender leaves, on the ground. Thus sunk the hero in death. O'er his body, sound harshly his arms.

TEUCER rushed to spoil the slain. Hector launched his bright spear, as he came. The chief perceived the rushing death: And, bending, shunned the brazen lance. But it struck the warlike Amphimachus, the son of Actorian Cteatus. On his breast fell the spear, as he came. Resounding, he fell to the ground. Harshly clank, o'er his body, his arms. Great Hector advanced, in his force; from his temples, to tear the bright helm: From the head of warlike Amphimachus, now dead, in his flowing blood. Ajax launched, on Hector, his spear. To his body, no passage it found. Sheathed whole was the chief, in bright steel. His bossy shield great Ajax struck: And shoved him back, with mighty force. The hero retreats, from both the slain. The sons of Argos drag the bodies away.

STICHIUS and the noble Menestheus, the leaders of Athens, in arms—bore the unhappy Amphimachus, to the lines of the Argive powers. But Imbrius is dragged, by the great Ajaces; both lovers of the furious fight. As two lions force a goat from the hounds, when, with fury, they tear the prey. Through the brushwood they bear her along: Held, aloft, from the earth, in their jaws. Thus, aloft, the two warlike Ajaces bore the breathless Imbrius, along. They stript the slain of his beauteous arms. His head is lopt short, from his neck: by the gallant son of Oileus, enraged at

Amphimachus' fall. He rolled the head, through the lines of the foe. Before the feet of Hector, it fell in the dust.

THEN first, from his inmost soul, the world-surrounding Neptune was wroth. He raged for his grandson's fall; left in blood, in the dismal fight. Quick, he strode through the tents—through the ships of the Argive powers: Urging the Greeks to the war; preparing slaughter and death for Troy. Idomeneus, renowned at the spear, came, first, forward on the steps of the god: Returning from a friend beloved, whom wounded through the leg by the foe, his companions had conveyed to his tent. Having given his commands for his cure, the king returned to the tumult of arms: Still eager to partake of the fight. To him spoke the sovereign of Ocean; in voice like Thōas, the son of Andræmon: Who, through the wide bounds of Pleuron, through Calydon, rugged with rocks—o'er the fierce Ætolians reigned; honoured, like a god, by his troops.

“IDOMENEUS,” the god began: “Leader of the Cretans in arms! Whither are fled the threats of the Argives? The destruction, which they menaced to Troy?”—“O Thōas!” replied the king: “No warrior, is now, in fault. None, I deem, is to blame of the Argives. We all are skilled, in each motion of war. None, by terror, is detained from the fight. None, yielding to sloth, flies the war. But, thus, it seems good to the soul—of the all-powerful offspring of Saturn; that, inglorious, the Greeks should perish, far from Argos, their native land. But Thōas, heretofore thou wert brave. The mark of thine arm is in war. Thou wert wont to encourage the rest: To urge forward the remitting in arms.

Cease not, therefore, thy hand, from the fight.  
Still encourage others to blood."

To him replied the earth-shaking power :  
" Idomeneus, perish that man ! Let him never  
return from Troy ! Let him, here, be the sport  
of dogs ;—who, to-day, shall remit, in the fight.  
Hasten. Advance, in thine arms. This quar-  
ter demands all thy speed. Together, let us  
rush to the field. We both may relieve the dis-  
tressed. Useful, when combined is the valour  
of men. The most feeble, when joined, may  
succeed. But we are both skilled in the fight.  
We know to contend with the brave."

Thus spoke the god : And mingled again,  
with the tumult and clangour of arms, Idome-  
neus returned to his tent. O'er his body, he  
drew his bright arms. Two spears he graspt  
in his hands. He issued forth, like the bolt of  
Jove : When the great son of Saturn—receiving  
it bright in his hand—launches it, from flaming  
Olympus : a dire portent to mankind. Bright  
flash the sparks, as it flies. So gleamed the  
steel round the king ; reflecting varied light, as  
he flew. Meriones he met, in his course : His  
faithful servant and valiant friend. He met  
him, while yet near his tent. The hero rushed  
for a brazen spear. To him began the strength  
of Idomeneus :

" MERIONES, son of Molus, swift of foot,  
most beloved of my friends ! Why return'st  
thou to the ships of the Argives ? Why leav'st  
thou battle and the tumult of arms ? Art thou  
wounded, by the darts of the foe ? Or comest  
thou, with a message to ME ? Nor I wish to  
sit, in my tent. My soul demands, of herself,  
the fight."

To him the prudent Meriones: "O Idomeneus!" the hero began: "King of Cretans, covered over with mails. I come to demand a spear: If any remains in thy tents. The lance, which I bore, broke short, on the shield of a noble foe: On the shield of Deiphobus, as he raged, in the front of the fight."—The sovereign of Crete replied: "Not one alone, but twenty spears, thou may'st find, in my lofty tents. They lean, beaming bright, to the wall, the spoil of Trojans slain by this arm. Nor is it MY way in the fight, at a distance to stand from the foe. Much, therefore, is my spoil, in long spears, in bossy shields, in helmets of brass;—in breast-plates that shine, from afar."

To him the prudent Meriones: "In my tents, in my dark, hollow ship, many are the bright spoils of the foe. But, now, distant, they are all from my hand. Nor I, if right I judge of my soul, forget, in aught, my valour in fight. Amid the first I shine forth in the field—in battle, which gives fame to mankind. I stand forth, in the front of the line, when the loud tumult of war ascends. My valour might another escape;—might pass, unheeded, by the bright-mailed Argives: but I deem, that to thee, it is known."

The leader of the Cretans replied: "To me well thy valour is known. Why repeat'st thou thy deeds, in mine ears? Should we, here, be chosen to wait;—near the ships, in ambush to lie;—Which most displays the valour of men. There the timid appear confessed: And the valiant, conspicuous, shine. The colour of the feeble in arms, flies, varied, along his face. Nor, untrembling, he sits in his place: Nor still lies his soul in his breast. His knees knock

each other, through fear. He, cowering, expects his death. Wild heaves his beating heart to his side. The chatter of his teeth strikes the ear. But the colour of the valiant remains. HE trembles not, o'er his joints—when placed in the ambush of heroes. HE longs to contend in arms;—to mix in bloody fight, with the foe. —There thy valour would gain thee applause: For should'st thou, at hand, or from far, receive a wound in the toils of the fight: Nor, behind, would fall the dart of the foe; but, on thy breast, advancing in arms.—But no more! Let us end our discourse. It is folly, here, longer to stand: Lest others, with reason, may blame. Go. Enter my tent. Take a spear.”

HE spoke. The hero entered, like furious Mars. He took the brazen spear in his hand; and followed the steps of the king: Wildly eager to plunge, in the fight. As when the destroyer of armies, furious Mars issues forth to his wars. HIM, Terror, his much-loved son, strong and fearless, attends, in his course: Striking fear through the souls of the firmest in fight. Armed, the powers descend from Thrace, against the Ephyri; or magnanimous Phlegyæ. Deaf are their ears to the prayers of both the hosts: But, one or other, they will cover with fame. Such was the warlike Meriones, such Idomeneus, the leader of armies. Rapid they strode forward to war: Beaming bright in their sounding arms.

MERIONES, first, addressed his words to the king: “Son of Deucâlion!” he said: “To what quarter leads thy soul to the fight? To the right, wilt thou urge thy steps? To the center? To the left of the line? In no quarter is

not wanting our aid. Dreadful perils hang o'er the whole host."

"IN the center," said the sovereign of Crete, "there are others, who the navy defend. The two Ajaces lift their spears. Mighty Teucer is there in arms; skilled, at once, to bend the bow; to launch the lance, in standing fight. These will employ the arms, the boundless fury in fight, of great Hector, the son of Priam, though HE, above measure, is brave. Hard is the task for the chief, though burning, like a flame, in the fight; to overpower the strength of such chiefs, to force, through their invincible hands, his wasteful course to the navy of Argos: If Jove descends not, in thunder clothed, and launch his flaming bolt, on the hollow ships. 'To man will never yield, in fight, the great Telamonian Ajax: To mortal man, who eats the fruits of the golden Ceres; if his body is pervious to steel, or not proof against, flying rocks. Nor to Achilles himself yields the chief: Not even to that breaker of armies, he yields, in the standing fight. But, in the swift pursuit, with the hero, he cannot contend. Let us bend our course to the left. Let us try, in the front of the fight: Whether we shall give to others renown; or receive it, ourselves, from the foe."

He spoke. Meriones, equal to furious Mars, strode forward to the left of the line. When the foe beheld Idomeneus, like the strength of devouring flame: When they beheld the king, with his friend, rushing forward in varied arms; they roused themselves o'er their ranks. All rushed on the godlike man. The deadly hands of the foes are mixed, from each side. Dreadful battle is waked at the ships. As when the shrill-whistling winds arise; when the blast

veers, from each quarter of heaven—on the day of the sultry sun, when much dust has covered the ways. From every side assailed, at once, the dusty cloud ascends; and remains, long fixed, in the sky. Thus, collected from every side, they urge, in one place, the fight. Eager burn the souls of all, to pierce each other, with pointed steel. Bristled o'er, with long spears is the deadly fight. The eye is struck, with dazzling light, from the brazen splendour of polished helms, from breast-plates brightly-beaming forth—from the orbs of refulgent shields; as, rushing from each side, they engaged. Bold in heart were that man, who could behold their toil, with joy; Without feeling regret in his soul.

FAVOURING different sides, in the war, were the two sons of Saturn, tremendous in power: Pouring heavy woes, on the heroes, in fight. Jove favoured the arms of Troy; the victory to Hector would give: Honouring the great son of Peleus. Nor meant he, wholly, the Greeks to destroy: To lay them slain, on the shores of Ilium. But he honoured the bright-moving Thetis: He honoured her daring son. Neptune roused the souls of the Argives: Rising, in secret, from the foam of his main. He grieved to see them vanquished by Troy. Rage burnt, in his soul, against Jove. Equal was the race of both: From the same source sprung the powerful gods. But thundering Jove was born, the first: And greater knowledge enlightened his soul. His brother, therefore, avoids in the field to give his open aid to the Argives. In secret he urged them to fight. In human form, he clothed the god. These gods inclosed the fighting hosts; between the lines of fierce discord,

and all-equalling Mars. O'er both they stretched,  
the dreadful lines; infrangible, not to be loosed,  
The limbs of many were unbraced, in the fight.

THEN first, though half-gray with years;—  
then Idomeneus roused the Argives. Bounding  
forward, he turned the Trojans to flight. He  
slew the gallant Othryoneus, who came from  
the distant Cabesus. To the field, the warrior  
lately came. He sought, without dowry,  
Cassandra—the most beauteous in form of the  
daughters of Priam. Great was his promised  
aid. He proffered, from Ilium to drive the sons  
of Argos, across the main. Aged Priam pro-  
mised the maid. He vowed to give her to his  
arms: And, trusting to the voice, of the king,  
the hero urged the fight. Idomeneus threw,  
against him, the spear. He struck him, as he  
proudly strode. Nor stopt the brazen breast-  
plate the lance. In his bowels it, buried, re-  
mained. Resounding he fell to the earth: And  
the hero gloried, thus, o'er the slain.

“ OTHRYONEUS !” the king began: “ Thee  
will I praise, beyond mankind; if now thou wilt,  
all, perform—for which to Priam thou plightedst  
thy faith: When he promised his daughter  
beloved. We, also, would treat, for thy valour;  
and purchase thy sword, with a spouse. We  
will give thee, the fairest in form of the daugh-  
ters of great Atrides. From Argos, the maid  
shall come: And ascend thy bed, in the glow  
of her charms: If thou wilt rise in arms and  
sack the well-peopled city of sacred Troy. But  
follow my hand to the fleet. Let us, there, on  
the nuptials confer. Follow, Othryoneus, my  
hand. Worthy of such a son are the Argives !”

HE spoke: And dragged him, by the foot,  
through the loud tumult of arms. Asius, his

avenger, came: On foot, before his high-maned steeds. Light pacing they followed their lord; and breathed, upon his shoulders broad. The driver obeyed his commands, and held them close, behind the king. Much he wished from his inmost soul, Idomeneus to pierce, with his lance. But HE hurled, first, his pointed spear. Through and through his throat it rushed. Asius fell, sounding, to earth. As when an oak, on its mountain, falls—or white poplar or lofty pine: Which the woodmen, with redoubled strokes, lay large along the ground;—to form the dark ship, for the main. Thus extended lay, large, the chief, before his steeds and polished car. Loud, chattered his teeth as he died. He graspt the bloody dust in his hand.

FROM the driver wandered his mind: Confounded at the fall of his lord. His heart failed him. He turned not the steeds, to shun the hands of the dreadful foe. Him the warlike Antilochus struck, in the breast, with his spear. The brazen breast-plate repelled not the point. In his bowels stood fixed the long lance. Gasp- ing, he tumbled to earth, from the beauteous seat of his lofty car. The son of Nestor, in council renowned, seized the startled steeds of the slain; and drove them to the line of his friends.

DEIPHOBUS, with rage, advanced on Idome- neus, renowned at the spear. He grieved, for the fall of Asius. He threw his bright-beaming lance. The king saw the shining death, as it came. He sunk behind the wide round of his bossy shield: His shield formed, strong, of the hides of bulls; covered o'er with refulgent brass. Beauteously turned was the orb; with two handles fitted behind. Under this, he, sunk wholly

from view. O'er it flew the spear, by the verge.  
Shrill rings the broad shield to the lance: as  
slantly it glides on the orb. Nor idly rushed  
the spear from his hand robust. He struck the  
shepherd of his people, Hypsënor. Through  
the liver, by the midriff, it passed. Death un-  
braces his limbs, as he falls. Much gloried the  
chief o'er the slain; and, thus, swelled his voice  
to the foe:

“NOR unrevenged lies Asius, in death. His  
great soul, I deem, will rejoice; as it darkly  
descends to the dead: To the strong-gated  
regions below. His great soul will rejoice, as  
it flies. An attendant is given by my spear.”  
—He spoke: Grief covered the Argives, at the  
loud boast of the foe. But chief is moved the  
gallant soul of Antilochus, dauntless in fight.  
Yet neglects he not, in his grief, to cover the  
corse of his friend. He rushed forward to the  
slain, in his arms: And stretched o'er him his  
bossy shield. The hapless chief is borne away,  
by two of his friends beloved: By Mecisteus,  
the son of Echius, and Alastor, the divine.  
They bore the corse to the hollow ships, deep-  
groaning, from their inmost souls.

NOR abated the soul of Idoniëus. Unceas-  
ing, he wished, in his mind, to cover some  
warrior of Troy, with the rising night of death:  
To cover some hero with night; or to sound,  
with his own great fall, repelling destruction  
from Argos. He struck the hero Alcathous;  
the loved son of the great Æsyëtes, a warrior  
reared, by the care of Jove. Alcathous, the  
son of Anchises, the spouse of his eldest born—  
of the glowing charms of Hippodameia. Much  
her father loved the maid; and much her  
mother revered. O'er the fair troop of her

equals she rose, in beauty, in prudence, in works of art. The first of women, in all, she shone; and she wedded the noblest, in Troy:—Now Neptune subdued her spouse, beneath the long spear of a foe. The God threw darkness o'er his bright eyes. He entangled his limbs, as with viewless chains. Nor back he could fly, from the spear: Nor, inclining, avoid its flight. Like a pillar, without motion he stood: Or lofty tree, unstirred by the winds. Idomeneus struck his breast, with the spear. Through the mail of brass rushed the lance. The corslet, that was wont to defend—harshly grates, as it yields to the spear. Resounding, he falls to the earth. The steely point is fixed in his heart; which, bouncing high, shook the spear to its end. Soon stopt the motion with life. The hero glories o'er the slain: And, thus, swells his voice to the foe.

“DEIPHOBUS!” began the king: “Judge we right, when we think it but just—that three chiefs, for one hero, should fall—since so vain were thy vaunts in our ears? But thou, doughty warrior, advance. Stand forth, before me in fight. Feel the force of the race of Jove. Great Jove first Minos begot: The prudent guardian of spacious Crete. To Minos was born a son—Deucalion, faultless in form. Deucalion begot me in Crete: A king of many heroes in war. Hither I am come, in my ships: A source of sorrow to thee—to thy father, to the people of Troy!”

He spoke: And, in doubtful suspence—hung the soul of the valiant foe: Whether to call some Trojan, in aid; or, alone, to try the strength of the king. While these thoughts he revolved, in his breast; at length it seemed best

to his mind; to turn his steps to the great Æneas. Him he found, remote, in the rear. His wrath was roused against Priam divine: As he honoured him not, in aught; Though, great, he shone amid the brave: Deiphobus approached the chief; and, thus, with winged words, began:

“ÆNEAS, great leader of Troy! Now, at least, it becomes THEE to aid. If thou regardest a brother in aught: If touched is thy heart with the love of thy friends. Haste. Follow my steps. Lend thine aid to the spouse of thy sister beloved: To Alcathous, who reared thee, while young, within his lofty halls. Protect the bleeding corse of the chief: By Idomeneus slain in the fight.”

HE spoke and moved his soul in his breast. He rushed against the king of Crete: Eager for the contest of spears. Nor Idomeneus thinks of flight, like the timid heart of a boy. He, firm, remained, like a boar on his hills—confiding in his mighty force. Unmoved HE waits, in a desert place, the loud-rushing tumult of men in arms. Bristled, above, is his back. His fiery eyes are glaring round. His teeth he sharpens for the fight: Eager to repel the hunters and all their hounds. Thus, stood Idomeneus renowned at the spear. The hero disdains to retreat. He waits the rushing speed of Æneas. But loud swelled his voice to his friends. He called Ascalaphus and brave Aphareus—Deipyros, Meriones renowned—and the youthful Antilochus, skilled in each motion of war. Inciting the chiefs to the fight; with winged words, the king began:

“HITHER advance, O friends! Aid my spear: For I stand alone. Much I dread the rushing assault of the great Æneas: Who ad-

vances, on me, in arms. Strong is the hero in fight. The blood of warriors he pours amain. In the bloom of his youth, is the king: In youth, the greatest strength in war. Had we both been equal in years—with this soul, which I feel in my breast: Soon with glory the chief should be crowned, or I derive renown from his fall.”

HE spoke: The heroes all advanced. The same fire burnt o'er all their souls. Near the sovereign of Crete they stood: Inclining to their shoulders, the wide orbs of their shields. Æneas, on the other side—urged onward his friends to the fight: Deïphobus, the godlike Paris, Agenor the divine. These, as leaders of Troy advanced. Their troops were pouring dark along: As when, behind, the fleecy ram, return the sheep from their pastures green. They follow their leader to the stream: And o'er his soul, the shepherd is glad. Thus rejoiced in his heart, Æneas; when he beheld in long order, behind—the ranks of the warlike Trojans, falling forward, in his path.

AROUND the corse of the great Alcahous—hand to hand, they urge the fight. The long spears are stretched, from each side. Dreadful rings the brass, on each breast. Death flies from line to line. Alternate fall the foes, in their blood. But two heroes skilled in war: Valiant, o'er their fellows, in fight: Æneas—the godlike Idomeneus, both equal to Mars in arms—with ardor, wish each other to wound; to urge forward their spears to blood. Æneas, first, threw his lance, on the king. He saw and shunned the gleaming death. In vain flew the spear, from his hand robust. Fixed in earth, it, quivering, remained.

Idomeneus struck the brave Oenomaus. Below his breast fell the eager lance. Through the hollow corslet it passed; and mixed, with his entrails, behind. Down dropt the chief, in the dust: And graspt the earth, in the palm of his hand. Idomeneus drew his spear, from the dead. But his other, beauteous arms, he could not tear, from his shoulders broad: For much was he urged, by the darts of the foe. His limbs failed the king, as he rushed. He, neither his own spear could regain: Nor yet avoid the lance of a foe. In standing fight, he turned away—the deaths, which were flying around. Nor, equal now to flight itself—could his limbs bear the hero from war. Slowly he began to retreat. Deiphobus launched forward his lance: For odious, ever, was the king to his soul. But, then, also, he strayed from his life. On Ascalaphus fell the spear. Oir the son of the furious Mars. Through his shoulder passed the swift steel. Down dropt the chief, in the dust: And graspt the earth, in his dying hand.

Nor yet heard impetuous Mars—that his son fell in dismal fight. On the brow of high Olympus, he sat, beneath his golden clouds. He sat, detained by Jove's commands: Where, the other immortal gods remained—remote from forbidden war.—O'er the fallen Ascalaphus, hand to hand, they urge the fight. Deiphobus from the head of the slain, withdrew, in haste, the shining helm. But Meriones, equal to furious Mars, bounding forward, struck his arm with the spear. Down dropt the helm from his hand: Harshly sounding, as it rolled, on the ground. Again the hero bounds amain, like a vulture that darts,

on her prey. He withdraws the spear, from the arm. To the troop of his friends flies the foe. His brother, the valiant Polites—raised up the chief, in both his arms. He bore him beyond the sounding limits of fight—to his fleet steeds, that stood behind. Beyond the tumult of battle they stood; with their driver and polished car. To the city they bore the chief, deeply-groaning, with his pain: And dark rushed the blood, from the newly-inflicted wound.

THE other warriors urge the fight. Loud clamour ascends the sky. Æneas rushing forward, with rage—slew Aphareus, the son of Calëtor. Through the throat, as he looked away, passed the brazen point of the spear. The head, to the other side, inclined; weighed down on his shield with the helm. Bleeding dropt the chief in the dust. Destructive death involves him round. Antilochus, observing Thoon, turning his back, on the foe—wounded him behind, with his spear. In twain, he cut the vein, that runs—down the back from the neck, behind. This, through and through, the hero cut. In the dust fell the slain: Stretching forth his dying hands to his friends.

ANTILOCUS rushed, with speed, on the foe. Looking round, he drew off his bright arms. The Trojans stood near, with their spears. Blow succeeds blow, on his shield. Spear rushes with spear, on the chief. But impervious to wounds he remains. The earth-shaking Neptune protects the youth. The son of Nestor the power defends: Amid the storm of flying darts. Nor apart from the foe, was he seen. He, ever, strayed, through their martial lines.

He ceased not from the deadly lance. It always quivered in his hand. Ever ready was the chief in his soul; to throw the gleaming death: Or, hand to hand, to urge the fight.

ADAMAS, the son of Asius, observed the youth, as he spoiled the slain. Resolved, he rushed forth, from the crowd; and struck the center of his shield, with the spear. Hand to hand he urged the lance. Blue-haired Neptune broke its point, on the shield—refusing the hero's life to the foe. Half remained, like a stake, in the shield: Half, lay broken, on the ground. To the line of his friends he shrinks back—avoiding the death he fears. Meriones pursued his flight with his spear. Below the navel, he struck him with force: Where death enters, with fatal ease. In that part, the chief fixed his lance. HE, throbbing, followed the spear, in his fall: Like a bull, which, aloft, on his hills, the cow-herds tie, with many bonds. Unwilling, he is dragged along: He struggles and heaves, in their hands. Thus, throbb'd, for a moment, the youth: Till the hero drew his spear, from the wound. His soul followed the steel to the light. Darkness covered his eyes in death.

HELENUS slew the warlike Deïpyrus. On his temple fell the large, Thracian sword. Cleft was the helmet in twain. On the earth rung the echoing brass. An Argive seized it, as it rolled—stained, with blood, through the feet of the foes. Breathless the warrior sunk. Shadowy night rose over his eyes. Grief seized the brave son of Atreus:—Menelaus, renowned in arms, was sad. He advanced, threatening death to the king—to the hero, the prudent Helenus. High he shook the spear in his hand. The

Trojan bent the horns of his bow. At once, to each other, they rushed. One wished to launch the sharp spear: The other to wing the shaft from the string. The son of Priam the combat began. He struck the breast of the chief, with the shaft. On the hollow of his corslet it fell. Broken the barbed arrow rebounds. As when, from the large winnowing fan, in the wide threshing floor of the golden Ceres—the dark beans or the vetches rebound—before the shrill blast, which the winnower has raised amain. Thus from the breast of the king—from Menelaus, elated with fame; broken, the arrow returned, and flew wide, in fragments, on earth.

THEN the son of Atreus advanced. HE struck the hand of the chief, with his spear: The hand, which held the polished bow. Through and through, passed the brazen lance: And nailed to the bow his hand. To the troop of his friends he retreats: Avoiding death from the foe. Bleeding, hung his hand by his side: Dragging the ashen spear along. The mighty Agenor withdrew the lance; and, wrapping in wool the wound: He hung the arm of the chief in a sling. The sling a faithful servant gave; who followed the shepherd of his people, to war.

RIGHT, on the great Menelaus, the gallant Pisander advanced. Dread fate led the chief along. He hastened to the goal of death. To thee he came, O Menelaus; to fall in blood, in the tumult of arms. When toward each other, approached the chiefs, plunging forward, in dreadful strife: The son of Atreus strayed, from the foe; his spear flew wide, from the mark. Pisander struck the shield of the king. Nor, through, passed the steely point. The broad buckler sustained the shock. Broken, the spear

fell in twain. In his soul, the hapless warrior rejoiced. His hopes to victory arose. The sons of Atreus drew his sword, distinguished with silver studs. He rushed forward, on Pisander. The chief, from behind his shield, a beauteous battle-ax took. Bright shone the steely head. The handle of olive was formed: Long, smooth and fit for the grasp. At once fell the blows of the eager chiefs. Pisander struck the horse-hair crest of his foe. Near the highest plume fell the ax. The son of Atreus, as the Trojan advanced—drove his point, between the forehead and nose. Down dropt both his eye-balls to earth; and rolled, bloody, along the dust. Doubled was the corse, as it fell. The foe placed his foot, on the breast of the slain. He despoiled the dead of his arms: And gloried, thus, o'er him, aloud:

“ THUS, at length, shall ye leave the tents—the hollow ships of the car-borne Argives! O treaty-breaking Trojans! Insatiable of slaughter and blood! Nor your late breach of faith was your first. Not unstained, till then, were your souls: For great, before, were my wrongs, from your hands! Nor you, regard, within your breasts—the roused rage of high-thundering Jove: The avenging wrath of the hospitable god. Yet, soon, shall he stretch forth his hand; and level your lofty city with dust. My virgin spouse you seized by force. By force, you bore my wealth away. Unprovoked, uninjured you bore her to Troy: Though, with friendship, received, in her halls. Now you come, in arms, to our camp: Our ships you wish to burn, with fire;—to give our hopes of return to flames: To lay our heroes slain in their blood! But your progress, at length,

shall be checked: Though wildly furious, for the fight."

"O father Jove! In wisdom—they say—thou far-excell'st both men and gods. O'er the world thine empire extends. Yet all these ills proceed from thee: For, the wicked thou aid'st in war. Thou indulgest the Trojans unjust: Men, whose souls delight in force—who are never glutted, with blood: Whose pastime is slaughter and war. In every thing there is a mean—in sleep, in the joys of love, in the soft sound of the pleasing song, in the steps of the graceful dance. All these please others much more, than the labours of ruinous war. The Trojans, alone, love ceaseless strife. THEY, only, are insatiate in blood."

Thus saying, the king gave the arms, all-stained, with blood to his friends. To the battle, again, he returned: And mixed, with death, in the front of the line. Then bounded on the hero in arms, Harpalion the son of Pylæmenes. The youth had followed his father beloved, to urge battle, at sacred Troy. He came; but he never returned, to the loved fields of his native land. The shield of the son of Atreus, in the center, he struck with the spear. Near the hero he stood: But he drove not the lance, through the brass. Back to his friends the youth retreats: Avoiding death, from the foe. Cautious, he turned his eyes around: To shun the darts, that flew amain. Meriones dismissed, on his flight, a fatal arrow, barbed with steel. On the right hip, he struck the chief. Through and through, passed the eager shaft: Issuing forth, near the bladder, before. Sinking down, in the place, in death: he slowly fell in the arms, of his friends. He,

writhing, poured his soul away. Stretched, on earth, like a worm, he lay. The dark blood rushed amain, from the wound: And moistened the dust, as it ran. Grieving, they placed the youth, on his car; and bore him dead to sacred Troy. Behind, followed slowly his father; pouring forth his tears, as he moved. No hopes of vengeance, for his son, suggests itself to his mournful soul.

PARIS is enraged at his fall. Revenge kindles, along his mind. He had been the guest of Harpalion, in Paphlagonia's peopled land. For this, rose the wrath of the chief. He threw, with force, his brazen spear. A youth there was, by name, Euchenor—the son of, Polyidus, the seer: Rich in means, undaunted in fight;—who dwelt in the high-built Corinth. No stranger to his dismal fate, he was borne, in his ship, o'er the main. Often had the aged seer—Polyidus, enlightened in soul, foretold his double fate to his son: That, either by some dire disease, he was destined to perish at home;—or, to fall, by the hands of the Trojans, at the hollow ships of the Argive powers. At once, he shunned disgrace and disease. Sudden death he preferred to pain: And urged the willing battle at Troy. Him he struck, beneath the ear. Straight, flew his soul, from his limbs: And horrid darkness involved him, around.

THUS, the foes fought amain, like the rage of devouring fire. Nor Hector, beloved of Jove, yet heard—that, far to the left—his troops, were falling, by the hands of the Argives. Nor the flight had yet reached his ears: Nor victory inclining to Greece. Such aid, the earth-shaking God, had given to the Argive powers. He urged them forward to the fight: And added

his force to their rage. In arms the godlike Hector fought, where, first, he broke the wall and the gate : When he broke, with his deadly lance, the deep ranks of the yielding foe. The godlike hero urged the fight—at the ships of Ajax and great Protesilaus : Where they lay, on the sounding shore, by the waves of the foamy main. There, lowest, was built the wall : As the bravest were there encamped. There the Bœotians placed their tents, the long-robed Iæones were there :—The Locrians, the warlike Phthians, the Epeï, illustrious in arms. THEY repelled his dreadful course from the ships : But, from themselves they could not repel the chief : Hector, equal to the gods, a wide-wasting flame, in the fight.

THE chosen chiefs of Athens stood, the foremost in the front of the line. First in command is Menestheus, the son of illustrious Peteus. Behind the hero, stood his friends : Phidas, Stichius and Bias renowned. O'er the Epeï spreads their sway, great Meges the son of Phyleus, Amphion and Dracius, unequalled in arms. Medon and the warlike Podârces, stood before the Phthians, in arms. Medon was the brother of Ajax, the son of Oïleus, the divine. In Phylacè the hero dwelt, far from his native land. His step-mother's brother, he slew ;—the brother of fair Eriöpis, the spouse of the godlike Oïleus. But Podârces was the son of the great Phylacian Iphiclus. Both the chiefs stood, bright in their arms, before the ranks of the warlike Phthians. They defended the ships of the Argives : Joining with Bœotia their swords.

NOR, from the great Telamonian Ajax, strayed, in fight, the swift race of Oïleus. Side by

side, the heroes fought: Like two dark bulls of equal force, when they draw forward the well-joined plough, along the fallowed grounds. On their foreheads, by the roots of their horns, the copious sweat bursts forth amain. Divided only by the yoke, their distance, ever equal they keep. Along the furrow slow they move: And, behind them, cleave the earth, with the share. Thus, joined together in the fight, side by side, the heroes moved. Many and valiant youths, in arms, followed the steps of the elder Ajax. With joint force, they sustained his broad shield, when his arm was unbraced with toil; and sweat wandered o'er all his limbs.

BUT his Locrians advance not close to the foe, behind the gallant son of the great Oileus. In standing fight consists not their force. On their heads, no brazen helmets arose: Nor waved, aloft, their horse-hair crests. They bore no round shields on their arms: They shook no ashen spears in their hands. Trusting to their crooked bows, to their slings formed of yielding wool, they followed their chief, from afar—to wake battle round sacred Troy. At distance stood the warriors behind, and broke the foe, with the far-sent war. The two Ajaces stood, in the front, bright-covered, with all their arms. Hand to hand they fought with Troy—with mighty Hector, armed in steel. The Locrians, concealed in the rear, poured death from their slings and bows. The Trojans galled, with their frequent shafts, stood, unmindful of bloody fight. Then had slaughter raged amain: Then the Trojans had quitted the ships—and urged their broken flight o'er the plain—to Ilium, exposed to the winds:—If

Polydamas had not approached: and, thus, addressed the daring Hector:

“THOU know’st not, Hector, to yield in aught. Counsel, thou ever contemn’st. Since god has made thee brave in fight: and illustrious, in the toils of the field: In all thou wishest, all to excel; in council, as well as in arms. But thou, though great, unequal art—to enjoy each perfection, alone. To one, the gods have given to know—the dreadful works of glorious war: To another, the graceful dance: To a third, the song and the lyre. In the breasts of some, high-thundering Jove has placed souls, for wisdom renowned. THEY, o’er all others, ascend. Mankind reap the fruits of their thoughts. States and cities they preserve. They, who wisdom possess, know its value the most.”

“BUT now I will unfold my mind—and speak, what seems best to my soul. Around thee, Hector, on every side; burns the wasteful circle of war. The Trojans, since the wall they have passed: Some, in all their arms, retire, some urge the fight on the foe. The few with the many contend. Our force is dispersed, o’er the ships. But thou, awhile, retire, O chief! Call the nobles to council behind. Let us weigh the whole, in our thoughts: And turn the best advice, on the foe. At once, let our souls resolve: Whether to rush, on the hollow ships—if god should grant success to our arm—or whether, to retreat, without loss, from the tents, from the navy of Argos. Much I dread, O chief, in my soul, that the Greeks will amply repay—the debt, which they owe to our arms. Still, at their hollow ships, remains, a hero

insatiate in war. Nor will he long, I deem, in his wrath, abstain from the bloody fight."

THUS great Polydamas spoke. The prudent counsel pleased Hector divine. Straight he leapt from his car, on the ground, in all the sound of all his arms. I return, he spoke aloud to the chief: And, thus, with winged words, began:—"Polydamas!" the hero said. Retain, here, all the bravest in fight. But I will, thither, bend my steps: And meet the coming war, as it rolls. Straight, I will return to thine aid: When my orders shall have passed, o'er the line."—He spoke: And rushed large along, like a mountain covered over with snow. Loud swelled his voice, as he moved, through the Trojans and their allies, in war. They crowd, at the voice of the chief, round the godlike son of Panthous—Polydamas of valour beloved.

Hector moved, along the front. He called, by name, his godlike friends: Deiphobus, the strength of Helenus, Adamas and Asius renowned. He called the chiefs, they answered not. He sought—they were found no more. Beneath the hands of the Argives, some, breathless, lay, at the hollow ships: Some wounded, or with shafts or with spears, lay in Ilium exposed to the winds. Far in the left of the dismal fight, he found Alexander divine—the spouse of the long-haired Helen. He added vigour to the souls of his friends: And urged his people, to the fight. Near the warrior Hector stood; and, thus, with bitter words began:

Ill-fated Paris! First in form! Specious deceiver of maids! Where is the brave Deiphobus? Where the strength of king Helenus?

What hast thou with Adamas done? What with Asius, Hyrtacus' son? Where is the great Othryoneus? Lofty Ilium now falls from its base: And certain ruin hovers over thy head."

To him Paris of form divine: "Since, O Hector, it seems good to thy soul, to blame the guiltless; and unjustly to rage. At times, I might have ceased from the fight: Though, my mother brought me forth to the light, not wholly timid or feeble in soul. But since, before their hollow ships, thou hast waked the dreadful fight: Here have we stood, in our arms, and urged the ceaseless war, on the foe. But the friends, whom thou call'st are slain. Two only still breathe the air: Deïphobus and the strength of Helenus. The hand of each has been pierced, with the spear. But Jove turned fate away from their lives. But thou, lead us, Hector, along. Wherever thou bid'st, we attend. With ready souls we will follow thy steps. Nor, deem I, that our valour will fail. Proportioned to our strength we fight. Beyond it, belongs not to men."

Thus spoke the warrior divine. He bent, at once, his brother's soul. Tall, they took their rapid way, where most flamed the fight, o'er the line. To the place, where Cebriones fought; where Polydamas renowned: Where Phalces, where the brave Orthæus, and Polyphætès the divine;—where Palmys, stately Ascanius, and Morys, Hippotion's son. The day preceding, came the youths, in their turn; from the pleasant fields of the fertile Ascania: Now Jove urged them forward to fight.

As when the rushing blast of the veering winds—beneath the red bolt of our father, Jove,

—assails, at once, the echoing world. With dreadful tumult they mix the main. Wild heave, at large, the waves—o'er the wide back of the deep-roaring sea. Sworn and whitened o'er with foam, successive roll the billows along. Thus advanced, successive, the Trojans. Thus troop, its armed troop pursued. Gleaming in steel, they advanced. Before each squadron strode its chief. Hector, far the first, came on, equal to Mars, the destroyer of armies. Before him, he raised the round orb of his shield; formed of hides and thick-plated with brass. Bright nodded his lofty helm, on his brows. From side to side, the hero strode. He searched for a breach in the deep-formed lines, as tall, he stalked behind his shield. But he disturbed not the souls of the Argives: And great Ajax defied him to arms; stretching forward his mighty strides.

“Doughty warrior!” he said, “Approach! Why frighten'st thou, thus, the Argives? Nor unskilled are our hands in the fight: Subdued only, by the scourge of great Jove. Much thou hop'st, from thy inmost soul, to take, to destroy these ships. Yet still we have hands to oppose—to turn thee away in thy course. But sooner shall the well-peopled Troy, be taken—be destroyed by the Argive powers. The time, Hector, approaches with speed, when thou, flying over the field—shalt stretch thy suppliant hands to father Jove—to all the immortal gods—praying that thy high-maned steeds, may outstrip the swift wing of the hawk: When they bear thee to high-walled Troy, rousing the dust o'er the field.”

Thus, as the hero spoke: To the right flew the bird of Jove: A strong-winged eagle, soaring

high, in his own dark clouds. The Argives shouted o'er the lines: Confirmed, by the omen divine. But illustrious Hektor replied:—"Idle boaster! Heavy warrior! What words have escaped from thy lips? Would I were as much the son of Ægis-bearing Jove. Would! that Juno, revered, brought me forth: Would! that honoured, I were like Pallas, or far shooting Phoebus: As that this fatal day, shall cover with destruction your host. Nor shalt THOU, vain boaster, escape. THOU shalt fall, amidst thy falling friends: Should'st thou dare to await my long spear. Soon will it tear thy soft body; and give thee, a prey to the dogs of Troy.—Thou shalt fatten, with thy fat, our vultures—slain at the ships of the Argives."

THUS he spoke and led on his host. The warriors followed their chief, amain. Loud tumult is spread o'er the field. Wild clamour ascends, behind. The Argives shouted aloud: Nor forgot they their strength, in the fight. They waited, firmly, the deep-rushing Trojans. The noise of both ascended the skies: To the splendid halls of high-thundering Jove.

THE  
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H O M E R.  
BOOK XIV.

NOR unheard is the clamour by Nestor, though cheering his soul with wine. To the son of Æsculapius, with winged words, the hero began: "Hark! O Machaon divine! What shouts ascend, on the winds! Louder swells the tumult of arms: The voice of young warriors engaged in fight. But thou, repose thy wearied limbs. Recruit thy soul, with the dark-red wine: While the tepid bath is prepared, by Hecamèdè with lovely locks. HER fair hand shall wash the blood, from thy wound: Whilst I some height ascend; and view the battle, that rolls around."

HE spoke: And took the shield of his son—of Thrasymèdes, the breaker of steeds. Bright

lay the brazen orb in the tent. The youth raised, in battle, his father's shield. He grasps the strong spear in his hand. The steely point glittered wide, as he moved. Without the tent, the hero stood. Shameful was the sight he beheld. The Argives, broken, in flight. The Trojans pursuing amain. Fierce the foe in his wrath. The wall of the Argives levelled with earth!

As when the vast ocean grows black, o'er the face of its silent waters; prescient, of the coming storm—the rapid course of the whistling winds. Dark it heaves, along its bounds, but knows not whither to roll its waves: Before, some wind, confirmed, descends—from the mansions of father Jove. Thus doubtful in soul was the aged. Divided was his anxious mind: Whether to rush into the line; to aid the Argives, in fight:—Or to turn his steps to the king—to the shepherd of his people, Atrides. Whilst this he revolved in his thoughts, at length, it seemed best to his soul, to turn his steps to the great Atrides.—Death flies, amain, from side to side. With mutual wounds fall the foes in fight. Harsh sounds the solid brass, on their breasts. To the swords it rings—to the spears, that fall, unceasing, from either line.

ON Nestor's course came forward the kings: The sacred children of thundering Jove. The wounded ascended, from their ships. The godlike son of warlike Tydeus. The great Ulysses also advanced, and Agamemnon, the son of Atreus. Remote from battle were the ships of the kings. They lay on the verge of the foamy main. The first line were dragged far in the plain: and near their sterns was built

the wall. Nor could the whole shore, though wide, contain, side by side, the vessels of Greece. The army was confined in space. In two rows they drew the ships on the shore. They filled the long bay, o'er its range. From cape to cape, the navy lay. The kings, therefore, were distant from war. They came forward, leaning each on his spear. Much they wished to view the tumult of fight. -- Much grieved they all, from their souls. The aged Nestor advanced on their course. Sudden terror struck the kings of the Argives. Loud swelled the voice of Atreides; as, thus, to the hero, he spoke:

“O NESTOR, son of Neleus! Greatest glory of Achaia in arms! Why hast thou left the bloody field? Why, the fight, that destroys mankind? Much I dread, O chief, from my soul—that Hector will his promise perform: His haughty threats, midst assembled Troy. He promised, not to return to Ilium, exposed to the winds: Till fire should consume our ships—till the Argives should fall by his spear. This, in council, he spoke: And HE, I deem, will the whole perform. But, O ye ever-living gods! who, so wretched as I of mankind! Sure, the other warlike Argives—sure all have placed wrath, in their souls! Against ME, like Achilles, they rage. They lose their safety, in their revenge, and will not fight, for their own hollow ships.”

To him, the aged Nestor replied: “Sure, misfortune rages amain: Nor, now, can high-thundering Jove himself repair the mischiefs already done. Levelled with the ground is the wall. The strength, in which we trusted is fallen. The bulwark of our ships is no more. No defence remains for the host. Before our navy,

at our tents—with stubborn souls, they sustain the fight. Perils threaten, from every side, nor couldst thou know—beholding all; on which quarter, we most are pressed. So promiscuous is death on the field: Such clamour ascends the sky. But let us weigh all in our souls. Let us seek some resource from woe. Let us try if counsel can aid. Nor I advise the kings to fight. —Battle suits not the wounded in war.”

“NESTOR!” the king of men replied; “Since, at the sterns of our ships they fight;—since the wall avails us no more;—nor the foss, which we sunk around. Since the Argives have toiled in vain: Since the bulwark of the navy is lost; and no defence remains to the army:—Our fall is decreed by the gods. It seems good to all-powerful Jove—that the Greeks should perish at Troy—far from Argos, their native land. There was a time when he favoured the Argives: But now his heavenly will is changed. He aids, in all, the sons of Troy: And covers them, like gods, with renown. Our souls, he presses down with woe. He chains our very hands, in the fight.”

“BUT, listen, O chiefs, to my voice. Obey the dictates of my soul. Let us draw off the first line of our ships—those that lie next to the sea. Let us launch them all with speed, into the waves of the spacious main. At anchor, on the deep, let them ride; till night shall cover the world with shades: If even, in the shades of night, the Trojans will from battle abstain. Then, protected in the gloom, the whole navy, we may launch to the main. Nor worthy of blame are the Argives, to fly from evil, through the shadows of night. More prudent is HE,

who evil shuns; than the man, who awaits its approach."

STERNLY turning his eyes on the king, the wise Ulysses replied: "Son of Atreus," he said: "What words have escaped, from thy lips? O lost to every sense of shame! Would! that, o'er some cowardly host—not o'er us, whom, from our youth—to the distant limits of fading age—great Jove has given wholly to war;—to fight, to conquer, to die!—Hast THOU then resolved, in thy soul, to leave the wide-streeted city of sacred Troy? Forsak'st thou thus the price of toil? The boom, for which so long we fought? Speak low: Lest some Argive should hear. Repress words, that bear disgrace, in their sound. Words! unworthy of a man, whose soul is not to reason lost: But more unworthy of a king—a sceptre-bearing prince, like thee: Whom so brave, so many troops—whom Argos, o'er her nations obeys."

"THY counsel I dislike in all. Imprudence thou hast joined to disgrace. Thou advisest in the midst of the fight—when every spear is stretched forth to blood!—Thou advisest to launch the ships! To crowd with our vessels the main! What more could the Trojans require? What better fortune could they join to success? Dreadful ruin would all assail: And death stalk amain, through the host. Nor the Argives the fight would sustain: Whilst the ships are launched to the main. Back, they would look from the war: And quit, with tumult, the strife of arms. Then thy counsel a host would destroy; O leader of the nations in arms!"

"O ULYSSES!" replied the king. "Thy just reproof has touched my heart. Severe are thy

words, O chief! Nor I would force unwilling Greece—to launch her dark ships to the main. But, now, I wish, from my soul—to hear some more wholesome advice: Whether from young or from old it comes. Mine ears are open to all.”

To him, Diomedes, renowned in fight: “The man thou demand’st is near. Far thou need’st not stray for counsel: If the chiefs will my words obey;—if they will not despise my advice, as younger, far, than them, in years. But not ignoble is my race; nor yet the father, from whom I have sprung. Renowned o’er the nations is Tydeus, whom earth has covered at sacred Thebes. To Porthus were born three gallant sons: Who dwelt in Pleuron, in Calydon exposed to the winds. The first was Agrius, Melas the next, the third, Oeneus, the breaker of steeds. Oeneus the father of Tydeus: Who, in valour, o’er his brothers arose. The chief dwelt, in his native land: My father, remote in Argos. A wanderer, his country he left: So willed the gods and father Jove. The hero the daughter of Adrastus espoused. Great the wealth, which was stowed in his halls. Rich he was in fertile fields; both fruitful in wheat and the vine. Fair-blossomed his gardens around: White, wandered his flocks, on the hills. But in arms he mankind excelled: The sons of Argos, in skill at the spear.”

“DESPISE me NOT, as sprung from a race—obscure in peace and unknown in arms: Despise not the counsel I give. I deem, that the best I advise. Proceed. Let us haste to the fight. Though wounded, let us move to the field. Beyond the flight of darts, let us stand: Lest wound should be added to wound. Let us urge others, forward, to fight. Let our words

give the aid, which our arms deny. Those, who stand apart, let us urge: And push onward the sluggish in war."

HE spoke: And the heroes obeyed. Right forward they held their way. The king of men precedes them all. Nor unseen, by a god, they moved. The world-surrounding Neptune beheld; and came forward on the course of the chiefs. In form, he seemed a man in years. He seized the hand of the son of Atreus: And, thus, aloud, with winged words, he began: "Son of Atreus!" he said. "Now, the haughty heart of Achilles—bounds, within his bosom, with joy. With ravished eyes, he, now, beholds—the slaughter and flight of the Argives. Without a soul is the dreadful chief;—or cursed with an unfeeling soul! But let him perish in his crimes: Let the gods wrap him round, with disgrace. Nor averse to thee are the gods: They have not 'turned their favour to Troy. Soon shall thine eyes, O king, behold, the daring leaders of the foe: Involving their flight, in clouds of dust; as they urge their cars, o'er the plain. Soon shall thine eyes, O king, behold—the Trojans flying, from the navy and tents."

HE spoke; and swelled his dreadful voice, as roused, he rushed from sight, o'er the plain: Loud, as the voice of thousands in fight—of ten thousand warriors in arms: When they raise their joint shout to the skies, rolling forward the battles of Mars. So loud from his mouth divine, rose the voice of the earth-shaking god. He poured strength into every heart. The Argives were inspired, o'er their lines; with ceaseless ardour, to urge the fight.

THE golden-throned Juno, from heaven—turned her large-rolling eyes, on the world. She

stood on the top of Olympus. She beheld HIM busy in war. She beheld her brother, in the fight of renown: And o'er her heavenly soul, she rejoiced. On the lofty summits of streamy Ida, her eyes met Jove, in his cloud. She saw the high favourer of Troy: And unpleasing was the sight, to her soul. Anxious rolled her thoughts, o'er her mind. Much the revered queen of heaven—wished to deceive the soul of Ægis-bearing Jove. At length, it seemed best to her mind; to urge her way to the cloud-covered Ida, after decking with care her charms. She hoped to raise soft desire, in his soul: To surprize him, with her beauty, to love: To melt the god, in the glow of her charms. That, when languid, within her white arms, pleasing sleep might his eye-lids invade; and repose shade his prudence divine.

To her chamber divine moved the queen: The work of Vulcan, her son beloved. To solid pillars he fitted its doors: Which opened wide with a secret key. No other god could the chamber disclose. She entered, with stately grace: And closed, behind her, the glittering door. First, she bathed, in ambrosial streams—her fair limbs, of proportion divine. O'er her beauteous body she poured, rich oil, so sweet to the smell; that its fragrance—from the mansions of Jove—reached earth, and spread over the skies.

WHEN, with THIS essence divine—she anointed her beauteous form. She combed her long hair: With her hands, she placed in order her shining locks. Beauteous, and lovely they flowed, from the immortal head of the queen. Her robe divine, she peured around: The work of Pallas, high-laboured with art. In its heavenly textur she

wove many figures to ravish the eye. This she bound beneath her white breast—with golden clasps, that shone afar. She girt her waist, with a precious zone: Enriched, with an hundred tassels of purest gold. The beauteous pendants hung, bright, from her ears. In each three gems beamed forth to the view; and spread, around her, a grace divine. Her radiant charms she concealed, with a veil: Lately made, shining forth like the sun. At length, on her beauteous feet, her heavenly shoes the goddess bound.

Thus, adorned, o'er her person divine, she issued forth, in her stately charms. Calling her, apart from the gods, she, thus, addressed the golden Venus: "Will my daughter beloved," she said; "grant, in aught, the request of Juno? Wilt thou grant to my prayers a boon? Or must I be denied, in thy rage: As the Argives I favour in arms—and thou giv'st thine aid to the Trojans?"—"O Juno! O goddess revered!" replied the fair daughter of Jove. "Bright race of tremendous Saturn! Unfold the desire of thy soul. My mind bids me thy voice to obey; if to obey, I have the power: If thy request can be granted by Venus."

Thus—hiding deceit in her soul—replied the daughter of mighty Saturn:—"Give that loveliness, that alluring desire, by which thou subduest all the gods: And o'er mortals extendest thy sway. I go to visit afar, the utmost bounds of the bounteous earth: To Ocean, the father of gods—to Tethys, the mother of all. THEY reared me, with care, in their halls; receiving the charge from Rhea: When Jove, in his own thunder clad, threw Saturn beneath the earth—beneath the waste waves of the main. To visit THEM, I take my way; to compose the bitter

jars, which divide their souls. Long, have they, abstained, in their rage, from the joys of all-pleasing love. Should I soothe, with my words, their wrath; and persuade them to return to their loves: Great would be the honour to Juno; much would she be revered, by them both!"

To the queen replied, in her turn—the bright goddess of charming smiles: "It becomes not— I must not refuse—the boon, which thy soul demands: In the arms of all-powerful Jove, thou, sleep'st, O goddess, in all thy charms!" —She spoke; and, from her heaving bosom, loosed the various girdle with care. **THERE** contained were her soul-winning charms. **THERE** was love, **THERE** melting desire: **THERE**, of lovers the tender vows. The pleasing flattery was **THERE**; which takes, by stealth, the souls of the wise. This she placed, in the hands of the queen; and, thus, again, began: "Take this girdle," she said. "Hide it, in thy bosom, from view. Take this various zone, replete with all my alluring charms. Take it—Nor, I deem, shalt thou fail—to complete the desires of thy soul."

**SHE** spoke: The queen of heaven smiled; and, smiling, pressed to her bosom, the zone. To the halls of high-thundering Jove, returned, with speed, the golden Venus. Juno hastened her flying steps, from Olympus involved in clouds. O'er sacred Piëria she glides; o'er Emathia's pleasing fields. Aloft, she is borne along, o'er the snow-clad summits of all the hills—which rear their white heads in Thrace—the mother of warlike steeds. O'er these the goddess took her way; nor touched the earth, with her feet, as she moved. From Athos she descended; on winds, to the broad back of the billowy main.

To sacred Lemnos she came—to the city of Thoas divine. There she accosted Sleep, the twin-brother of silent Death. She took the dark power, by the hand—and, thus, addressed him by name:

“O SLEEP!” she began: “King of gods and of mortal men! If, heretofore, thou listened'st to Juno: If her words found grace, in thine ear:—now, also, grant my request. Gain, for ever, my favour divine. Close, in slumber, beneath his lids, the eyes refulgent of thundering Jove. Straight, invade the languid god, when he melts, in love, in mine arms. Nor unpaid shall this service remain. A beauteous throne, unfading, of gold—the work of Vulcan my son—shall be thine. The high-laboured work of the god; with a footstool of splendid form;—on which thy graceful feet may rest, when thou indulgest in the joys of the feast.”

PLEASING Sleep replied to the queen: “O Juno, O goddess revered! Daughter of mighty Saturn! Spouse of high-thundering Jove! With ease I could lull, to repose, any other of all the powers: Even the strong-rushing streams of the Ocean—the parent of all the gods. But I, nor to Jove will approach: Nor close, in slumber, his eyes, till he issues his high commands. I reflect, in my soul, on the past. I gather wisdom from thy former requests! On the day, when the great son of Jove, from Ilium, raised his sails on the main: When he laid waste, resistless in arms, the lofty city of sacred Troy. Then I stole on the wakeful lids of Ægis-bearing Jove: And softly poured myself on his mind. But secret mischief lay hid in thy soul. The blustering tempest arose at thy nod; and rolled, together, the echoing main. Thou turned'st

the chief from his course; to the well-peopled island of Cöos: Far remote from his friends beloved. Jove wakened, in all his rage. On each other, he rolled the gods. ME, the most, he sought, in his wrath. ME, lost to heaven, he had hurled to the main: But night, the subduer of gods and of men, saved me, in my flight, from his hand. To her, I fled, in distress. He restrained himself in his rage. The god revered the sacred night: Nor, in aught, would her soul offend. Yet again thou hast urged thy request; and would'st my former perils renew."

To him, awful Juno replied, rolling her large eyes, on the power. "O Sleep!" she began to the god. "Why roll such thoughts o'er thy mind? Deem'st THOU, that high-thundering Jove, so much favours the warriors of Troy;— as he favoured his own gallant son, great Hercules, equal to gods? But thou, attend on my steps. The youngest Grace I will give to thine arms. Pasithæ shall be called thy spouse: She, whom, ever, thou hast loved from thy soul."

SHE spoke: Sleep rejoiced, at her words. "Come then," he said: "Come, goddess, and swear: By the sacred waters of Styx—the inviolable oath of the gods. Touch, with one hand, the fruitful earth: With the other, the waves of the main. That the gods may bear witness to all—the gods, who dwell, in darkness, with aged Saturn: That, the youngest Grace, thou wilt give to mine arms;— That Pasithæ my spouse shall be called: She whom I, ever, have loved from my soul."

HE spoke: Nor, in aught, disobeyed the white-armed daughter of Saturn. She swore—as commanded the god: By all the powers that dwell, under the earth—whom men the horrid Titans have named. But, when her promise

she, with oaths, had confirmed; they both took their way, on the winds: Leaving Lemnos and rocky Imbros. Involved, in thick darkness, they flew. Soon their journey the powers performed. They came to the streamy Ida, the mother of all that is wild. To the summit of Lactos they came: Having left the broad back of the main. O'er the land glided forward the powers. Beneath their light feet shook, with awe—the lofty tops of the waving groves, THERE Sleep remained involved in shades: Avoiding the piercing eyes of Jove. He took his seat, in a lofty pine, the largest, that rose on Ida. Wide spread its broad top to the skies. There he sat, deep-shrowded with boughs, in form, like the shrill-screaming bird—whom the gods, on his native hills, call Chalcis—but mortal men Cymindis.

JUNO ascended the winds, with speed, to the cloudy summits of lofty Ida. To Gargarus the goddess came. She met the eyes of the storm-ruling Jove. When he beheld the queen in her charms; soft desire veiled his prudent soul. Such desire as had flamed in his breast: When first they mixed, in secret love;—when they entered the inmost chamber, unknown to their parents beloved. Before her rose the eager god, Thus he spoke to his stately spouse: “Juno, whither tends thy speed? Why com'st thou, from Olympus, alone? Where is thy car and where thy steeds—wont to bear thee along, on the winds?”

THUS—hiding deceit in her soul—replied Juno with snow-white arms: “I go to visit, afar, the utmost bounds of the fruitful earth: To Ocean, the father of gods—to Tethys, the mother of all. THEY reared me, with care, in

their halls. To visit THEM, I bend my way :  
 To compose the bitter jars, which divide their  
 souls, Long have they abstained, in their rage,  
 from the joys of all-pleasing love. At the foot  
 of the streamy Ida, stand, involved in darkness,  
 my steeds: Ready to bear me o'er earth—o'er  
 the waves of the hoary main. Thy consent to  
 obtain, I came—from broad Olympus, with  
 brows of snow. To prevent thy rage I came :  
 Lest wrath might invade thy soul; should I  
 take, in secret, my way, to the halls of deep-  
 rolling Ocean."

To her the high ruler of storms: "O Juno!  
 some other time, urge thither, thy rapid way.  
 But let us now dissolve in love: Give all our  
 souls to its joys. Never did such fierce desire  
 —for goddess nor for mortal dame, pour its  
 lambent flame round my heart—as that which,  
 now, subdues my soul. Not when I mixed with  
 the charms of Ixion's glowing spouse: Who  
 bore the valiant Perithous, equal in council, to  
 gods. Not when I Danaë pressed, the fair-  
 limbed daughter of great Acrisius: The mother  
 of godlike Perseus, the most renowned of mortal  
 men. Not thus I burned for the beauteous  
 daughter of Phænix: Who brought forth the  
 prudent Minos—and Rhadamanthus, equal to  
 gods. Nor felt I thus, in my soul, for Semelé  
 —for the Theban Alcmena: This the mother  
 of magnanimous Hercules;—but Semelé bore  
 Bacchus divine, the joy of mortal men. Nor  
 burned I, thus, for stately Ceres, graceful queen,  
 with golden locks: Nor for the splendid charms  
 of Latona; nor even for thy majestic self: As  
 now I feel love in my soul and soft desire per-  
 vading my frame."

To him—hiding art in her soul—replied Juno,

with snow-white arms : “ Impatient son of Saturn ! What words have escaped, from thy lips ?—Here would’st thou yield to pleasing love ? On the summits of streamy Ida ? Where all lies exposed to the skies ? What if some one of the gods should behold thee dissolved, in mine arms ? What—should he call the deathless powers, to such a sight of lasting shame ? Nor I to thy halls would then return—disordered, from thy bed, o’er my charms. Nor I would then return, to meet the scorn of the deathless powers. But if such the desire of thy soul : If this pleases the mind of Jove. A secret chamber is thine above ; built by Vulcan, thy son beloved : Its pillars fitted, with solid doors. Thither let us repair to sleep : Since love pleases the soul of Jove.”

To her the high ruler of storms : “ O Juno ! Fear none of the gods. Nor dread, in this, the eyes of men. I will pour around a cloud of gold. So thick, that the all-piercing Sun, shall not dart, through its darkness, his rays.”—He spoke : The eager son of Saturn threw his arms, round his glowing spouse. The earth divine poured forth, beneath—her freshest flowers to form their bed : The dewy lotos, the crocus of yellow hue. The violet, thick and soft, reared its head ; And heaved, aloft, from earth, the powers. They lay on their fragrant bed. Round them poured their cloud of gold. Their beauteous cloud, from which, distilled the lucid drops of the dew of heaven. Thus the father sunk in repose ; on the summit of his own dark hill. With sleep, with love, he lay subdued : And held his heaving spouse in his arms.

.. DEWY Sleep descends, through the wind, to

the ships of the Argive powers : To bear the news to awful Neptune, who surrounds the world, with his waves. Near the power he darkly stood : And, thus, with winged words began :—“ With spirit assist the Argives. O Neptune, aid the Greeks in the fight. Give them glory : At least, while HE sleeps ; Whilst Jove bends his lids in repose. I poured around him pleasing rest. Him Juno has deceived, with her loves. He lies, folded within her white arms.”—Thus saying, he mixed, with the winds : And bent his course afar, to the illustrious nations of men. Great Neptune, though already prompt—is urged the more to the aid of the Argives. Bounding forward, through their lines, he, thus, roused the warriors to fight ;

“ O ARGIVES !” began the God. “ Shall victory be snatched from our hands ? Shall we yield again to Hector ? Shall he seize the navy of Argos ! Or cover his arms with renown ? Sure, these are the thoughts of his soul. Thus he boasts, as the mighty Achilles lies, in wrath, at his hollow ships. Nor yet is great our want of the chief : Should we, the rest, be roused to arms ;—and lend our mutual aid, o’er the field. But haste. Attend to my words. Obey what my soul suggests. Let the bravest, the stoutest, in fight—take the strongest, broadest shields. Let us place the bright helms, on our heads : Stretch forward the longest spears. Let us advance. Myself will precede : Nor deem I, that the son of Priam—though much the hero is trouz’d o’er his soul—will sustain my approach to the war. Let HIM that is in combat strong, who rears a narrow buckler in fight—resign his shield to a weaker arm : And bear forward a larger orb.”

HE spoke. They listened o'er their lines,  
They all obeyed the voice of the god. The kings  
restore the martial ranks; though wounded  
they form the field: The Son of Tydeus, the  
great Ulysses, and Atrides, the sovereign of  
men. Moving through the forming lines; they  
changed, with their commands, the arms. The  
strong are bestowed, on the strong: The light  
for the feeble, in fight. Now clothed, in all  
their burnished steel, gleaming moves the army  
along. The earth-shaking Neptune, precedes  
the line: Holding, in his mighty hand, a huge,  
a dreadful, shining sword—like the flaming bolt  
of Jove. Nor permitted was the god in fight,  
to stretch his awful sword to blood: But, with  
its terror, it vanquished the brave.

OPPOSED to the god was mighty Hector. HE  
also formed his own firm lines. Then dark  
swelled the war on each side. Both poured it  
forward, with their might;—the blue-haired  
king of the ocean and Hector, illustrious in  
arms. This aided the Trojans in fight: That  
urged the Argives to blood. Behind the tents  
and hollow ships, high-swelled the hoarse waves  
of the main.—They plunge, at once, in dread-  
ful strife: Horrid clamour ascends the sky.  
Nor roar so loud the huge waves of the main,  
when, large, they fall on the echoing shore—  
beneath the fierce blasts of the northern wind.  
Nor so great is the sound of flame—when rush-  
ing, wide through the mountain groves: When  
all the forest sinks, resounding, beneath its  
rage. Not so loud resounds the wind, in the  
leafy tops of the lofty oaks—when the storm  
wings its course, o'er the echoing hills:—Not  
all invade, so loud, the ear, as the clamour of  
the Trojans and Argives: When, roaring,

they rushed to dreadful fight; and poured their whole strength, in the shock.

ILLUSTRIOUS Hector the fight renewed. HE, first, threw his spear on Ajax. Turned forward was the face of the chief. Nor the lance, from his body strayed. It fell; where the two thick belts, each other crossed, on his manly breast. The one sustained his broad shield: The other, his deadly sword. These, now, saved his body from wounds. Dreadful, raged the illustrious Hector: When he saw that his rapid spear flew, in vain, from his mighty hand. Back he turned to the troop of his friends: Avoiding death from the hand of the foe.

THE great Telamonian Ajax—perceived the warrior, as he retired. He raised a huge stone from the earth: For many lay where the foes engaged—to prop the hollow ships on the sounding shore. One of these the chief heaved from the ground. He struck Hector above the orb of his shield. On his neck fell the forceful weight. Onward, whirling, it flew amain: And tore the earth as it rolled along. As when a huge oak, on its hill, is struck by the red bolt of our father Jove. Torn from the root, it lies along. The nauseous smook of the sulphur ascends. Stiff with terror the traveller stops. Half his soul wanders away: For dreadful is the bolt of all-powerful Jove.

THUS fell the strength of illustrious Hector. Thus, large, he lay, along the ground. From his hand dropt the brazen lance: From his arm, the wide orb of his shield. The helmet fell, bright, from his head. All his armour harshly sounds as he falls. With dreadful clamour advance the Greeks. They hope to drag the chief to their line. Thick fly the frequent

darts, from their hands. But none at distance, or hand to hand—could touch the shepherd of his people, with steel. His valiant friends stood formed around: Polydamas, the godlike Æneas; Agenor the divine, the great leader of the Lycians Sarpedon—and Glaucus blameless in soul. Nor any warrior neglects the chief. All held before him the wide orbs of their shields. His friends bore him, in their hands, from the fight: Till they came to his bounding steeds. Behind the war, they stood, remote: With their driver and various car. They slowly took their way to Troy. Deep-groaned the king, as they moved.

BUT when they came to the distant ford, of the beauteous stream of the gulphy Xanthus; whom immortal Jove begot; They laid the chief, from the car, on the earth; and sprinkled, o'er him, the cooling stream. His soul returned to his breast. He rolled his heavy eyes, around. On his knees the hero lay: And poured the dark blood, from his mouth. Again he fell back on the earth. Dark night had wrapt his eyes, in shades. The heavy blow had subdued his soul.

WHEN the Argives saw Hector divine; retiring, subdued, from the field: With rising spirit they rushed on the Trojans. They remembered the dismal fight. The son of Oileus death began. Swift Ajax threw first his lance. He wounded Satnius with the steel-pointed spear: Satnius the brave son of Enops: Whom the Nymph, the beauteous Naïs, brought forth to Enops as he tended the herds—on the green banks of the roaring Satnio. Him the son of Oileus struck, with his pointed spear. Through the nether belly it passed.—

He fell backward and lay in death. Round his body fierce battle arose: Between the sons of high-built Troy and the Argives covered with mails.

IN revenge of the chief advanced—Polydamas, shaking, aloft, his spear. On the right shoulder, he struck Prothoënor—the son of great Areilycus. Through and through, passed the brazen lance. In the dust, the hero fell—and graspt the earth, with his dying hand. O'er the slain, much-gloried Polydamas—raising his loud voice to the foe. “Not, in vain, I deem, from the arm—from the hand robust of the son of Panthous—flew the steel-pointed lance, through air. Some Argive receives the sharp spear: And let it prop him, as he slowly descends—to the dark halls of relentless Pluto.”

HE spoke. Grief arose to the Argives: When they heard the vaunting voice of the chief. But HE, most, moved the warlike soul of the great Telamonian Ajax. Before his feet, fell the great Prothoënor. Straight he threw his lance on Polydamas; As the hero turned his steps, from the foe. He saw the shining spear as it came: and, inclining, avoided death. But Archilochus received the steel: The gallant son of the aged Antenor. Him, the gods had, then, destined to death. He struck him where joined the neck with the head. On the last joint fell the deadly lance. Both the nerves are cut in twain. Prone forward he fell to the ground. His head, his face, his nose, touched the earth—ere yet his body tumbled down to the ground.

AJAX, vaunting in his turn, spoke thus to the valiant Polydamas. “Consider, well, O Polydamas! Then convey the truth to mine ear. Is not the fall of this chief—an ample

vengeance for slain Prothoënor. Nor of vulgar form seems the youth : Nor yet of an ignoble race. But the brother or son of Antenor, the aged breaker of warlike steeds. To the chief is related the slain : Or his figure deceives these eyes."

He spoke, well-knowing the chief. Then Acamas, protecting his brother slain, slew Bœotian Promachus, as he dragged the dead warrior away. Much gloried the chief o'er his fall : Thus raising his voice to the foe. "O Argives! obnoxious to shafts! Insatiable in vaunts and in-threats! Nor we alone shall bear, in our souls—the toils and the sorrows of war. You, also, shall be slain in your turn : And answer to our woe with woe. Behold, how your Promachus sleeps; subdued beneath my pointed spear! Not long unpaid was the vengeance due—to the shade of a brother slain. Happy, even in death, is the man—who leaves a brother in the contest of arms, to revenge his timeless fall, on the foe."

He spoke. Grief arose to the Argives, when they heard the vaunting voice of the chief. But he, most, moved the warlike Penéleus. On Acamas, the hero rushed. Nor the Trojan sustained the king. Penéleus slew the young Ilioneus : The son of Phorbos, rich in flocks. Him Hermes loved the most of the Trojans : And gave him wide possessions and wealth. To him an only son was born, Ilioneus, dauntless in arms. Beneath the brow, through the eye, passed the lance. Bloody dropt the torn eyeball in dust. Through the nape appeared, bloody, the spear. Falling back, he seemed to sit in the dust : Stretching forth his dying hands. Penéleus drew his sword, from his side. He cut his neck, at a blow, in twain. Down

dropt the head, with its helm, to the dust. Still, passed through the eye is the spear. The king raised the head aloft, on the lance: And, thus, gloried to the Trojans, aloud:

“**BEAR** tidings,” he said, “**O** Trojans! of the fall of the brave Ilioneus: Bear them to his father beloved; to his mother dissolved in tears. Let them weep, in their lofty halls. Nor shall the blooming spouse of Promachus: The chaste wife of the son of Algenor—present herself to her husband returned, while gladness glows, on her heavenly charms. When, we, the sons of Achaia, shall return, in our ships, from Troy.”

**HE** spoke. Pale terror wandered over their lines. Each looked around, in his fear: And searched, where flight could bear him away, from death. Unfold to **ME**, **O** Muses! Bright dwellers of heaven's high halls! Who, first, of the Argives tore the bloody spoils, from a foe: After the world-surrounding Neptune had turned the scale of the war? Great Telamonian Ajax slew Hyrtius, renowned in arms: The leader of the Magnanimous Mysi. Antilochus slew the valiant Phalces: He spoiled Mermerus, fallen by his spear. Meriones gave Morys to death: And Hippotion, in battle brave. Teucer pierced the dauntless Prothoon: He slew Periphætes in arms. The son of Atreus gave to death Hyperenor, the shepherd of his people, in war. In the nether belly, he struck the chief. Through the entrails, passed, swiftly, the steel. Round the spear, came forth his soul. Thickest darkness o'ershadowed his eyes. Many fell by the hand of Ajax—the swift son of the great Oileus. None could equal the chief, in speed; when he hung, on the flying foe: When great Jove turns the scale of war: And throws a panic, in the souls of an host.

THE  
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OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK XV.

**NOW**, the Trojans had passed, in their flight,—the lofty wall and the trench profound. Many lay, subdued, in their blood: Beneath the hands of the Argive powers. When they came, to their cars, they stopt. Paleness wandered o'er every face. Terror shook their limbs, as they stood. From sleep, started all-powerful Jove: On the summits of streamy Ida;—from the white arms of the golden-throned Juno. Sudden-rising the thunderer stood. He saw the Trojan and Argive powers. These urging the deadly pursuit: Those broken and dispersed, in their flight. Among the victors HE Neptune beheld. He saw Hector, extended on earth. Round the chief sat his mournful friends. Short rose his heav-

ing breath from his breast: His strength failed. His soul fluttered on her wings to depart. Dark poured the clotty blood from his mouth: Not the feeblest of the Argives had inflicted the wound! The father of men and of gods—beheld and pitied the hapless chief. Sternly turning his dreadful eyes—to Juno the god began:

“CONTRIVER of ills!” he said. “Deceiving Juno! Thy fraudulent wiles—have stopt the progress of Hector divine: And poured the flight of his troops o’er the plain. But THOU, the first, perhaps, shalt taste—the bitter fruits of THY destructive designs. Thy former crimes renewed, may still renew the scourge of my wrath. Reflects not thy soul on the past? Remember’st thou not, when aloft, I hung thee, full in my view, from the sky. When I tied two dreadful weights to thy feet? When I bound thy hands with infrangible gold? When, suspended, thou wert in the air? When round thee wandered the driving clouds. O’er broad Olympus, the deathless gods, were darkened with rising woe. But they could not their queen unbind. HIM, that approached thee, I seized—and hurled him, headlong, from the threshold divine. Scarce breathing, he fell on the earth. This I did in my dreadful rage: In my wrath for, my son beloved—for Hercules divine: Whom THOU, artful author of ills!—Unbinding the blasts of the northern winds—had’st turned, from his destined course—to the well-peopled island of Cœos. Thence I delivered the chief. I brought him back to Argos of steeds: Though encompassed, with perils, around. These things, again, I shall bring to thy mind: That, at length, thou may’st desist from thy wiles: That, at length, thou may’st know, from thy soul—how little thy

charms avail: How little the power of thy loves!  
With which, apart from the gods, thou, now,  
hast deceived thy spouse."

HE spoke: And, shuddering, the goddess heard. She rolled, in terror, her awful eyes: And, thus, addressing the son of Saturn, with winged words, began: "Bear witness, O earth! O heavens! that spread above all! Waters of Styx, that rush below! The greatest, the most dreadful oath—to the gods, who for ever live! By thine own sacred head I swear: By the joys of our nuptial bed: By which I never rashly swore. Witness all!—That NOT, at my nod, Neptune, who shakes the world with his waves—has poured slaughter on Hector and Troy—or aided the Argive powers. His own soul has urged on the god: Has driven him, too far, in their aid. He saw them pressed, at their ships. He pitied and rose from his main. If MY counsels had been poured in his ear: If, in aught, he would hear MY words: He would join, with thy will divine, O awful ruler of storms!"

SHE spoke: And the father of gods and of men—mildly-smiling thus replied: "If THOU, henceforth, majestic Juno! Shalt think the same, with me in heaven: If, revering my will, thou wilt sit, in the awful assembly of gods. Then Neptune shall soon change his mind, to THY will—to MY high command: Though bent on his own designs. But, if thy words agree, in all, with thy soul: Straight repair to the seat of the gods. Send hither the various Iris. Send Apollo renowned for the bow. SHE shall descend, through the winds, to the host of the bright-mailed Argives: To bid Neptune, the sovereign of waves, to leave the battle of heroes, with speed: To retire to his own high halls

But Apollo shall rouse, again—great Hector, in all his fame. He shall breathe strength o'er his limbs; and blot those bitter woes, from his soul—which, now, involve his manly heart."

"THEN shall the hero rush amain;—and turn the Argives to shameful flight. Dreadful, shall he hang on the foe. The battle he will spread, in his rage; to the hollow ships of the son of Peleus. Achilles, then, will rouse his friend. He will send forth Patroclus to war. HIM, before the walls of Ilium, great Hector will slay, with his lance. Many youths shall fall, first, by his spear: Among the rest, MY gallant son—Sarpëdon, though mortal, divine, Achilles shall rise in his rage: And Hector shall fall, by his spear. Then woe shall follow woe, on Troy. Thenceforward her sons shall fly: Turned, from the ships, by this powerful hand. No respite from ill shall they find: Till the Greeks, by the counsel of Pallas, shall level high Ilium with dust. Nor till then shall I cease from my wrath. Nor shall I permit any god, to aid the pressed Argives in fight: Till all the wishes of the great son of Peleus—shall be amply fulfilled, for his wrongs. I gave my promise confirmed. I sealed all with my sacred nod: On that day, when the goddess Thetis—embraced my knees, in her tears—to honour great Achilles, the fierce destroyer of towns."

HE spoke: Nor in aught, disobeyed, the white-armed daughter of Saturn. She left the cloud-covered hills of Ida. To broad Olympus, she arose, on the winds. As flies the rapid soul of a man, who has passed o'er many regions of earth. Deep in thought, he cons within:—  
"This way or that have I strayed"—he glides, at once, o'er the whole space in his mind. So

rapid flew Juno revered. To high Olympus, she, quickly, came. In the midst of the gods, she appeared: In the halls of high-thundering Jove. At the sight, they rose all, from their seats, and pledged her, in golden cups. She heeded not the rest, as they came. From beautiful Themis, the cup she received. SHE first met the queen of the skies: And thus addressed her, with winged words:—"O Juno! Why this sudden ascent? Terror wanders o'er all thy charms. Proceed thy fears from the Son of Saturn? Has thy husband, thus, frightened thy soul?"

To her the white-armed queen replied: "Ask not, Themis! Forbear thy demands. To THEE, already, is known—how haughty, how ungentle his soul! But THOU, preside among the gods: In these halls, preside o'er the feast. Thou shalt hear all, in the midst of the deathless powers. Thou shalt hear all, that Jove, severe, denounces against his world. Nor, deem I, that—hearing all—or mortal or god will rejoice: Though, now, the gladness of the feast spreads around."

THUS speaking, sat Juno revered. Sudden darkness rose, with woe, on the gods. Silence reigned, in the halls, of Jove. SHE forced a smile, on her lips: But care, darkly, sat, aloft, on her brows. In the midst of the gods she began: Thus joining her rage to their wrath: "What madness has seized us all? Why, in our folly, contend we with Jove? In vain we wish to restrain the god. Nor persuasion, nor force will avail. Remote from all, he sits alone. He values not, in aught, the gods: Nor ever is he moved by their rage. He boasts that o'er the immortals all, he rises in strength and in

power: That all the deathless race of heaven, must own themselves the slaves of his force. Submit, therefore: Obey his nod. With patience bear the ills, which he sends. Nor, now, unhurt, by his power, I deem—sits Mars in the midst of the gods. His valiant son is slain in fight: Him most he loved of mortal men: Ascalaphus, renowned in arms—whom furious Mars has owned for his son.”

SHE said. The god darkly arose. He smote both his stout thighs with his hands. Dreadful swelled the voice of his grief; as, thus, he spoke, in the midst of the gods: “Let not your rage arise, O deathless dwellers of heaven’s high halls! Forgive my purpose. I must revenge my slaughtered son, at the ships of the Argives. I must revenge my son in death: Should dreadful fate decree my fall: Should I—transfixed by Jove’s red bolt—lie blasted amid the dead, and roll, large, in dust and in blood.”

HE spoke: And to Terror and flight he issued forth his loud commands; to join his snorting steeds to the car. He clothed his deathless form in arms: And, beaming bright, rushed forth, in his rage. Now, had the wrath of thundering Jove swelled, with tenfold fury, above: Now, his rage had flamed amain, against all the immortal gods. But Pallas suddenly arose. She feared for all the race of heaven. She rose from her lofty throne. She issued forth through the gates of Jove. She tore his bright helm from his head: From his broad shoulders, his dreadful shield. From his hand robust, she wrenched the spear: and reared it erect, in its place. With rapid words, like these, she checked the roused rage of impetuous Mars.

“FURIOUS and mad at once ! Stop thy rage :  
Or, for ever, be lost. Hast thou ears ? Or, in  
vain, dost thou hear ? Has respect, with thy  
prudence, expired ? Heard’st thou not, what the  
white-armed Juno, has just brought, in charge,  
from Saturnian Jove ? Would’st THOU, in thy  
folly transfixed—suffering much and yet drea-  
ding more—would’st THOU to return to Olympus  
in bitter grief from the wounds of his hands ? Or  
careless of thy furious self, would’st THOU sink,  
in dreadful ruin, the rest ? Straight, would the  
awful thunderer leave the fierce fight of the  
Trojans, and Argives : Straight he would come  
to Olympus ; to roll gods on gods, in his rage.  
One by one he would chastise. The blameless  
like the guilty must fall. But THOU, restrain  
thy rage for thy son. Many more valiant in  
fight, more strong, than HE, to launch the spear  
—have fallen and will fall, in this war. Hard  
the task to save from death—the race of mortals  
born to die !”

She spoke : And seated Mars in his throne.  
The furious power repressed his rage. Juno  
called, apart, from the gods—bright Apollo  
and various Iris : Iris, with feet of wind, who  
bears the commands of the gods. With winged  
words, she both addressed : “ Jove commands  
your presence, on Ida. Haste. Wing your  
flight to the god. When to his sacred place ye  
shall come ; and view the face of the father of  
all : Do, what seems good to his soul. Bear his  
high commands through the wind.”

THUS speaking, she slowly retired : She sat,  
in awful state, on her throne. With speed, THEY  
threw themselves on the wind. Straight they  
came to the streamy Ida, the mother of all that  
is wild. They found the far resounding Jove,

on high Gargatus, cloathed in his clouds. When they came to the sacred presence of the high ruler of all the storms: At awful distance they stood: Nor seemed the god enraged in soul. Mildly turned his eyes on both: As so quickly, his spouse they obeyed. First, he called the various Iris, and, thus, with winged words began:

“HASTE, Iris. Ascend the winds. Bear my words to the lord of the main. Repress not, in aught, my commands, nor add, in thy zeal to obey. Go. Bid him to leave the fight: To quit the loud tumult of arms. To return to the synod of gods: Or to dive beneath the waves of his main. But should HE my words disobey; should azure Neptune disdain to hear: ME, descending in my wrath—though strong, he can never sustain. I profess to transcend HIM, in force, as in birthright and number of years. Yet HE dreads not, within his soul—to boast himself equal to Jove, whom all others obey and fear.”

HE spoke: Nor, in aught, disobeyed—the wind-footed, various Iris. She descended, from the mountains of Ida; to the limits of sacred Troy. As, when, from the clouds, drives the snow, or rattling hail, before the wind: When blow the fierce blasts of the north, wont to clear the broad face of the sky. So rapid Iris, aslant, descends. Standing near the lord of the main; the goddess began in his ear:

“To thee an awfull message I bring. Bluc-haired Neptune, thine ear incline. To thee I bring the commands of Ægis-bearing Jove. He bids thee to leave the fight: To quit the loud tumult of arms. To ascend to the race of the gods: Or to dive, beneath the waves of thy main. But should'st thou his words disobey: Should azure Neptune disdain to hear. He

threatens to descend in his wrath: To urge against thee the dreadful fight. He bids thee his hands to avoid: As, in force, he transcends thee, as much—as in birth-right and number of years. Yet thou dread'st not, within thy soul, to boast thyself equal to Jove—whom all others obey and fear."

MUCH enraged in his mighty soul, great Neptune replied to her words: Ha! Surely, though great is his power, too-haughty he speaks his commands: If ME unwilling he means to restrain; ME, with equal honours endued! Three brothers, from Saturn, WE sprung: Rhea bore us of old to the god. Jove and I were the first; by our birth: The third, Pluto, who rules the dead. In three parts was divided the world: Each held his OWN, uncontrouled. The wide empire of the foam-covered main, fell; by lot, to my share—there to dwell. To Pluto fell the darkness profound: The air, the clouds, the broad heavens to Jove. The earth was left common to all: And Olympus, high seat of the gods. Nor I will obey him in all: Nor rule my conduct by Jove's commands. Though powerful, let him silent remain: To his lot, his ambition confine. With his threats he will never controul, nor frighten Neptune, with the force of his hands. On his daughters, on the sons he begot, let him vent all the force of his rage. THEY may listen to his harshest commands. His empire extends not o'er ME."

To the god rapid Iris replied: "Must I then—blue-haired god of the main! Must I bear to the ruler of storms—so hard, so fierce an answer from THEE? Wilt thou alter, in aught, thy reply? Easy-changed are the souls of the wise!

Know'st thou not, that the furies attend, the right hand of the elder-born."

To her replied the earth-shaking power: "O goddess Iris!" he said: "Just the words, which thou pourest on mine ears. Much it avails, in all—when the bearer of words is wise. But sorrow invades my heart; rising rage my soul obscures: When he chides, with his wrathful words, ME, whom fate has equalled in all;—in empire, as well as in birth. Yet, now, though enraged, I will yield. But another thing I will tell;—nor slight is this threat of my soul: Should the thunderer, against MY will—against the will of the warrior Minerva;—opposed to Juno, to Hermes—to the far-ruling god of the fire: Should he spare the high-built Ilium and prop her hated towers from their fall;—Should he deny in his pride the promised victory to Argos: This from Neptune bear to his ear, that for ever our rage shall burn."

HE spoke: And left the host of the Argives. He plunged in his own dark main: And Greece felt his loss, o'er her lines. Then the ruler of storms on Ida—spoke thus to the far-shooting Phœbus: "Go, now, O Phœbus beloved! Go to Hector clothed with mail. The world-surrounding god, is retired. He has plunged in his own vast main: Avoiding the rising flame of my wrath. Else had others heard the sound of our strife: Even the powers who dwell below;—who, round Saturn, in thick darkness, reside. But this is better for us both. It pleases Jove and suits HIS state: That, thus, in dread of this right hand, he yields to my high commands. Else not without much toil, I deem, this contest had reached its end."

“ BUT thou Apollo, in thy hand, take the dreadful Ægis of Jove. Strike it in thy progress through war. Throw fear, in the souls of the Argives. Be illustrious Hector thy care. Raise the chief, O far-shooting Phœbus! Kindle wonted force in his soul: Breathe strength o'er his mighty limbs; 'till the Argives shail fly to their ships—to the Hellespont's echoing shore. Then shall determine my soul: I will effect, with deeds and with words—that, in their turn, the Argives—shall breath from their many toils.”

HE spoke: Nor the god disobeyed—the awful commands of his sire. He descended from the mountains of Ida;—in speed like the rapid hawk: Swift of wing, the destroyer of doves, the fleetest bird that darts through the wind. He found the son of warlike Priam—Hector, in actions divine! Sitting the chief he found: Now, no longer, pressed, with pain to the earth. Just returned was his wandering soul. He knew his loved companions around. The deep-breathing—the cold sweat had ceased: When first the soul of thundering Jove, had turned his thoughts divine, on the chief. Near, stood, the far-shooting Phœbus: “Hector son of Priam!” he said: “Why, thus, apart from the rest—sit'st thou, failed in thy strength? Say, what grief has invaded thy soul?”

To the god—still languid in mind, great Hector thus slowly replied. “Who art thou, O best of the gods? Who pours this heavenly voice, in mine ear? Know'st thou not, bright son of the sky! That, near the hollow ships of the Argives: When I slew his brave friends with my spear—great Ajax, unequalled in arms, hurled a mighty stone on my breast; and forced

me to cease from the fight. Long, I deemed, that this day was decreed—to disclose the dead to mine eyes: To open Pluto's gloomy halls to my steps. Death, slowly, seemed to creep on my limbs: And I, almost, breathed my soul, on the winds."

"To him the far-shooting Phœbus: "No longer, O Hector, despond. Trust mine aid; For, from Jove I descend. He sent me, from the summits of Ida. To raise thee, to aid thee in fight, he sent Phœbus Apollo, from afar. I, who was wont, heretofore, to shield thyself—to protect lofty Troy. But, hasten. Arise. Urge to fight—thy many warlike friends o'er the field. Drive thy fiery coursers along. Pour the war to the ships and the main. Before thee, I will stride, in my strength. I will smooth the rugged brow of the war: And turn to flight the heroes of Argos."

He spoke: And inspired, with mighty force—the shepherd of his people in arms. As a courser long detained in the stall: High-pampered, at the manger, with scorn; breaks loose and scours o'er the field—shaking the solid earth, as he bounds. To his wonted rushing river, he flies with pride. Aloft his haughty head he rears: And, on his shoulders, pours his long mane. He, trusting to his beauty moves. His fleet limbs bear him, with ease, along: To his wonted pastures—to the well-known herd of his mares. Thus Hector moved his limbs o'er the plain: Thus, with vigour he bounded away. Rousing his warriors, he rushed. Still he heard the awful voice of the god. As when on the high-branching stag—or huge goat of the desert wild, borne forward, with force are the hounds, with all the clamour of rushing hinds.

But him the high-browed rock protects: The thick woods darkening round, with their gloom. Nor, in the fates, it is yet for them all, to seize the wide-bounding prey. Roused, by their noise, appears, the dreadful lion, with horrid jaws. The savage glares, near their course. Straight, he turns them, away, in their fear: Though they eagerly burn for the chace.—Thus the Argives, that late, pursued: That hung forward, on the flight of the foe, with all their swords and pointed spears. But, when they saw Hector divine; gleaming bright, as he winds through the lines: Struck with terror they stopt at once: Their souls sunk in sudden dismay.

To his friends spoke the stately Thöas: The valiant race of the great Andræmon. The bravest of Ætolia's sons: Skilled to launch the distant spear. In standing fight, his fame was known: And few in council the chief excelled;—when, in speaking, youths contended for fame. To the host he raised his voice: And, thus, with prudent words, he began: “O gods! What new wonder appears? What sight presents itself to mine eyes? Great Hector, anew, springs to light. From the shades of dismal death he ascends: When each Argive had hoped, from his soul; that, slain, he lay low, on the field, beneath the hands of Telamonian Ajax. But some god has restored him to strength. Some power has roused Hector, again:—Who, in battle, has so often unbraced the stout limbs of the Argive powers. Nor, I deem, at an end are such ills. Without the aid of high-thundering Jove, the chief stands not in the front of the line; Thus roused, along his godlike soul.”

“**BUT**, O Argives, attend to my words. Listen all to the thought of my soul! Dismiss the crowd to the hollow ships. Command the main force from the field. Let us all, who profess that we rise—o’er the army in valour and fame: Let us, in a body, stand forth. Let us try to repress his rage: Raising high our pointed spears to the foe. He, I deem, though burning for fight—will dread, in his soul, to approach: At least to enter the phalax of Argos.”

**HE** spoke: And his council they heard. The chiefs formed their deep ranks, in the front: Round the strength of godlike Ajax—round Idomeneus, the king, round Teucer and great Meriones—round Meges, equal to Mars in arms. They formed the bravest in the front. From wing to wing, the chiefs were convened. Opposed to daring Hector they stood: To all his Trojans, opposed in arms. But backward the crowd retired—to the ships of the Argive powers.

**THE** thick-formed Trojans advance. **THEY**, first, pour their strength, on the foe. Before, moved Hector divine: Stretching wide his mighty strides. But before **HIM** rushed Phœbus Apollo, with his shoulders inwrap in a cloud. In his hand he held aloft, the Ægis, wildly tossing its orb, in the sky. The dreadful, the high-famed Ægis, rough and shaggy, on every side. The artist Vulcan gave it to thundering Jove—to turn to flight the deep ranks of the brave. This the god held aloft, in his hands—as, dark, he strode before the line.

**BUT** the Argives deep-formed, in their arms—sustained the shock that poured again. Loud

clamour ascends, on each side. The arrows bound, from the twanging strings. Thick fly the deadly spears, from their hands: Some are fixed, in the breasts of the brave; some fall, in the middle space: Ere they mix their points with the foe. Deep in earth, they quivering stand: Eager to be satiated with blood. As long as Phœbus Apollo held the Ægis, unmoved, in his hand: So long rush the mutual spears, and equal fall the foes, on each side. But when right in the face of the Argives, he shook the broad Ægis on high: And waked, above them, his tremendous voice;—their souls within, are unmanned. They forgot their wonted valour in fight.

As when on a herd of beeves, or large flock of snow-white sheep, two lions darkly rush, from their woods—in the still season of cloudy night. Disturbed, they are scattered amain: Their absent keeper is distant far. Thus, disturbed are the heartless Argives. Apollo wakes fear o'er their lines: Giving glory to Troy—to Hector divine, renown. Then man slew his man, in the flight. Two chiefs fell by Hector's spear: Stichius, in battle brave—Arcesilaus, great in arms: This, the leader of the bright-mailed Bœotians: That the faithful friend of the valiant Menestheus. Æneas slew the warlike Medon: He laid Iásus, dead in his blood. Medon was the son of Oileus, by a secret bed: The brother of the swift-footed Ajax. In Phylacè the hero dwelt, far from his native land. A warrior he had slain with his spear—the brother of the fair Eriopis—the spouse of the godlike Oileus. But Iásus to battle led, the Athenians renowned in arms: And boasted himself the son of Bucolian Sphelias.

Polydamas slew the gallant Mecisteus: Polites laid Echius in death. In the front of the line, fell Clonius, by the spear of the noble Agenor. Paris struck the flying Deiochus. Behind the shoulder entered the lance: And shewed, before, its bloody point.

WHILE the slain they despoiled of their arms; o'er the wall fled the Argive powers: O'er the stakes and the trench profound, they urged, amain, their scattered flight. Hector roused the Trojans to fight. Loud swelled his voice in their ears. He bade them to rush on the ships: To leave the bloody spoils, on the field—"HIM whom I shall find, apart—whom these eyes shall loitering behold—I straight shall dismiss to the shades. Nor brother, nor sister in tears, shall make him partake, in death, of the pile. Dogs shall tear his wretched corse: Before our city, he shall bleach in the winds."

HE spoke:—O'er the shoulders of his steeds, the high-raised lash resounded amain. He urged the Trojans, o'er all their lines. With threatening clamour, they advanced with the chief. With dreadful tumult they drove their cars. Before them moved Phœbus Apollo. He levelled the deep foss, with his feet: Throwing down the high banks, in his rage. Like a bridge he smoothed the wide pass: Scarcely a javelin could fly o'er the space; urged, with speed, from a warrior's arm—when he tries his manly force, at the spear. O'er this space, they in squadrons, advanced:—Still Phœbus precedes in clouds—holding high the dreadful Ægis of Jove. He destroyed the huge wall of the Argives. It fell with ease, by the hands of the god.

LIKE the sands, on the shore of the main, before the feet of a sportful boy;—who, forms,

with childish play, many figures along the sand. But soon he changes his youthful mind; and levels all, with his hands and feet: Lightly skipping, in playful mood. Thus thou, O far-shooting Phœbus! Levelled'st with earth the labour—the mighty toils of the Argive powers: Spreading panic, o'er all their lines. Thus, o'er their works, the Greeks are driven. At length, they stood firm, near the ships. They urged each other to fight. Their hands they raised to all the gods. Each poured, with loud voice, his vows. But chief arose the voice of Nestor: The guardian of Achaia in arms! The aged prayed to the first of the gods: Stretching forth his hands, to the starry heavens.

“O FATHER Jove!” the aged said: “If, in Argos, abounding in corn—any warrior, departing for Troy—burning the thighs of a sacred bull—or offering the first of his fold—prayed to THEE, for his safe return; If thou heard'st—if thou promisedst to grant his request! Remember these, in their sore distress. Turn, awful Lord Olympus! Turn away, the evil day. Suffer not the Argives to fall. Repress THOU the hands of the sons of Troy.”

THUS praying, great Nestor spoke. Loud thundered the prescient Jove. To his ears, on high, came the prayer—of the aged son of Neleus. The Trojans heard the awful sound. They deemed it the heavenly sign—of Jove's sacred will to their arms. With growing fury, they rushed, on the foe. Battle raged o'er all their line: As when the vast waves of the spacious main, o'er the sides of the ship ascends: Rolled large along, by the strength of the wind. White heaves the troubled ocean around! Thus, the Trojans, with loud clamour, arose—o'er the

wall of the Argive powers. Their steeds they drove again to the ships. At their sterns, burnt the dreadful fight. Hand to hand, they urged the spears: These, on their cars engage the foe: Those, aloft, on the decks of their ships. The Argives their dark vessels ascend. With long poles they gall the foe: Poles, which lay stowed in their ships—formed to wage the naval war—sheathed, at the point, with steel.

As long as Greeks and Trojans, fought around the high wall of the Argives: While still beyond the hollow ships, roared the war: So long sat Patroclus divine—in the tent of the son of Eumæon. The chief he cheered, with pleasing discourse: And poured healing balm in his wound; with medicine, settling his pains. But, when the Trojans, with tumult advanced—with wild clamour, had poured through the wall: Deep-groaning, the hero arose. He smote both his thighs, with his hands: And, sorrowing, these words began:

“EURYPYLUS!” the hero said: “Not longer, though needful mine aid—can I, now, remain in thy tent. Loud swells the dreadful noise of the fight. Let thy servants attend their lord. But I will hasten to great Achilles: To rouse the godlike hero to fight. Who knows, but by the aid of some god—I may move his relentless soul? For powerful is the voice of a friend!”

THIS as he spoke, he strode away. But the Argives, with firmness sustained—the rushing force of the sons of Troy: Nor could THEY repel them from the ships;—though fewer were, in number—the foe. Nor yet could the Trojan powers—by breaking the lines of the Greeks—

mix themselves with the ships and the tents. As levels the line, the wood, when guided by the shipwright's hand: By a man, who knows the whole art;—whom Minerva herself has taught. Thus equally stretched, o'er their lines was the battle of either host.

OTHERS fought the dismal fight—round other ships, along the shore. But Hector advanced, in his strength, against Ajax, related with fame. For ONE ship the heroes toiled. Nor THIS could drive his foe away: And throw, into the navy, the flame. Nor THAT could repel the chief: For aided by a god he came. Then, illustrious Ajax slew—the son of Clytius, the noble Calëtor. The hero bore the flame to the ships. On his breast, fell the deadly spear. Sounding he sunk on the earth. The flaming torch dropt, at once from his hand.

WHEN the eyes of Hector beheld—his kinsman, rolling in the dust—before the dark stern of the hollow ship: He raised his awful voice to the host: To the Trojan and Lycian powers. “O Trojans and Lycians renowned! Dardanians, fighting hand to hand! Turn not away from the fight. Leave me not, in this distress, Save the gallant son of Clytius. Stretch your shields, o'er our friend, as he lies. Lest the foe should seize his arms: Thus fallen, at the ships of the Argives.”

THUS speaking, he threw his bright lance—against the ample breast of Ajax. The flying death strayed wide from the chief. On Lycophron fell the pointed spear: On Cytherian Lycophron, the friend of the godlike Ajax. With the hero he long had dwelt: Far distant from his native land;—where a warrior he, unwittingly, slew. Him he struck with his

burnished spear. Above the ear entered the point: As he stood, near the warlike Ajax. Supine, he fell down, from the ship to earth. His limbs are unbraced in death. Ajax shuddered, at the sight, and, thus, spoke to his brother beloved. "O Teucer, dearest to my soul! To us a faithful friend is low: The son of the valiant Mastor, from the fair bounds of the famed Cythëra. HIM, like our parents beloved, we honoured in our lofty halls. But HIM valiant Hector has slain. Where, Teucer, are thy deadly shafts? Where the bow, which Apollo gave?"

HE spoke. The chief obeyed his nod. Near the hero, he stood, with speed. He held the tough bow, in his hand: His quiver, replete with shafts. Soon, he sent the flying death, on the foe. He struck, with his arrow, Clitus—the illustrious son of Pisënor: The faithful friend of Polydamas, the race of illustrious Panthus. He held the bright reins in his hand: To guide forward the steeds of the chief. Right forward he drove the car: Where most the foes, with tumult, engaged. Pleasing Hector and Troy he moved. But, o'er him, hung destructive fate: And none warded away the blow. Behind, on his neck, fell the deadly shaft. Down, he dropt, from the car, to the ground. His frightened steeds recoil, at the sound: And shake the empty car, as they rear.

THIS, great Polydamas beheld. HE, first, came forward to the steeds. He gave them to the hands of Astynous, the gallant son of Protiön. Much he gave in charge, to the youth: To hold near him, the bounding steeds. The hero himself, advanced: And

mixed again, with the foremost, in fight. Teucer aimed another shaft, at Hector covered with mail: And HIM he had stopt in his course—and had subdued, at the ships of the Argives: But he deceived not the soul of Jove. The god preserved Hector divine; and denied the glory to Teucer. HE broke the twanging string on the bow: As the hero drew it, with all his force. He turned the steel-pointed arrow, aside. The polished bow fell, at once, from his hand. Teucer shuddered, at the sight: And, thus, his brother addressed:

“ALAS!” he said: “Some angry god—breaks wholly our designs, in the fight. The strong bow he has struck, from my hand. He has broken the nerve in twain: The well-twisted string, which I bound to the bow—to-day, with the early light—to send, forward, many arrows to blood.”—To his brother replied, with speed, the great Telamonian Ajax: “O friend beloved!” the hero said: “Lay thy bow—thy frequent arrows aside: Since some god, the foe of the Argives, has broken all, in thy manly grasp. But take, in thy hand, the long spear. Raise to thy shoulder the bossy shield. Urge, thyself, the fight on the Trojans: and urge the Argives to the fight. Not without toil let them seize—if victory must crown their arms—not without toil let them seize the fleet. Let us all remember the fight.”

HE spoke; and his brother obeyed. He laid his bow, within the tents. On his shoulder he hung, aloft, the broad orb of his four-fold shield. He placed the polished helm, on his gallant head. Thick rose the horse-hair plumes, on the brass. Dreadful, nod the crests,

o'er his brows. He graspt a strong spear, in his hand. Bright beamed the steely head of the lance. He roused himself forward to fight. Swift, he rushed to the side of Ajax. When Hector beheld the broken string—the useless arrows of valiant Teucer: He raised his loud voice to his friends. He urged the Trojans and Lycians renowned:

“O TROJANS and warlike Lycians! Dardanians fighting hand to hand! Shew yourselves warriors, O friends! Recal your wonted valour in fight. Pour, forward, on the ships of the Argives. This instant, I beheld with these eyes; the bow of a gallant foe—his arrows rendered useless by Jove. Easy seen is his hand divine. Distinct are the marks of his power: When a nation he cloaths, with renown: When a people to woe he resigns—removing, from them, his guardian arm. Now, he lessens the force of the Argives: And aids the Trojans, in bloody fight. Pour at once, your gathered force, on the ships: And, whoever is pierced with a shaft, from afar—or hand to hand with the deadly lance: Whoever, here, shall meet his death—let him die.—Not disgraceful, for our country is death! But the spouse of the slain shall be safe: His infant sons remain unhurt. His lofty halls, untouched, shall stand: His wide possessions descend to his race. The sound of war shall cease, on our shores. The Argives shall depart in their ships—to the loved shore of their native land.”

Thus speaking, he raised their force. He kindled valour o'er all their souls. But Ajax on the other side—thus, urged his faithful friends to the fight. “O Argives! What disgrace is here! Now, better it were at once, to die:

Or safe to remain, by turning the foe from the ships. Hope ye, O to prudence lost :—Hope ye, ever to return, should Hector take your ships in the fight? Can you tread the waves, with your feet? Or stretch, o'er ocean, your steps to your land? Hear ye not the mighty foe, urging forward all his troops to the war? Behold ye not their approach? The roused hopes of their daring souls? Nor to the dance he calls them forth: But to battle, to blood, to death. No other resource remains: No other counsel should guide our souls: But, hand to hand, to urge the fight—to mix our arms, our whole strength with the foe. Better 'tis, at once to die; or, with valour, to save our lives: Better it is to die, at once—than to be wasted down, by degrees!—To be gradually consumed in the fight! To fall, unrevenged, at our ships—beneath the hands of a weaker foe.”

THUS speaking, he raised their force. He kindled valour o'er all their souls. Then Hector slew the valiant Schedius, the stout son of the great Perimedes—who led the warlike Phocians in arms. But Ajax pierced Laodamas: A leader of the foot in fight—the gallant son of the wise Antenor. Polydamas slew Cyllenian Otus—the faithful friend of the son of Phyleus: Who led the warlike Epœi to Troy. Meges rushed upon the foe: When he saw his friend in his blood. Polydamas obliquely inclined: And Meges strayed from his aim, with his spear. Nor Phœbus suffered the son of Panthus—to lie, subdued in the front of the line. But the spear struck the breast of Crœsmus. Sounding he fell to the earth. Meges rushed to seize his bright arms.

ON the hero bounded warlike Dolops :  
Much skilled to launch the spear in the fight :  
The son of the godlike Lampus—the best, the  
greatest of mortal men : The race of the far-  
famed Laomedon, taught to each motion of war.  
The chief rushed on Meges, in wrath. Hand  
to hand, he struck his shield, with the spear.  
The thick breast-plate preserved the chief.  
The thick breast-plate, with jointed scales ;  
which Phyleus from Ephyra brought—from  
Selle's resounding stream. The gift of his  
godlike host—of Euphetes, the sovereign of  
men. He gave it to be borne in the fight : A  
bulwark against the darts of the foe. It had  
often preserved the father in war : Now it  
warded death, from the son.

MEGES strikes the helm of Dolops : Where  
rises thick the horse-hair plume. The farthest  
base of the cone he struck : The hairy crest  
was broken short, by the spear. In the dust it  
fell down, at his feet : Shining bright, with  
Phœnician red. While, thus, the chiefs fought  
hand to hand ; while hopes of victory arose to  
both ? To the aid of Meges came—Menelaus  
renowned in arms. Concealed, he stood near  
to the foe. He struck his shoulder, behind, with  
his spear. Through the breast came the force-  
ful point : And seemed eager to urge farther its  
course. Prone, he fell, in death, to the ground.  
Both rushed, at once, on the slain : To tear  
the bright arms from his corse.

HÆCTOR beheld the fall of the chief. He  
rouzed all his kinsmen to arms. He chided the  
son of Hicetæon—Melanippus in battle re-  
nowned. He, long, in the green Percôtè had  
led to pasture the lowing herd : While absent  
yet was the ruthless foe, But when the fleet of

the Argives came: along the vast back of the main—to Ilium, the hero returned: And excelled, among the Trojans in arms. He dwelt, in the halls of Priam: And equal honours he held, with his sons. HIM Hector now chided, in fight: And thus began his words to the chief:—“Why, Melanippus,” he said, “are our hands thus remiss in the fight? Is not thy heart moved with grief, in thy breast—for thy kinsman, laid low in his blood? See’st thou not how these are employed—round the arms of the hapless Dolops. But follow thou my steps, with speed. No longer; must we stand afar—or urge the distant war on the Argives. Hand to hand we must engage: Till we shall lay them slain at their fleet; or lofty Ilium shall fall to its base: And death cover, with darkness, her sons.”

HE spoke: And strode, before, in arms. The godlike warrior trode his path. Loud swelled to his friends around, the voice of great Telamonian Ajax: “O friends, behave yourselves like men! Place the fear of shame, in your souls. Each other respect in the strife. Shew no example of flight. Of those, who dread disgrace, worse than death—more are safe, than are slain in the field. Nor the fame of the coward ascends: Nor safety attends his flight.”—He urged them, thus, already prompt—to turn the foe, from the hollow ships. They laid up his words, in their souls: And stretched a wall of brass round their ships. But Jove roused the Trojans to battle and blood.

To Antilochus then began—Menelaus, in battle renowned. “Antilochus!” The hero said, “None so young is so great, in the fight. None is swifter of foot, than THEE. None throws the spear, with such force. Advance then to the

strife of renown. Bound forward, and try, with thy lance, to strike some Trojan, advancing in arms."—Thus saying, again he retired. The soul of the youth was roused. Beyond the front, he issued forth. He launched, with force, his far-beaming spear. Around, he threw, with caution, his eyes. The foe retreats, as the javelin flies. Nor, in vain, flew the lance, from his hand. The valiant Melanippus he struck: The son of great Hicetäon. On his breast, as the hero advanced—fell the eager spear of the foe. Resounding, he sunk to the earth. O'er his body crashed harshly his arms.

ANTILÖCHUS rushed forward, with speed: Like a hound, on a wounded fawn: That the hunter has transfixed, with his dart, as she bounds, from her secret seat. Unbraced lie her limbs in her blood! So, on thee, O brave Melanippus! the valiant Antilochus flew: Eager to seize thy bright arms. Nor unseen is the hero, by Hector. He rushed forward, on his course, through the fight. Nor the Argive sustained his approach: Tho' a warrior ardent in fight. He fled—like a savage of prey—that, conscious, of the ill he has done—having slain—or a bounding hound—or the swain who attended the herd: He flies, ere yet to the place—pours the gathered strength of the hinds. Thus, fled the son of the prudent Nestor. The Trojans, with Hector divine—with loud clamour pursue the chief: And pour a storm of darts on his flight. When he came to the line he stood: And turned his face, again, on the foe.

THE Trojans advanced, on the ships, like lions, that tear their prey, amain. THEY performed the high mandates of Jove. The god waked mighty force, o'er their souls: He sunk

the courage and glory of Argos. But he roused all the hearts of the foe. From his soul, he wished to cover with fame—great Hector the son of Priam: To urge him to throw amain—devouring fire, on the hollow ships. The god was bent to grant whole—the vast request of the bright-moving Thetis. Aloft sat the prescient Jove. He expected to behold, with his eyes—the rising flame, from the ships of the Argives. Then, he had decreed in his soul, to pour the flight of Troy, from the fleet: To cover the Argives, with fame.

REVOLVING this, in his mind, the god roused Hector divine. He pushed forward the son of Priam—already burning along his soul. He raged, in his strength, like Mars, when the god lifts his deadly spear: Like devouring flame, by night, on the mountains—in the deep recess of the sounding groves. White foamed his mouth, in his wrath. Bright burnt his eyes, beneath the dark shade of his scowling brows. Dreadful shone the dazzling helm round the awful brows of the slaying king. Jove himself was his aid, from his skies. HIM only he honoured, in the midst of a thousand chiefs. He raised him in the beams of his fame; as short was the term of his life. Pallas urged forward his fatal hour;—beneath the strength of the son of Peleus.

Now HE wished, from his inmost soul—to break the firmest ranks of the foe. Where thickest stood the Argives, he rushed: Where beamed the best arms to the eye. But not so slightly could he break the stout ranks: Though much the hero burnt, in the fight. In close array, they firmly stood. Like a rock, that rears high its dark brow; near the sounding shore of the foamy main. Unmoved it sustains, the

whole shock—the raging fury of all the winds—the huge waves that break white, at its feet—or roll, large, on its battered side. Thus the Argives sustained, firmly, the Trojans: Unmindful of shameful flight.

BUT Hector wholly clothed in fire—bounded, bright, on the line of the foe. He rushed, forward with force:—Like the wave—that breaks large, on the bounding ship: When huge it rolls, beneath the winds, which darkly burst, from the troubled clouds. The whole deck is covered with foam. Loud howls the blast, in the womb of the sail. The shuddering mariners shake to their souls. On the verge of death, they are borne along. So broken were their mournful souls—within the breasts of the Argive powers. But Hector, like a lion in wrath—when he comes, fierce, on a herd of beeves: As, numerous, they feed, at large, on the swampy banks of a reedy lake. In the mid'st, the stout herdsman is seen—but unskilled, with the savage, to fight—or to save, from slaughter the kine. Now, among the first, he appears: Now, in the rear of the herd. On the center the lion bounds. He singles a bull for his prey. The rest fly, amain, o'er the field. Thus yield the Argives to heaven-sent flight: From Hector and Jove they retire.

ALL fly, amain, o'er the ships. One only by Hector fell: Periphètes, from rich Mycenæ—the son of Copreus, in battle renowned. Copreus, who bore the commands of Euristheus to the strength of Alcides. A valiant son, from a father less brave: Endued with every virtue of soul: Renowned in the race, and great in the fight. In prudence he his fellows excelled: In counsel wiser, than the sons of Mycænæ. But, now, he

gave glory to Hector. He covered the chief, with renown. Turning from the battle, with speed, with his foot he struck the edge of his own broad shield: The shield, which reached, large, to his heels: The defence of his body from darts. Stumbling, the chief lay, supine. Dreadful, rung his bright helm, as he fell. Nor unseen is the warrior, by Hector. The hero quickly rushed to his side. He transfixed, with the spear, his broad breast;—in the midst of his friends beloved. Nor could they, though sad, for their friend, aid, in aught, the fallen chief, in his blood: For much they feared the lance of Hector divine.

WITHIN the first line of the ships—the routed Argives convey their flight. The farthest ships, on the shore of the main—walled them in, from behind, to their tents. With loud tumult, pursued the foe. At their tents, behind the first line;—they stood gathered, nor dispersed, through the camp. Shame and terror confine them to war. Loud-exclaiming, they each other exhort: But chief the voice of Nestor arose: The ardent voice of the guardian of Argos. He implored them, for their safety, to fight: He adjured them, by their parents beloved:

“O FRIENDS, be men;” he said. “Revere others. Place shame in your souls. Let each recal to his mind—his children, his spouse beloved: His wide possessions at home: The parents whom much he reveres: Whether, living, they breathe the air; or, dead, they reside, in the tomb. By THEM I adjure you all. Though absent, they speak in my voice. THEY bid you bravely to stand. Nestor bids you for them to restrain your flight.”

THUS speaking, he roused the strength—and awakened the souls of all. Minerva dispersed, from their eyes—the thick cloud, which had hovered around: The heaven-sent darkness, which shrouded their sight. Bright bursts, upon them, the day. From the ships—from the field, rushed the light. They beheld Hector, so great in the fight: The warring friends of the chief they beheld. They saw the troops that, behind, stood from war: They saw those, who engaged at the ships. The whole field rose, at once, to their view. Nor longer it pleased the soul—the stout heart of magnanimous Ajax;—to stand still in his arms, where the other sons of Achaia, stood. From deck to deck, the hero rushed: Stretching wide his mighty strides. He wielded the huge pole, in his hands: A weapon of death, in the naval fight! Two-and-twenty cubits its length; Bright-studded with steel around.

As when a man well-skilled, in the art—of mounting the high-bounding horse; selects, from many beauteous steeds—four coursers to urge the race. Side by side he wakes their speed. From the field to some spacious town—they rush, amain, through the public road. Admiring crowds stand, gazing, round. Without danger, and safe in his art: From steed to steed he vaults, with ease: While beneath THEY seem to fly, on the winds. Thus Ajax bounded, from ship to ship: High stretching his mighty strides. His loud voice ascended the sky. Unceasing he exclaimed to the Greeks: And urged them to defend their camp. Nor sunk, behind the bright-mailed Trojans—remained the daring son of Priam: As when the tawny eagle invades—some nation of flying birds: Or cranes or long-necked, swans—as they feed by the slow-flowing

stream. So Hector, forceful, poured along—on the blue-painted prows of the fleet. Jove impelled, forward, the chief—spreading his broad hand behind. He roused his people, around the king.

AGAIN burnt the dreadful fight. Death flew, from side to side. Unfatigued, thou would'st have thought the foes: Unbroken—and new in the field. So fierce they met in the shock: With such fury, they urged the fight. But different was the state of their souls. The Argives deemed, that they could not escape. They provoked the death, which they failed to avoid. The minds of the Trojans, were roused with hope. They deemed, that they could burn the fleet: And drench, with the blood of heroes, the shore. Thus, confirmed, on either side: They mixed, amain, their mutual force.

HECTOR seized, in his daring hand, the dark stern of a hollow ship: The beauteous ship, which o'er the main—brought the hapless Protesilaus. Nor she bore him again, from Troy, to the loved shore of his native land. For THIS, the foes contended in arms. Round THIS, they hand to hand, fell in blood. Nor, now, they dreaded the flight of shafts, from afar: Nor darts coming down, from the winds. Hand to hand, and face to face; with one mind, they mingled the war. With axes, with halberts, they fought: With mighty swords, with steel-pointed spears. Many bright swords fell on earth: With dark handles, with large, polished hilts. Many fell, from the shoulders of heroes; and glittered, as they lay in the dust. Confusion spread, with tumult, around. The dark earth floated with blood.

BUT when Hector had seized the ship: He held it, thenceforth, in his grasp. On the stern are spread his broad hands; as, thus, he eagerly swelled his voice: "Haste. Bring the fire. Urge the fight. Pour, at once, your gathered force, on the foe. This is the day—the happy hour—by which Jove delivers us all. Let us seize this hateful fleet: Hither come, against the will of the gods: The fleet, which covered us, with woes; through the cowardly counsels of age. ME, the elders, thus long, have kept back: Though burning to fight, at the ships. Myself they detained, with their words. They restrained the whole army from war: But, if then, the high-thundering Jove—maimed our councils, with our folly of soul: Now he impels us to fight. He pours us forward, in our strength, on the foe."

He spoke: And with fiercer rage—they rushed, amain, on the Argive powers! Nor longer Ajax himself sustains—overwhelmed with darts, he retires. A small space, the hero retreats. To the bank of the rowers he came. He left the deck of the equal ship. There stood the chief and eyed the foe. With his spear, he turned the Trojans away. He drove away, whoever came, with the flame. Ceaseless swelled his dreadful voice, on the winds. Ceaseless, he urged the Argives to fight.

"O FRIENDS! O heroes of Argos! Once followers of Mars in arms! Shew yourselves men, O beloved! Recall your wonted valour of soul. Deem ye, that aids are behind? That a bulwark ascends in the rear? Have you any other trench to protect—any wall to turn destruction away? No city of ours is near. No lofty towers to annoy the foe. WE have no place to defend. No town—in succession, to

guard. On the shores of the bright-mailed Trojans—we stand, inclosed by the main. Between the wave and the foe, we are hemmed. Distant far, is our native land. Our safety is placed in our hands. Certain ruin attends our flight.”

HE spoke: And, furious, exalted his spear. Whoever of Troy's hapless sons—rushed forward, on the ships, with the flame—to gain the favour of Hector divine: HIM Ajax received, on his spear. He pierced him, hand to hand, with his lance. Twelve Trojans, thus advancing, with fire—lay slain at the stern of the ship.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK XVI.

SO fought the foes, amain, round the hollow ship, on the shore. Patroclus stood before Achilles: Before the shepherd of his people, in arms. Wide rushed the warm tears down his cheek: Like a fountain, that high on the steep—pours, ceaseless, its trickling waters, down the dark face of the lofty rock. The great son of Peleus saw his grief. Pity rose, in his mighty soul; And, thus, with winged words, he began:  
“ WHY fall thy tears, O Patroclus? Why weeps the chief, like a child? Like a little girl, that hastens along—her infant steps, by her mother’s side. Eager-asking to be raised to her breast;—her robe she seizes and incumbers her

speed. Weeping, she lifts her sad eyes: And claims her wonted place, in her arms. Like HER, thou pour'st forth, O Patroclus, the wandering tears, on thy cheek, Bring'st thou tidings of dire import—to the Myrmidons or to their king? Hast thou heard aught of sorrow from Phthia? Came disaster, alone, to thine ears? Still lives, as they say, great Menætius. Still Peleus beholds the light. Still o'er his people, the hero reigns. The loss of either would cloud our souls: And demand the warm tear from our eyes. Or mourn'st thou the fate of the Argives? Because they fall at their hollow ships, for their injustice to ME? Speak. Conceal not thy soul. Let us both know the cause of thy grief."

DEEPLY sighing, from his soul—the car-borne Patroclus replied;—"O Achilles, son of Peleus! THOU first of the Argives in arms! Reproach me not, O chief, for these tears: Since deep the woes, which o'ershadow the host. All the bravest have retired from the fight. Their hands unwilling, have ceased from the strife. Wounded they lie, sad, in the ships: Or hand to hand, or, by darts, from afar. An arrow struck the son of Tydeus. Ulysses lies, torn with a spear. Atrides is wounded: And great Eurypylus is pierced, with a shaft, through the thigh. THEM, the skilled in the healing arts—attend and dress their deep wounds. But THOU, relentless, remain'st, O Achilles! Nothing heals the wounds of thy pride."

"NEVER may a rage, like thine, the soul of Patroclus invade! O with mischievous valour endued! Who, hereafter, shall claim thine aid? Who shall safety derive from thy sword? If, now, thou refuseth to turn—certain ruin, from thy country and friends? O pitiless, hard-hearted

chief ! Nor Peleus renowned is thy sire :  
Nor thy mother the bright-moving Thetis. The  
stormy ocean brought thee forth. From high  
rocks, thou thy birth hast derived. Thy soul  
is fierce, as the first : Like the latter thy heart  
is hard."

" BUT if THOU dread'st, in thy soul, some  
prophecy, some disastrous portent : Which  
Thetis has brought to thine ear : Which Jove  
has displayed on his winds : ME, at least, send  
forth to the fight. Submit thy forces to MY  
command. Let the Myrmidons take their  
spears : Perhaps, light may arise, on our  
friends. Give to me to wear thine arms : To  
cloath myself, in thy wonted steel. The Tro-  
jans, by the likeness deceived, in terror, will  
abstain, from the fight : And the Argives, will  
breathe, from their toil. Oppressed as they are  
they will breathe : Small the respite, that aids  
not, in war ! With ease, shall WE—now fresh  
to the field—drive the toil-worn foe along. With  
ease we shall drive them to Troy—from the tents  
and the ships of the Argives."

THUS, intreating, he spoke—blind to fate !  
He asked for ruin and death, to himself ! Deep  
sighing, from his inmost soul—the godlike son  
of Peleus replied : " Ah me ! Patroclus  
divine ! What words hast sent to mine ear !  
Nor I a prophecy dread : Nor aught from Jove  
brought my mother revered. But heavy woe  
sits deep, on my heart : Still wrath wraps, in  
tempest, my breast : As HE has dared to  
despoil—his equal in all of his prize : To re-  
sume my portion again—as in power, he excel-  
led, in the host. THIS has covered, with sorrow,  
my heart. Much have I suffered in soul. The  
maid, whom the Argives gave—WHOM, from

many, they chose for my prize : WHOM I won, with my own bright spear, when I levelled her native town : HER from mine arms, has the king—Agamemnon, the proud son of Atreus—HER he tore, from mine arms—as from a stranger, unhonoured, despised !”

“ BUT let these be forgot, with the past. It becomes not man for ever to rage. To cherish endless strife in his soul. Yet I had resolved, in my breast, not to restrain my wrath : Till to my own hollow ships, had advanced the loud tumult of war. But THOU assume my splendid arms. Be THOU the leader of my troops to the fight. Conduct my Myrmidons along : As the dark cloud of the Trojan powers, has girt the ships, with all their strength. Hemmed in to the shore of the main : Small the space, which the Argives possess, The whole city pours on them, amain. The Trojans full of confidence fight. They behold not the front of my helm : The awful light, which ascends, from my crest. Soon flying, from the navy of Argos—the broad trench they had filled, with their dead :—If Agamemnon from my wrongs had abstained. If the king had been gentle in soul.”

“ BUT, now, the army is shut, in their camp, The daring foe surrounds them all. No longer rages the spear, in the hands of the mighty son of Tydeus. HE has failed to ward death from the Greeks. No longer the hateful voice—of Agamemnon comes with force on mine ear. But I hear the voice of Hector. His urging voice ascends the wind. The Trojans hear it o'er their lines. They possess the whole field with their powers : And slay in battle the warriors of Argos. Yet, now,

issue forth, O Patroclus. Rush forth in thy valour, and save. Turn destruction away, from our ships. Prevent, O friend, the hostile flame: Lest our hopes of return should be lost."

" BUT thou in all, obey my words. Hear the sum of what I advise: That THOU may'st bring back, from the Argives—mighty honor and renown to thy friend. That THEY may restore, in all her charms the much-loved maid, whom their king has seized. That they may repair my wrongs: And add splendid gifts, to my prize. When the foe thou hast repelled—return. Should even high-thundering Jove give thee fame: Yet urge not the strife too far: Return. Though eager in thy soul for the fight. Return. Lest less honoured, thou render thy friend. Nor, THOU, exulting in success—hang, with death, on the rear of the foe. Push not the war to Ilium. Lead not thy troops to her walls; Lest some ever-living god should, from high Olympus, descend: For much is the foe beloved, by Apollo, who shoots from afar!"

" BUT THOU return, O friend beloved! When the ships thou hast saved, return! Let THEM continue the fight: And deal mutual deaths, o'er the field. O would to father Jove! To Pallas! To bright-beaming Phœbus: That no Trojan might death escape: No Argive survive the war: Might WE, both, destruction avoid: And we only level, with earth—the high walls of the sacred Troy."

THUS spoke the godlike chiefs. Nor longer Ajax sustains the fight: The hero is with darts overwhelmed. HIM, the will of Jove has subdued: And warlike Troy, launching forward her spears. Dreadful sounds the bright brass on his head: Smote, on every side, by the

foe. Ceaseless fall the blows, on his helm : As it gleams, o'er its studs to the light. His left shoulder is relaxed, with his toil : In holding high his firm shield to the war. Nor yet could they drive him along : Though leaning forward, with all their spears. High heaves, with short-breathing, his breast. Sweat wanders o'er all his limbs. Nor rest, nor respite he finds : On every side, with evils oppressed.

UNFOLD TO ME, O Muses ! Bright dwellers of heaven's high halls ! How first fell devouring fire—on the ships of the Argive powers. Hector struck with his wide-beaming sword, the ashen spear of the godlike Ajax : Where joined the wood, with the steel. Through and through passed the eager blade. The son of Telamon wielded in vain—the pointless staff, in his mighty hand. Wide flew the bright head of the spear : Resounding, as it fell to the ground. Then the hero shuddered in soul. He knew the awful work of the gods. He knew that the fortune of war—was decided by thundering Jove. That the god had determined, in soul—to cover Troy with success and renown. He retreated beyond the darts. The foe threw the devouring fire. Wide, o'er the ship, spread the flame. The whole stern is involved, as it sounds.

ACHILLES smote his manly thigh : And thus, with winged words began : “ Arise, in thy strength, O Patroclus ! Valiant ruler of steeds arise ! I see, at the ships of the Argives—the rapid force of resistless fire. Prevent the destruction, with speed : Lest our hopes of return should be lost. Haste. Assume thy bright arms. I myself will convene the troops.”

HE spoke : And Patroclus obeyed. He

armed himself in burnished steel. First the beauteous greaves on his legs he drew : With silver clasps fastened neatly before. Then he placed, on his manly breast—the cuirass of the noble Achilles : Various, starry, bright-flaming with gold. Round his shoulders he suspended the sword—distinguished, with its silver studs. On his arm, he raised his shield, a wide and solid, bossy orb, On his gallant head, aloft, he placed the dazzling flame of his helm. The horse-hair waved, on high, in winds. Dreadful nodded, above, the crest. He took two strong spears, in his hands : Which fitted well his manly grasp. But he took not the ONLY spear—of Achilles faultless in form : The long, heavy, strong spear of Achilles ; which none of all the Argives could wield. None but HE could wield in fight—the Pelian ash : Which Chiron gave to his sire : Cut from the brows of Pelion : A destruction to heroes in war.

THE hero commands Automedon—to join the deathless steeds to the car : Automedon, whom he honoured the most—next to Achilles, the breaker of armies. Faithful, in fight, was the chief—to sustain the assault of the foe. The warrior obeyed the high command. He joined the fleet steeds to the car : Xanthus and high bounding Balius : Both outstripping the blast, in the race. Them to the western wind the Harpy Podargè bore : As she fed, on the grassy mead, near the wide-rolling waves of the main, To the outward harness, the hero joined—beauteous Pedasus, unmatched in the race. HIM, from the city of great Eëtion, Achilles brought to sacred Troy : And though of mortal breed he was—the deathless coursers he equalled in speed.

BUT Achilles, rushing, tall through his troops—  
—rouzed them all, o'er the tents, to their arms,  
They issued forth like devouring wolves—in  
whose breasts dwells resistless force: Who tear,  
on their own dark hills—the branchy stag, as  
slain he lies. Drenched with blood are their  
horrid jaws. At length, in crowds, they move  
to the spring. They lap, with lolling tongues,  
the stream: Belching clotty blood, as they  
drink amain. Fierce the spirit, that burns in  
their breasts. Their bellies are distended with  
food. Such were the chiefs of the Myrmidons:  
Such their leaders, bright in arms—moved for-  
ward, with dauntless souls—round the gallant  
friend of the son of Pelous.

IN the midst stood the godlike Achilles:  
Urging forward the martial steeds—and the  
deep ranks of his bright-shielded men. Fifty  
were his hollow ships, on the shore: Which  
Achilles, beloved of Jove—brought o'er ocean  
to sacred Troy. In each ship, fifty warriors  
came—skilled all at the oar as in arms. Five  
were their leaders in fight: Chiefs trusted, by  
their daring lord. HE himself was the first in  
command, as the first, in the bloody field. The  
leader of one troop was Menestheus—disting-  
guished by his various mail: The son of  
Sperchius divine;—a river flowing from father  
Jove. HIM the daughter of Peleus bore:—  
Polydora unequalled in form. She bore him to  
unwearied Sperchius: A woman, yielding her  
charms to a god. But he was called the son of  
Borus—who openly wedded the dame—giving  
much nuptial gifts to her sire.

THE second squadron is led to war, by  
Eudorus, resistless in fight: The secret fruit  
of a maid! HIM the daughter of Phylas bore:

Polymela, renowned in the graceful dance.—  
HER the powerful Hermes beheld. His eyes  
wandered, in desire, o'er her charms: As she  
moved her beauteous limbs in the dance; and  
answered her motions, with song. Peaceful  
Hermes beheld the maid, in the dance of the  
golden-shafted Diana: Who delights in the  
noise of the chase. To the upper halls he fol-  
lowed her steps: And came, in secret, on all  
her charms. She bore a son to the god:—  
Eudorus, illustrious in deeds: Renowned, for  
his speed in the race; and great, in the strife  
of arms. But when Ilithyia divine, who o'er  
births presides, with her power—had produced  
the young hero to light: When first he saw  
the beams of the sun: The strength of Acto-  
rian Echeclus—brought the dame home to his  
halls: Giving rich nuptial gifts to her sire.  
Aged Phylas received the child: And reared  
him to manhood with care. Great was his love  
for the youth: Not greater had he sprung,  
from his loins.

THE third squadron is led to war; by Pisander,  
resistless in fight. The son of the godlike  
Mæmalus: Who o'er his fellows rose in fame:  
In skill to launch the deadly spear—the next to  
the friend of the son of Peleus. The fourth  
troop is conducted to war—by Phoenix, aged  
breaker of warlike steeds: The fifth by the  
godlike Alcimedon—the daring son of Laërtes.  
But when Achilles had formed—the deep ranks  
of his warlike troops—behind their leaders,  
beaming forth in bright arms: He, thus, issued  
his stern commands:

“FORGET not, Myrmidons, to ME—the  
threats, which ye poured in mine ears: Your  
threats, in these hollow ships, against the sons

of lofty Troy : In the safe season of the wrath of your lord. ME often ye, thus, have blamed : —“ Hard-hearted offspring of Peleus ! THEE thy mother has nursed with gall. Relentless ! who detain'st, from the war, thy friends, unwilling, confined at thy ships. Permit us, at least, to return—to divide, with our keels, the dark main. Permit us to sail to our land : As rage, unceasing, has fallen on thy soul.”—This, convened, you have frequently said : Now, the huge work of fierce battle appears : The season, which you love, is arrived. Let each follow his own daring heart : And turn on the Trojans, the war.”

HE spoke. He awaked their strength : And kindled valour o'er all their souls. More thickened became their lines : When they heard the awful voice of their king. As, when a man, well-skilled in the art, forms with stones the lofty dome. Thick-compacted ascends the wall : Proof against the rage of the winds : So closely-joined were their helms ; Their bright shields with their bossy orbs. Buckler its buckler supports, helm its helm, and man his man. Crowded the horse-hair crests arise. The plumes mix as they wave in the winds : So thick stand the warriors in arms.

BUT before the rest, stood in arms—two heroes, unmatched in their force : Patroclus and warlike Automedon—having both but one mind, in their breasts. Tall they stood, in the front of the line. Great Achilles entered his tent. He opened wide a beauteous chest : The high-wrought gift of the bright-moving Thetis. This he brought, o'er the ocean, to Troy—with changes of garments filled : With furs to repel the chill winds—with carpets of various

dyes. Within was a laboured bowl—never touched by the lips of man: Never stained, with the dark-red wine. Nor yet in libations used to the gods: To none, but to father Jove. This, from the coffer, he took. He purged it with sulphur, with care. In clear water, he then washed the bowl. He cleansed his hands: And drew the dark wine. In the sacred circle he stood: Steadfast, eying the broad face of the sky. He poured the libation, with prayer; Not unseen, by the thunder-delighted Jove:

“**JOVE!** Awful king of Dodona! Pelagic, O far-dwelling Jove! O thou that presidest on high! Involved in winter, on the tops of Dodona! Where the Selli, thy priests, dwell around: With feet unwashed and stretched, on the earth! Heretofore thou hast heard my prayer. Thou hast opened thine ears to my voice. **ME**, thou hast honoured, o'er all:—And covered the Argives, with woe. Again hear, O Jove, my request. Grant, again, success to my vows. Here, in my ships, I remain: But my friend I send forth to war. To battle I send him, forth: Amid many warriors in arms. With him, send victory forth: O ruler of tempests, Jove! Confirm his stout heart, in his breast: That daring Hector himself may know—whether, my much-loved friend—can urge the fierce battle, alone: Or whether, rage his invincible hands, **THEN** only, when I rush to the field—and roll, before me, the tumults of Mars. Grant, after he turns from the ships—the dreadful strife and the clamours of fight—that to **ME** he safe may return—to my hollow ships, on the shore: That the chief may return, in all his arms: With his close-fighting friends of the war.”

Thus praying, the hero spoke. Jove heard him, on Ida of Streams. The father granted half his request: But half he gave to the winds. He gave him the war to repel: To turn battle from the ships of the Argives. But his safe return he denied: From the bloody hands of the foe. When, thus, he had poured out the wine: And addressed his fervent prayers to Jove: His tent he entered, with speed: And, in the coffer replaced the bowl. Issuing forth, he stood again at his ship: Still he much wished, in his soul—to view the dreadful battle, that rolled, between the Trojan and Argive powers.

Right forward moved the troops, in their arms: With Patroclus undaunted in soul. Close-compacted, in order, they moved: And rushed, with mighty force, on the foe. As pours along a swarm of wasps: Whom, dwelling by the side of the way—boys provoke, in their playful mood. Ceaseless, in their folly, they vex—the buzzing tribe, in their dome, near the road: And urge the state with one common ill. These should the traveller touch—as, unconscious, he moves through the way: Forth they issue, with dauntless hearts; and, humming loud, around his ears—defend their young, on the wing.

So loud and fierce issued forth—the warlike troops of the son of Peleus. Eager, from their vessels, they moved. Wild clamour resounds, o'er the shore. Patroclus raised his manly voice: And, thus, urged his friends to the fight: O Myrmidons, dauntless in war! Gallant friends of the great son of Peleus! Shew yourselves men, O warriors! Recal the wonted force of your souls. Let us honour the mighty

**Achilles:** Who, by far, is the bravest of Greeks—and o'er the bravest extends his command. Let the son of Atreus his error perceive: Let all-commanding Agamemnon repent—that he has not honoured in aught—the first of the Argives in arms."

He spoke. He awaked their strength: And kindled valour o'er all their souls. Deep-formed, they rushed on the foe. Dreadful echoed the navy around: As the Argives shouted, with joy. But the Trojans, when they saw, rushing on—the gallant son of the great Menæti<sup>us</sup>: Him and his partner, in war—beaming bright, in their dazzling arms. The souls of all, with a panic, were struck. The battle inclined, o'er their lines. They deemed, that the swift son of Peleus—had thrown from his soul, his wrath: That to favour the king had returned. Wildly staring, they turn their eyes. Each searches for a quarter, for flight.

THEN first Patroclus divine—threw his bright lance through the air. In the midst of the foe it fell: Where amain raged the tumult of arms: Near the stern of the beauteous ship—which bore the great Protesilaus to Troy. He struck the valiant Peræchmes: The leader of the car-borne Peōnēs. From Amydon, he came to the war: From the wide-flowing streams of Axius. His right shoulder received the lance. Supine, in the dust he fell. Deep-sighing, departed his soul. His friends left the chief, in his blood: His Peōnēs urged, headlong, their flight. Patroclus waked panic around: By slaying their leader in fight: The first in battle as the first in command.

He drove, from the navy, the foe: And extinguished the raging flame. Half-burnt the

ship is left, on the sand. To flight THERE the Trojans are turned. With dreadful tumult they scour away. The Argives pour wide from their ships. Loud clamour ascends the sky. As, when from the lofty top of a mountain—that rears its dark head to the skies—great Jove dispels, with his bolt—the thick cloud, that had settled on high. Bright rise all the rocks to the sight. The broken tops of the hills appear. The forests wave their heads in the light. Clear opens wide heaven to the view. Thus the Argives, distinct, appeared: When the flame they repelled from the ships—and rolled the hostile smoke away. A short space, they all breathed, from their toils. Nor yet ceased wholly the fight. Nor yet, o'er the length of their line—the foes turned their back, on the ships: Before the rushing force of the warlike Argives. Some resisted the turning war: And, unwillingly, quitted the ships.

DISPERSED is the battle amain. Each leader a leader slays: And man pursues man, with his spear. First the gallant son of the great Menætius—threw his sharp-pointed lance, bearing death. In the thigh he struck Arëilycus, just as he turned from the fight. Through and through passed the eager steel: And broke the bone in its rapid course. Prone, he fell, in death, on the ground. The warlike Menelaus slew Thoas. On his bare breast, fell the lance, near his shield. His limbs are unbraced in death. The son of Phyleus beheld valiant Amphiclus; as, forward, he rushed in the fight: He struck him, in the leg, with the spear: Where thickest swells the calf to the eye. The sinews were cut by the steel. Dreadful darkness arose, on his eyes,

NOR idle were the two sons of Nestor. Antilochus Atymnius slew. Through the nether belly the spear—urged forward its brazen point. He fell, in death, at the feet of his foe. Maris, for his brother enraged, hand to hand, on Antilochus rushed. Eager, he stood before the corse. But the godlike Thrasymedes in arms—prevented his falling blow. Nor strayed the lance, from the mark. Through the joint of the shoulder it passed. The bone is broken: The muscles divided in twain. Resounding, he fell to the earth. Dreadful darkness o'ershadowed his eyes. Thus two brothers by two brothers, were slain. Thus they sunk to the regions of death: The valiant friends of the great Sarpedon: The spear-launching sons of Amisodarus. *HE*, who bred the dreadful Chimæra: The destruction of many men.

*AJAX*, the son of Oileus, seized Cleobulus alive. He seized him, when stopt by the crowd. Soon, his strength is unbraced, in death. He struck his neck, with his large-hilted sword. The whole blade is rendered warm, with the blood. Dismal fate inwraps the warrior in shades: And purple death ascends, on his eyes.—Penéleus and Lycon meet in fight. Their spears fly wide of their aim. Both, in vain, urge the lance, through the wind. They close, with their swords, in the strife. Lycon struck the horse-hair crest of his foe. Near the hilt broke the faithless sword. But Penéleus struck the neck of the chief. Wholly, the sword is immersed. The skin only uncut remains. By it, hung the head of the slain: While his limbs are unbraced, in his blood.

*MERTONES*, pursuing with speed—struck *Acamas*, ascending his car. Through his shoulder,

rushed forward the lance. Resounding, he fell back, from the car: And dreadful darkness is poured, on his eyes. Idomeneus brave Erymas slew. In his mouth, he received the keen steel. Behind his head appeared the red lance. Beneath the brain, it divided the bone. His teeth, from their sockets are struck. Both his eyes are filled with his blood. Through his mouth, through his nostrils amain—he pours out the black gore, with his soul. The dark cloud of death arose: And covered the warrior, from light.—Thus the chiefs of the warlike Argives—slew each his man, in the fight.

As when wolves, with resistless force—rush forward on bleating lambs: Or, destroying, assail the kids: When the flocks are dispersed o'er the hills: Lest, at large, by the foolish swain. The savage troop behold them with joy: And tear the timid prey, as it flies. Thus the Greeks, with resistless force—rushed forward on flying Troy. The foe remembers nothing but flight. His wonted valour is forgot, o'er his soul. Great Ajax wished much, with his spear—to strike Hector bright-sheathed in his steel. The chief, in his knowledge of fight—his broad shoulders hid, with his shield. He marked the whistling course of the shafts—the well-known sound of the rushing spears. He saw the changed scale of the fight: The victory inclined to the foe. He stopt his retreat, at times—and saved his loved friends, with his spear.

As when, from the tops of Olympus, a dusky cloud is rolled on the heavens: When Jove pours his showery storms—o'er the blue face of the sky. So dark is their flight from the ships. So loud is their tumult and noise. Nor without

dreadful slaughter, they passed—the levelled wall and the trench profound. His fleet steeds bore Hector away. Unwilling he retreated, in all his arms. He deserted the people of Troy: Whom he had led o'er the trench. Many swift steeds, in the foss profound—drawing forward, in flight the cars, broke short the beam, at its root; and left the chariots of kings behind. Patroclus pursued amain. Loud rose his urging voice to the Greeks: Brewing evil to Troy in his soul. With clamour, with loud tumult, they fled: And filled all the ways, as they flew. The dust involved, in darkness their flight: And rose, in clouds to the sky: For swift, rushed the coursers to Troy; from the tents and the navy of Argos.

PATROCLUS urged forward his steeds—where thickest fled the foe o'er the field. Threatening swelled the dreadful voice of the chief. Beneath their axles, the heroes fell. Prone they lay, on earth, pressed by wheels. The crashing cars are o'erturned, as they fly. From bank to bank of the trench—bound at once the immortal steeds: The coursers of the mighty Peleus: The splendid gift of the gods: Eager to urge all their speed. His soul roused the hero, on Hector. He wished to strike the chief, with his spear. But his coursers bore HIM away.

As when beneath the rain-laden winds, the whole world is wrapt, in thick gloom: When, in the season of Autumn, Jove, shrowded in impetuous showers—descends, in his rage, on earth, and pours his dreadful wrath on mankind: When the laws are perverted by force: When justice is expelled, from her seat. When judges unjustly decide—regardless of the vengeance of heaven. The rivers swell, beyond their

fixed bounds: And spread the dark deluge  
amain: The torrents bear away, on their course,  
the falling sides of the echoing hills. Red-  
rushing from the sounding mountains—the  
stream roars wide to the main: And o'er the  
world are levelled the works of men.

So impetuous, so noisy, so dark—the flight  
of Troy is poured amain. The steeds groan,  
as they rush along. The whole field is tumult  
and noise. But Patroclus, having broken the  
Trojans—and turned their foremost in the bat-  
tle, to flight: Drove back his eager steeds to-  
ward the ships. Nor, though bent on their  
flight, were the foes—he permits them to ascend  
to the town. Between the navy, the river and  
wall—he hemmed them in, with furious force.  
Wildly flew many deaths from his hand. He  
exacted of many revenge.

FIRST the hero struck, there, warlike Pro-  
nous. On the breast, near the shield, fell the  
spear. The bright point entered amain. His  
limbs are unbraced in death: And resounding  
he falls to the earth. The chief, then, bounded,  
on Thestor: The hapless son of warlike Enops.  
Cowering, he sat in his polished car. A panic  
had seized his soul: And the reins flowed away  
from his hands. Standing near him, he struck  
his right jaw. Crashing, passed the lance,  
through his teeth. Raised aloft, on the point  
of his spear—the hero drew the slain, from his  
car. As a man, sitting bent o'er the main, on  
the point of the wave-washed rock,—draws a  
sacred fish from the deep, with his line and his  
splendid steel. Thus HE drew the gasping  
chief: On the point of his burnished spear. He  
shook him off. On his face he fell. In his fall,  
his soul flew away. He struck, with a stone,

Eryalus: As the warrior rushed forward, in fight. On his head fell the dreadful weight. He split the whole skull in twain: Within the strong bounds of the helm. Prone, the warrior fell to the earth. Destructive death involved him, around. The hero slew the warlike Erymas: Amphoterus, the valiant Epaltes. Tepelemus the son of Damastor—Echius fell by his hand. Pyres he gave to death. Ipheas and Evippus he slew; With Polymelus, the stout son of Argeas. All these he laid dead, in their blood. Heaps on heaps, they crowded the ground.

WHEN the great Sarpedon beheld—his unarmed friends laid low in death: Subdued by the mighty hands—of the godlike son of Menætius: He raised his urging voice in the fight: And, thus, chided his Lycians divine.—“What disgrace has invaded the Lycians! Whither fly the renowned in arms: Now, at least, your valour shew. I will meet this warrior in fight. That I at length may learn the cause—why he thus prevails, in the strife. Many woes has he laid on the Trojans. Many stout limbs has the hero unbraced in death.”

He spoke, and bounded to earth, from his car—in the harsh sound of all his arms. Patroclus, on the other side—beheld the king, and leaped, from his car. As two vultures, on a high-towering rock—with clenching talons and crooked beaks—screaming aloud engage in fight: So the heroes, with clamour advanced: Rushing forward, on each other, in arms. Jove beheld them, from his place. The race of Saturn pitied his son. His words the god addressed to Juno: his awful sister and spouse beloved:

“AH me! that the godlike Sarpedon—whom most I love of mortal men—is destined

by the fates to fall: Beneath the hands of the son of Menætius! In doubtful suspense hangs my mind: My soul changes, from side to side. Whether I shall save his life—and remove him afar, from the war. Whether I shall remove him to Lycia: To the rich bounds of his peopled land: Or here subdue him in fight, beneath the spear of the son of Menætius.”

THE white-armed Juno replied—rolling her large eyes on the god: “Unjust son of Saturn! What words have escaped, from thy lips? Would’st thou save a mortal man—long destined to death, by the fates? Would’st thou again preserve his life—from the dismal shade of invading death. Do. But WE, the other gods, will never assent to the deed. Another thing I will tell to Jove: And let him lay it up in his soul. Should’st THOU preserve Sarpëdon: And bear him, afar, to his own high halls: No god will, hereafter, neglect—to bear his own loved son from the field: And many are the sons of the gods—that fight round the noble city of Priam! Many the sons of the immortals—who are destined to fall, on these fields! Throw not bitter wrath, in the souls of the deathless powers.”

“BUT if his son is beloved by Jove: If thou pitiest his fall from thy heart: Permit him to fall with renown—in the midst of the dismal fight: To be subdued, beneath the hands—of Patroclus the son of Menætius. But when his gallant life is lost: When his soul takes wing, on the winds: Command dark Death and pleasing Sleep—to bear his body away: To the wide domains of Lycia—to his mournful people afar. THERE let his brothers, his friends beloved—the hero’s obsequies perform. Let

them rear aloft a high tomb to his fame: These the honours, which belong to the dead!"

SHE spoke: Nor dissented, in aught—the great father of gods and of men. He showered down bloody drops, on the earth. He, thus, honoured his son beloved: Who was, now, to fall by Patroclus—on the fertile fields of Troy: Distant far, from his native land.

WHEN, now, the dreadful warriors approached: Rushing forward to mutual wounds: Patroclus slew the brave Thrasymelus: The faithful friend of Sarpëdon renowned. In the nether belly, he struck the chief. His limbs are unbraced in death. Sarpëdon urged, next, his long spear. From the hero strayed the bright point. But he wounded the mortal steed: Pedasus renowned in the race. On his right shoulder, the javelin fell. Groaning, he breathed forth his soul. HE, tumbling, lay, large, in the dust. The steeds started, as he rolled, by their side. The yoke is swayed and the reins are mixed: As the outward horse lay extended, on earth. But Automedon, renowned at the spear—put an end to the mischief, with speed. He drew his sword, from his manly thigh: And cut the traces of the steed that lay slain. Nor slothful was the chief in his place. The steeds stood, composed, in the car: And submitted themselves to the reins.

BUT the heroes, again, urged the fight: Unabating in their rage, they advanced. Sarpëdon strayed wide from his foe. His shining lance flew, guiltless, through air. The bright point, o'er his left shoulder passed: Nor stained its steel, with the hero's blood. Then Patroclus, the last, urged his steel: Nor HIS dart

few, in vain, from his hand. He struck the king, on his manly breast: Where the fibres involved the strong heart. He fell, like some stately oak—or poplar or lofty pine: Which the woodmen cut down, on the hills;—to form the dark ship, for the main. Thus, the hero, before his car—lay, large, and stretched forth, on the ground. He gnashed his teeth, as he fell: And graspt the bloody dust in his hand. As when a lion comes, in rage, on the herd: And slays a tawny bull, as he roars. Though stout in heart, and large in size: He dies, groaning, beneath his huge jaws.

THUS, slain by the spear of Patroclus—lay the leader of the Lycians in arms. He groaned, from his indignant soul; and called his loved friend, by his name: “O Glaucus, O most beloved! O warrior among warriors renowned! Now, it behoves thee to fight: To urge the battle, with daring hand. Now, must the war be thy care: If thy heart is undaunted in war. Urge, Glaucus, my people to fight. Urge the leaders of the Lycians in arms. Move—send thy voice—through their lines. O bid them, for Sarpëdon to fight! Nor only bid, but act, O friend! Stretch o’er me thy gleaming steel. To thee, hereafter, shall I be a disgrace: A dire reproach, to my friend beloved. Shame shall cover all thy days: Should the Argives possess mine arms. Should they strip me, thus slain, in the fight: Before the hollow ships, in my blood. Boldly urge the dreadful fight. Rouze all my people to arms.”

THUS as he groaning spoke—shadowy death arose, on his eyes. The foe placed his foot, on his breast. He withdrew, from his body, the spear. The bloody fibres followed the point.

With the lance issued forth his great soul. The Myrmidons detained his steeds: As they snorted and wished to fly;—having left the bright car of their lord. Heavy grief covered Glaucus, with night: When he heard the latter words of his friend. His soul is moved, within the chief: As no aid he could bring to the slain. With his hand, he still supported his wounded arm. Dreadful pain still shot, through the wound: The wound, which Tencer made, with his shaft: When the warrior stood, high, on the wall: Turning evil away from his friends. In prayer stood the godlike Glaucus—to great Apollo, who shoots from afar:

“HEAR me, O king!” he said: “Whether in Lycia’s wealthy state: or, in sacred Troy, thou resid’st—Every where THOU the hapless can’st hear: The man oppressed, with grief like mine: Whose soul is o’ershadowed, with woe! Grievous is the wound which I bear. Ceaseless flows the clotty blood. Pains dart still through mine arm. My shoulder it fatigues, with its weight. Nor can I firmly grasp the spear: Nor engage, in fight, with the foe. The bravest of my friends is slain:—Sarpëdan, the son of Jove. Nor aids the god his own great race. But THOU, grant, O king, my request. Heal, god of healing arts, my wound. Lull my pains. Give me strength, O Phœbus! That I may rouse the warlike Lycians: That I myself may launch the spear: And urge the fight, for the corpse of my friend.”

THUS praying, the hero spoke. Apollo heard his suppliant voice. Straight he settled the bitter pain. He dried the clotty blood,

from the wound : And poured strength, on his warlike soul. Glaucus perceived the hand of the god. He rejoiced o'er his glowing mind : That, so soon, the mighty power had listened to the voice of his prayer. He straight roused, to the fight, the Lycian leaders o'er all their line. Furious he rushed, through the ranks. He bade them to contend, for the mighty Sarpëdon. Then, moving forward, with mighty strides, he called the Trojans to defend his friend. He called the godlike Polydamas. He called Agënor divine. He rushed to the dauntless Æneas : To Hector clothed in mail. Near them the hero stood, and, thus, with winged words began :

“ O HECTOR ! Thou neglectest thy friends : Thine allies command not aught of thy care. Those that lose their lives for thy sake : Far from their people and native land. But thou refusest to turn, from their side—the evils, which hover around. Now lies the great Sarpëdon : The leader of the shielded Lycians : Who protected his people with justice : Who defended, with valour, his land. HIM has brazen Mars subdued beneath the hands of the great Patroclus. But, O approach, my gallant friends. Throw resentment, throw rage, in your souls. Prevent them from seizing his arms : Prevent them from dishonouring the dead. The Myrmidons the slain will disgrace : Enraged for the Argives, who fell : Who sunk, in blood, beneath our spears, at the ships.”

He spoke. The Trojans are invaded by grief : Not to yield, yet not to be borne. The pillar of their city HE was ! Though born, in a foreign land. Many and brave were the

hero's troops : But HE himself was the bravest of all. Right forward, they rushed, on the foe. Hector, enraged for Sarpëdon—led, in wrath, the fierce attack. But the stout heart of Patroclus, thus urged the warlike Argives to arms. He, first, spoke to the great Ajaces: Already prompt in their souls to fight. "O Ajaces!" he said. "Now, place the fight in your souls. Stand forth to repel the foe. Be what, in war, you have been: Even add to your former fame. The man lies slain, in his blood, who first scaled the wall of the Argives. Sarpëdon, now, lies, in death. But now let us disgrace the slain: By stripping his corse of his arms: And, O that, with steel, we could lay some gallant friend of the chief, on earth."

HE roused them, thus, already prompt. The firm ranks are formed, on either side: The Trojans and the Lycian powers: The Myrmidons and warlike Argives. Fierce, they met, in fight, o'er the dead. Dreadful clamour ascended the wind. Battered arms sound harshly on the bodies of men. Jove spread destructive night, o'er the war: To add horror to the dismal strife, for the corse of his own loved son. First, the Trojans pushed, from their place, the black-eyed Argives, with their arms. A warrior is struck, in the front of the fight: Not the least renowned of the friends of the son of Peleus: The son of the great Agacleus, Epigeus the divine. In high-built Budium, once, he reigned. But his valiant kinsman he slew: And came, a suppliant to Peleus—to the brightly-moving Thetis. THEY sent him to Ilium of warlike steeds: With Achilles, the breaker of armies, to turn, on the Trojans, the fight. HIM, as he touched the corse, with his hand—

the illustrious Hector slew. He struck his head, with a flying stone. The skull is split in twain, within the bounds of the solid helm. Prone he fell, on the corse. Destructive death involved him around.

GRIEF arose, for his fallen friend, on the soul of the great Patroclus. He rushed through the front of the fight: Like a hawk, on his sounding wings; who pursues choughs or starlings, as they fly on the winds. Thus THOU, on the ranks of the Lycians, Patroclus, ruler of steeds! Thus, on the Trojans, thou rushed'st: Enraged, in thy soul, for thy friend. The chief struck the brave Sthenelaüs, the loved son of Ithæme-neus. On his neck fell the flying rock. The sinews are broken. He sunk. The foremost of the foe gave way. Illustrious Hector, himself, retired. Far as flies the beamy lance, from the able hand of a valiant man: When he strains his whole force, in the lists: Or in battle engaged with the foe. So far the Trojans retired: And gave ground to the warlike Argives.

BUT Glaucus turned his steps the first: The leader of the Lycians, in arms. He slew the great Bathyclæus: The son beloved of mighty Chalcon. The warrior dwelt in beauteous Hel-las. The wealthiest of the Myrmidon chiefs. HIM Glaucus, suddenly turning around, struck, in the breast, with his spear: As, eager, he pursued his steps. Resounding, he fell to the earth. Dreadful sorrow arose on the Argives: For the fall of so valiant a chief. But the Trojans rejoiced, o'er their lines. They crowded in arms, around the slain. Nor the Argives their valour forgot. Right forward, they poured all their strength.

THEN Meriones slew a warrior to Troy: Gallant, in the front of her line: Laogonus, the daring son of Onetor—the priest of Idæan Jove: Honoured, like a god, by the host. HIM he struck, beneath the jaw near the ear. Straight, his soul forsook his limbs: And dreadful darkness involved him around. But Æneas launched on Meriones, his bright pointed lance, through the air. He hoped, as he moved behind his broad shield—to pierce the hero, in dismal fight. But HE beheld the gleaming death: And shunned it as it came. Forward he stooped, as rushed the lance. Behind his back it stands fixed in the ground: And o'er his shoulder vibrates the staff. The forceful steel of the chief lost its rage: As deep in earth lay buried the point. Trembling at first, it settled, at length: For, in vain, it had rushed from his hand.

ÆNEAS, enraged in his soul, thus began to his gallant foe. “Though, Meriones, thou seem'st skilled in the dance: Soon my spear would have settled thy active bounds: Had its point found its way to thy breast.” To HIM, Meriones, famed at the spear: “Æneas, hard for thee the task, though brave thou art, in the fight: To extinguish the strength of all;—who, against thee, shall advance in the field. Thou, thyself, art a mortal born. Should MY spear find its way to THY breast: Though valiant thou art and confiding, in the force of thy hands: Yet to ME thou would'st give renown—but thy soul to the shades below.”

HE spoke. But the son of Menœtius, thus chided the warrior aloud: “O Meriones! why vauntest thou thus? Though valiant is thy hand in the fight? The Trojans, O my gallant friend, will not, with reproachful words, be driven from

the corse of the slain. THEM the spear can only drive: The fall of their bravest, in dust. The hand must decide in war. In council let words prevail. But, now, to speak becomes us less, than to fight."

THUS saying, he strode in his might. The godlike warrior followed his steps. As heard afar is the sound of woodmen, felling the forest amain: On the lofty tops of the echoing hills: So spread the horrid crashings of war—o'er all the wide resounding plain: The sound of steel, of battered shields—struck with swords—pierced, with spears, from each side. The whole field is one tumult—one noise. Death darkly bounds, from line to line. Nor could the skilful eye of a man—distinguish now the noble Sarpëdon. With darts, with blood, with dust o'er-spread—from head to foot the hero lay. Ceaseless, crowd round him the foe: As flies, in the shepherd's abode—buz around the foaming pails: In the warm season of spring, when the milk all the vessels o'erflows.

THUS crowded the murmuring foes, round the slain. Nor Jove, from the dismal fight—turned, once, the radiant orbs of his eyes. Right on both looked the awful god. In suspence hung his heavenly soul. Much he thought, on the fall of Patroclus. Anxious, he weighed in his mind: Whether, this instant, in dismal fight—great Hector should lay him slain, on the corse of Sarpëdon divine: And despoil him of all his bright arms: Or still, to swell the deathful toil: To send many to the regions of death. Whilst, thus, he revolved in his thoughts: At length it seemed best to his soul; that the gallant friend of the great son of Peleus—should drive the Trojans and Hector clothed with mail—back

to their own lofty town : 'And give many souls to the wind.

THE god, for the first time, filled the breast—of Hector divine, with dismay. He ascended his car, in his flight. He exhorted the Trojans to fly. He perceived the sacred scales of Jove. Nor even the gallant Lycians sustained, now, the fight. All turned their backs to the foe. Their king they saw, pierced, through the heart: Lying beneath the heaps of the slain. Many had fallen, on his corse: When Jove roused destructive battle around. They strip of his arms great Sarpëdon: His brazen, his bright-beaming arms. The gallant son of Menætius—gave the splendid spoils to his friends: To be borne to the navy of Argos.

THEN to Apollo spoke—the high ruler of tempests, Jove. "Arise, now, O Phœbus beloved! Bear Sarpëdon, from the heaps of the slain. Bear, far from the field, the chief. Wash his corse, in the river's stream: Cleanse, from gore, all his form divine. Anoint with Ambrosia the chief. Cloath him, in immortal robes. Give him to be borne away: By the twin-brothers dark Death and pleasing Sleep. Swift are the bearers, who shall have the hero in charge. THEY, quickly, shall place him afar: In the wide dominions of Lycia—in the midst of his opulent state. THERE shall his brothers, his friends beloved—the hero's obsequies perform. They shall rear a high tomb to his fame. These the honours, which belong to the dead!"

He spoke: Nor inobedient was Phœbus—to the voice of his awful Sire. He descended, from the mountains of Ida; to the fierce battle at sacred Troy. He bore Sarpëdon, from the

heaps of the slain: He bore him, afar from the field: And washed his corse, in the river's stream. He anointed, with Ambrosia, the chief. He cloathed him in immortal robes: And gave him to be borne away—by the twin-brothers—dark Death and pleasing Sleep. The swift bearers bore him away. THEY quickly placed him, afar: In the wide dominions of Lycia—in the midst of his own wealthy state.

PATROCLUS, urging his deathless steeds: Urging Automedon to arms: Pursued the Lycians and Trojans. Ill-fated chief! Thou pursuest thy death. Had he placed, in his thoughts, the words—the high commands of the son of Peleus: Safe would have been his return. The gaol of fate he might avoid. But more powerful is the will of great Jove: Than the feeble counsels of men. HE turns the valiant to flight. He tears victory, from the hands of the brave: Though HE, himself, may have urged him to fight. Now, he urged, to the fight, Patroclus. He kindled battle, o'er all his soul.

Who first, O warrior divine! Who, Patroclus, fell last, by thy spear? When the gods called thee forward to death? First, he slew Adrestus: Then Autonöus and gallant Echeclus. Perimus fell by his spear: Epistor and brave Melanippus. Elusus he also slew: Mulius and godlike Pylartes. These he transfixed, as they fled: Their whole army is poured, o'er the plain. Then had the sons of the Argives—taken Troy with lofty gates: Beneath the hands of the great Patroclus. Above measure, raged the chief, with his spear. But Phœbus stood, in the lofty tower. The god aided high

Troy, and entertained in his heavenly soul—  
dreadful mischief to the son of Menœtius.

THRICE he strove to ascend the wall. Thrice Apollo threw him back, to the ground, striking his bright shield, with his deathless hand. But when he made his fourth attempt—rushing forward, with the force of a god: Dreadful rose the threatening voice of Apollo: The long-haired king, who shoots from afar. “Retire. O Patroclus divine! The fates permit not—that by thy bright spear—should fall the city of sacred Troy. No. Nor beneath the great Achilles: Who far excels thee, in valour and force.”

HE spoke: And Patroclus retired. He avoided the wrath of Apollo, who shoots from afar. But Hector, in the Scæan gate, still stayed his high-bounding steeds. In doubtful suspense, hung his soul: Whether to drive his coursers to fight: Or to command, with awful voice, his troops to defend the wall. While, thus debated the thoughts of his soul: Great Apollo stood, by his side. The god assumed the form of Asius. At once a youth and a hero in fight: The uncle of car-borne Hector; the son of Dymas and brother of Hecuba. In Phrygia the warrior had dwelt: Near the streams of the roaring Sangarius. Assuming the form of the youth—Phœbus Apollo began; “Hector! Why retirest thou, from fight? It ill becomes thee, O hero, to fly. Would, that as much, as I yield to Hector—I now excelled the chief in arms! THEN, to evil, as well as to shame; thou, now, had'st retreated from war. Arise. Urge thy steeds, on Patroclus. Redeem thy renown, with his death, HE perhaps may fall by thy spear. Great Apollo may give thee fame.”

THUS saying, the god retired—and mixed with the toils of men. Illustrious Hector commands—brave Cebriones to war. He bade him, to urge the swift steeds: To drive right, on the foe, the car. Apollo entered the line, of the foe. He roused destructive panic, among the Argives. He gave glory to Hector and Troy. Hector left the rest of the Greeks. He slew them not, with his deadly spear. Right, on the war-like Patroclus—he drove forward his bounding steeds.

PATROCLUS, on the other side, bounded, from his car to the ground. In his left hand is his beamy spear. In his right, he wields, aloft, a stone: White, rugged, of enormous size. He graspt it in his hand robust. He threw it forward, with all his might. Nor strayed he far, from the chief. The weight flew not, in vain, from his hand. He struck the driver of Hector's car: Cebriones, the son of illustrious Priam;—his offspring, by a secret bed. He struck him, as he held the reins. On his forehead fell the sharp stone. Both his brows were crushed, by the weight. The skull yielded. His eye-balls fell, in the dust. Before his feet, they fell, in blood. Like a diver, he tumbled to earth—from the polished seat of his lofty car: And his soul left his corse, on the plain. Harshly-deriding the slain—the car-borne Patroclus spoke:

“GOOD heavens! How active the man! With what ease he dives to the plain! Had this warrior been placed in a hark: On the back of the fishy sea; HE many would feed with his art: Searching oysters, beneath the main: Though rolled, together, it were with storms. HE, surely, on the wave would suc-

ceed—who dives, with such ease, on the plain. In every art, our foes excel: In diving, as well as in fight.”

Thus saying, he rushed, in his might: On the hero, just slain, by his hand. He bore, along, a lion's force: A lion, who, wasting the fold—is wounded, on his ample breast: Whom his own courage destroys. Thus, on the hero Cebriones—THOU bounded'st, in thy might, O Patroclus! Hector, on the other side—leapt, at once, from his car, to the ground. Like two lions, they fought for the slain: Two lions, who, on the mountain's bleak brow;—both raging with hunger, each other assail—for some slaughtered hind, in her flowing blood. Thus for the fallen Cebriones, fought the two authors of dreadful fight: Patroclus, the son of Menætius, and the illustrious Hector. Each wishes, from his inmost soul—to pierce the other, with ruthless steel.

HECTOR seized the slain, by the head. Nor quitted the hero his hold. Patroclus, on the other side, dragged the fallen chief, by the foot. The foes, mean time, engaged in fight. The Trojans and Argives are drenched in blood. Death darkly bounds, from line to line. Loud tumult rolls together the field. As, when the east and southern winds—descending from the heavens contend—in the lofty groves of the echoing hills: Bending the deep woods, in their rage: The beech, the lofty ash, the barky cornel-tree. Each other they invade, as they wave: Mixing their huge arms, as they bend. O'er the mountain, the forest resounds. Harshly crash the trunks, as they break again.

Thus, the Trojans and warlike Argives—fiercely bounding on each other, engage. Mu-

tual were the deaths and the wounds. Neither side thought of shameful flight. Many sharp spears are fixed, in earth, round the slain offspring of aged Priam: Many winged arrows came sounding along—rushing from the nerves of the bows. Many huge stones flew through air: And, crashing, fell, on the bossy shields: As wildly raging fought the foes, round Cebriones, laid in his blood. But HE lay, largely extended in dust—unmindful of his bounding steeds.

WHILST the sun rolled his bright orb, o'er half the heavens, with his light: Mutual were the wounds of the foes. The people fell on either side. But when he veered his slant beams to the west: Then the Argives victorious remained. They rose superior to fate. They drew the hero Cebriones—from the heaps of dead and of darts: From the tumult of Troy in the fight. They stript the fallen chief of his arms. Patroclus, then, with hostile soul, rushed forward, on the foe, with his spear. Thrice he rushed, like brazen Mars. Dreadful swelled his loud voice, on the winds. Thrice he nine warriors slew. But when he made the fourth assault: Bounding on, with the force of a god: Then, darkly hovered o'er thee, Patroclus—the end of a life of renown.

PHŒBUS met thee, in dismal fight. Dreadful was the course of the god! Unseen by thee, he darkly came. A cloud involved his awful steps, through the line. Behind the hero he stood. His broad shoulders he struck, with his hand. A dizziness seized his bright eyes. Phœbus threw his helm to the ground. Bright rolled the sounding brass, on the earth: Through the feet of the bounding steeds. With blood and dust, at once, are soiled the high

plumes of the helm: The helm, which never before—was stained, o'er the crests, with the dust. It shaded the head of a hero divine: The awful forehead of great Achilles. But Jove gave it, now, to be borne—on the head of illustrious Hector. Not long!—For death was near, with his cloud.

His spear hung loose, in his nerveless hand. His long, heavy, huge, strong, pointed spear—he scarce could drag, along the dust. His shield fell, from its thong, on the ground. His breast-plate, on his breast was loosed—by the hand of the king, the son of Jove. A sudden stupor invaded his mind. Beneath, his fair limbs were unbraced. Dizzy and astonished he stood. Between his shoulders, approaching behind, a Dardan warrior drove his spear: Euphorbus, the son of Panthus. Above his fellows, in all, he rose: At the spear, at driving the car—in the fleetness of his feet, in the race, Twenty chiefs he threw, to earth, from their cars: When first he drove his steeds, o'er the field: To learn the art of the bloody fight.

SUCH was the chief, O car-borne Patroclus: Who first struck thy body, with steel. He struck, but he did not subdue. He withdrew his ashen spear, from the wound. He retreated and mixed, with his friends: Nor could he sustain Patroclus—though exposed, he stood in the fight. But the hero, by the stroke of the god—by the sharp-pointed javelin subdued: retreated to the troop of his friends: Avoiding death, from the hands of the foe. But when Hector perceived the great Patroclus—thus retreating and wounded, with steel: He rushed upon him, through the ranks of the foes. Hand to hand, he urged the spear. Through, and

through his nether belly, it passed. Resounding, he fell to the earth, Dreadful sorrow shaded the host of the Argives.

As when a lion, in all his strength—contends, in fight, with a mighty boar. On the brows of the echoing hill—with all their savage courage, they strive. For a scanty spring, they engage: Both wishing to drink of the stream. At length the fierce lion prevails. He subdues, the much-panting boar, exerting his mighty force. Thus Hector, the son of Priam—deprived of life, with his steely spear—the gallant son of the great Menætius, hewing down the ranks of the foe. He gloried, o'er the fallen chief; and, thus, with winged words began:

“O PATROCLUS!” the hero said: “Thou hoped'st to level the sacred Troy: To bear away her lovely dames: To bear THEM, of freedom deprived—in thy ships, to thy native land. Imprudent man! For THESE I fight. His rapid steeds carry Hector, for THESE: To the dismal clangour of war. To defend THEM, I excel at the spear, O'er the Trojans I shine in arms: To turn the servile day, from their dames. But THEE, hapless man! Shall the vultures devour. Nor could Achilles, though brave, bring thee aid. HE, perhaps, at thy departure; gave, thus, his commands to his friend. “Return not to ME, divine Patroclus! Return not to the hollow ships: Before thy spear burst the bloody mail—on the breast of Hector, the destroyer of men.” This, perhaps, he spoke in thine ear. He persuaded thy frantic soul.”

To HIM thou faintly repliest, O Patroclus, ruler of steeds! “Now, Hector!” the hero said: “Now vent thy lofty boastings again. The son of Saturn gave thee success. Apollo

urged forward thy lance. The gods subdued me, with ease. They, from my shoulders, withdrew the bright arms. Had twenty, each thy match in the fight:—met, fairly, my spear, in the field: They all had perished beneath my hand. But ME my pernicious fate—and the son of Latona have slain: Of mortals the valiant Euphorbus. Thou, the third, com'st to spoil the dead. But another thing I will add: And thou record, in thy soul. Not long shalt THOU view the light. Near thee is death and destructive fate: Subdued, by the mighty hands of the daring son of Peleus.”

THUS, as the hero spoke—shadowy death arose, on his eyes. His soul, flying wide from his limbs—descended to the regions below: Mourning his untimely fate—his vigour, his youth left behind. To him, though dead in the dust—spoke, thus, the illustrious Hector:—  
 “ Why, Patroclus, foretell'st thou my fate? Why a prophet of disasters become? Who knows, but the brave Achilles—the son of the long-haired Thetis—may first resign his gallant soul: Transfixed, by my deadly spear?”

HE spoke: And withdrew, from the wound, the bright spear: Placing his foot, on the slain. He threw the corse supine from his lance. Straight he rushed, in all his arms, on the great Automedon: The godlike friend of the swift son of Peleus. Much he wished to slay the chief. HIM his bounding steeds bore away: The deathless steeds of the warlike Peleus: The splendid gift of the gods.

*END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.*

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
*H O M E R.*  
VOL. III.



THE  
ILIAD  
OF  
HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq.

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# I L I A D

OF

## H O M E R.

### BOOK XVII.

**N**OR unperceived by the son of Atreus—by Meneläus, renowned in arms—Patroclus lay, subdued by the Trojans—in the dismal fight. He moved, through the front of the line: Bright-sheathed, in his burnished steel. Round the corse, in defence, he moved: Like a heifer around her young: Her first-born!—Till then unknowing a birth; she anxiously lows, as she moves. Thus around the fallen Patroclus—strode Meneläus, with yellow locks. He stretched his bright spear before him. He raised the bright orb of his shield: Ready to consign, to death—the foe that dared to approach the dead.

VOL. III.

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NOR did the race of warlike Panthus: Euphorbus, renowned at the spear—neglect Patroclus divine, as slain, he lay in his blood. Near the fallen hero he stood: And, thus, addressed the great Meneläus: “ Son of Atreus, Meneläus! Reared by Jove! O leader of armies! Retire. Forsake the dead. Leave the bloody spoils to the foe. I—the first of the Trojans—of their allies renowned in arms; I the first struck the great Patroclus—with my spear, in the dismal fight. Leave the glory, which I won, on mine arms. Permit me, ’midst my people, to shine. Retire: Lest THEE, also, I strike: And call forth thy soul, round my spear.”

To HIM the yellow-haired king—thus replied, in his rising rage: “ O father Jove!” he said. “ Ill-becomes it a warrior to boast! Not so haughty in his strength is the panther; not the lion nor mountain-boar—who excel in their fierceness of heart: Who are, headlong, borne away, with their rage: As the proud sons of warlike Panthus: Who, above measure, are vain. But the strength of thy brother beloved; the youth and vigour of brave Hyperënor—availed not his life, in the fight: When ME he insulted with words—yet waited, in his folly, my spear. He called me aloud, in his pride—the most feeble, the least brave of the Argives. Nor HE, I deem, returned from the field: To please the brightening soul of his spouse: Or his parents, decaying in years. So shall I, also, THY vigour unbrace: If my spear thou presum’st to oppose. But THEE I advise to retreat: To mix, with the crowd, in the fight. Stand not before my bright lance. Avoid

evil, while yet there is time. Retire. Be prudent. Retreat. Even fools learn wisdom, from facts."

HE spoke: But he moved not the youth: Who, thus, in his turn, replied: "Now, Meneläus!" he said: "Now, at length, O reared by Jove! Thou shalt give the vengeance due—to the soul of my brother slain, THOU shalt forfeit thy life, for thy vaunts: For the blood, which has stained thy spear. A widow THOU hast made his wife: His late-espoused, in his secret halls. Thou hast covered his friends with grief: With ceaseless sorrow his parents in years. But this hand shall end their woe—shall remove the cloud, from their souls: If I shall bear that head of thine—if in triumph, these bloody arms—I shall place in the hands of Panthus: In the hands of Phrontis divine. But no more! Exert thy strength. Be the labour no longer deferred. Not untried shall the contest remain: Nor the valour, nor terror of fight."

HE spoke: And struck the wide round of his shield. But he pierced not the solid brass. Bent back is the point, on the orb. The son of Atreus urged, next, his bright spear: Addressing a prayer to Jove. He struck his throat, as he turned away. With all his force, he urged the point: Trusting to the strength of his arm. Through and through, he pierced his neck. The steel appeared, in blood, behind. Resounding, he fell to the earth. On his body crashed harshly his arms. Drenched with blood, are his flowing locks: His braided locks, which the Graces might wear:—With silver bound, and adorned with gold.

As a wide-spreading olive-tree, which a man rears, in a lonely field—where gush the living waters around. Beauteous, budding, it ascends to the sight. White with blossoms its lofty head—moves, gently, to all the winds. But sudden-rushing, from heaven comes—the darkening whirlwind, and lays it low. Across the ditch it lies along: Spreading all its fair branches, on earth. So lay, in death, the son of Panthus: Euphorbus, well-skilled, at the spear: When the son of warlike Atreus, stript him slain of his beauteous arms. As when a lion bred, on his hills—trusting to his strength descends: And, rushing, seizes a bull; the largest and best, in the herd. He first breaks his huge neck in his rage: Deep-fixing his strong teeth, on the prey. Then he drenches his jaws in blood: Tearing all his entrails amain. Around him, but distant far, ascends the clamour of shepherds and hounds. Their souls bear not a near approach. Pale terror invades them all. So the Trojans, at distance, stood: Not daring in their souls to approach: To rush forward, on great Atrides, now, much-elated with fame.

THEN had the son of warlike Atreus—stript the slain of his beauteous arms. But Phœbus envied the spoils to the king. He roused, on him, Hector divine—in force equal to impetuous Mars. The god assumed the form of Mentès: Who led the Ciconians in fight. He raised his loud voice in his ear: And, thus, with winged words began: “Hector, fruitless is thy speed: In vain, O chief, thou pursuest—the deathless steeds of the great Achilles. Hard are THEY to be subdued. They yield not to a mortal man: Or to Achilles, only yield: Whom

a daughter of heaven brought forth. Meantime, the gallant Menelæus: The martial son of warlike Atreus—protecting the corpse of Patroclus—has slain the bravest of Ilium's sons: The son of Panthus, youthful Euphorbus. Extinguished is the warrior's force."

THUS spoke the god, in human form. Again he mixed, with the toils of men. Sudden sorrow at once involved the darkening soul of Hector divine. He threw his radiant eye o'er the line. He saw the foe unloosing his arms. He saw the youth extended, on earth. The dark blood flowed wide from the wound. Along the front the hero moved: All-bright, in his burnished arms. Loud swelled the awful voice of the chief. Wasteful was his gleaming course: Like Vulcan's unextinguished flame. Nor unheard, by the great son of Atreus, was the dreadful voice of the foe. Deep-groaning, thus the hero spoke—to his own undaunted soul.

"**A** me! Which way shall I turn? If here I quit these spoils of the foe: If here I leave the great Patroclus: Who, in my cause, has resigned his soul: I fear the reproach of the Argives. The rage of my friends I fear. But should I, alone, remain—to fight against Hector, with Troy to engage: Should I battle prefer to flight: Many foes may surround my life. Hither the warlike Hector leads, the collected sons of Troy. But why springs this doubt, in my breast? Why contends, with itself, my soul? Whenever a man turns his spear against a god: To fight with a chief, whom heaven honours, in all his deeds: Then certain ruin approaches a man. Nor I, therefore, can the Argives offend, by yielding to Hector divine: Who fights, by the aid of a god. But could

mine eyes meet the godlike Ajax. Could his voice reach my longing ear, we both might return to the fight: And urge the battle against a god. Then might we bear away the slain—to Achilles, the son of Peleus. This the best resource, in such ills!”

WHILST this he revolved, in his soul: The deep ranks of the Trojans advanced. Hector preceded in all his might. Unwilling the king retired: Often turning, as he quitted the slain. As a lion, with flowing mane: Whom men and hounds, united, drive—with clamour, with darts, from the stall. His stout heart shudders, within his breast. Yet, unwilling, he departs from the fold. Thus, the yellow-haired Menelæus, left the corse of the fallen Patroclus. He turned his manly face to the foe: When he came to the line of his friends. O'er the ranks he rolled his eyes—in search of the great Telamonian Ajax. The hero he quickly perceived—far, in the left of the line: Confirming his warriors in fight; and turning their force, on the foe. O'er them spread a panic divine; raised by Phœbus Apollo, in wrath.

FORWARD to the chief strode the king. Near the hero, he stood and began: “Hither, Ajax! Come hither, O friend! Let us haste. Let us fight for the fallen Patroclus. Let us bear his corse to Achilles: His naked corse: For his martial arms are, now, possessed by Hector divine.” He spoke. He moved the south of the chief. He strode, along the front of the fight. The yellow-haired Menelæus attended his steps. Patroclus is stript of his beauteous arms; by the hands of the godlike Hector. He, now, dragged the slain along: Resolved to lop the

head, from the trunk : To give the mangled corse—a bloody prey to the dogs of Troy. But Ajax came near, in his arms : Rearing his shield, aloft, like a tower. Hector retreated amain : and mixed himself with the ranks of his host. He ascended, with a bound, his car. He gave the beauteous arms to his friends : To bear them to the high-walled Ilium : to add to his mighty renown.

BUT Ajax stretched forth, in his might—his broad shield o'er the son of Menætius. He stood, like a long-maned lion : Who stalks around defending his young : A lion, when bearing his whelps along, surrounded by the hunters, within the woods. He rolls his flaming eye-balls in strength : Dark sink his dreadful brows, on their glare : And half-cover their fire, as they burn. So stalking round the hero Patroclus—Ajax covered his bleeding corse. Atrides, on the other side—the warlike Menelaüs stood in arms : Indulging his grief for his friend : And encreasing the cloud, on his soul.

BUT Glaucus, the son of Hippolochus—the leader of the Lycians in arms : Sternly turning his eyes on Hector, thus upbraided the chief, with words. “ Hector, though specious in form—distant art thou, from valour in arms. Undeserved, thou hast fame acquired : Whilst, thus, thou shrink'st away, from the field. But weigh, doughty chief, in thy soul : Consider well ; how, thou Troy can'st defend : Alone, with thy native troops : With the sons of Ilium, alone. None of the Lycians, at least, will, henceforth, rush against the Argives : To fight for thy falling town. Too long have they fought, in vain : Without favour, without

grateful return : Though ceaseless have been their toils : Though they ever mixed their spears, with the foe."

" How, ungrateful, unfeeling chief ! How, wilt thou any other defend ? What favour have the troops to expect—Whilst, thus, thou desertest their king ? Whilst, thus, thou desertest Sarpëdon, thy guest, thy ally, thy friend ! Whilst, thus, thou hast left him a prey—a mournful object of scorn to the foe ? From him, who defended the town—who warded ruin from thyself—who saved you all, while yet he lived, thou turn'st not away, the very dogs : That now are destined to mangle his corse. But if the Lycians will obey : If in aught, they will attend to my voice ; straight they will return to their land : For certain ruin, now, hovers o'er Troy."

" But had the Trojans that force of soul— that daring vigour, which ought to inflame— MEN, who for their country fight : When it hangs to its fall, o'er their heads : When they pour their utmost strength, in the fight ; when they urge their last toil, on the foe : Straight we had dragged the dead Patroclus, to Ilium exposed to the winds. Straight the Argives would restore—the beauteous arms, the corse of Sarpëdon. They would exchange the king, for the chief : And send his corse to sacred Troy. Slain lies the friend of a chief—the bravest of all the Argives : And, slain, lie in blood his attendants in war."

" But thou sustain'st not the dreadful arm : Not even the sight of godlike Ajax. Thou hast shrunk, from his face, in the fight. Frenzied thou art, with the eyes of the foe. Thou

dar'st not approach to his spear. Thou art prudent. He is valiant in war."

STERNLY turning his eyes, on the chief, Hector divine replied: "Glaucus! Why, great as thou art, come thy words, in such sort, to mine ear? I deemed thee, once, my gallant friend! The first, in prudence, as the first in renown—of those, who dwell in fertile Lycia, afar. But, now, I must reprove thy mind: And blame the rash voice, which I heard. Nor just are the words thou hast said: That I sustained not mighty Ajax in fight. I shudder not, O chief, at the strife. I shrink not, from the clangour of cars. But the will of Ægis-bearing Jove—is more powerful, than the courage of men. HE, now, turns the valiant to flight. HE now snatches victory from his hands. At other times, he urges his spear: And cloaths him, with renown, in the field. But hither advance, O friend! Stand near me. Behold my deeds. See, whether, throughout the day, my conduct will suit with thy words. Mark well my course, through the field. Behold, whether this spear shall repress—some Argive, from the fallen Patroclus: Though that Argive should seem matchless in war."

THUS saying, he raised his loud voice: And, thus, urged the Trojans to war: "O Trojans and Lycians renowned! Dardanians fighting hand to hand! Shew yourselves warriors, O friends! Recal your wonted vigour of soul! Whilst I assume the arms of Achilles: The beauteous arms, which I tore from Patroclus—slain by this spear, in the fight."

THUS saying, illustrious Hector—retired from the flaming strife. Bounding forward, with eager

speed—he soon overtook his friends. He soon came along, on the steps of those, who bore to lofty Troy, the burnished arms of the great son of Peleus. Standing apart, from the mournful fight; the awful hero changed his arms.—He gave his own to the warlike Trojans: To bear them to sacred Troy. He assumed the immortal arms of great Achilles, the son of Peleus. The arms, which the deathless gods gave to his father beloved. The aged resigned them to his son: But the son waxed not old, in the father's arms.

WHEN the storm-ruling Jove saw the chief—apart, from the strife of the spears: Assuming the splendid arms—of the divine son of Peleus: He shook his sacred head, on high: And thus spoke, to his own prescient soul: Ah! Hapless warrior! Thou admit'st not to the thoughts of thy soul—the dark death, that is hovering near. THOU assumest the immortal arms—of a hero unequalled in fight: Who strikes whole armies with fear. His friend thou hast slain, with thy lance: His mild but his valiant friend! Thou hast treated the slain with disgrace! Thou hast torn, from his corse his bright arms! Yet now, at least, I will victory give—and cover thy course, with renown. This I will give thee, O chief! As thou shalt return no more. As Andromachè shall not, from war, receive, with ardent joy, her spouse—clad in the awful armour of the renowned son of Peleus."

HE spoke: And, confirmed his words—with the awful nod of his sable brows. The armour fitted Hector divine. Dreadful Mars breathed on him his force. All his limbs, with fresh vigour are roused: New strength pervaded his

frame. To his gallant friends, in the fight—he rushed, with mighty clamour, along. Like Achilles he seemed to them all: As flaming he strode, o'er the field—in the arms of the great son of Peleus. Winding his course, through all the line—he roused the chiefs of the people to fight: Mesthles, the hero Glaucus, Medon, Thersilochus bold: Asteropæus, brave Disenor, Hippothous in battle renowned: Phorcys, illustrious Chromius and Ennomus in auguries skilled. Rousing these to dreadful fight, the hero thus began:

“HEAR me, ye hundred tribes! Who border on sacred Troy! Nor I, in want of numbers at home—nor to cover our fields, with an idle crowd—have roused you, from your distant towns—or called you to the walls of Ilium. To defend the Trojans ye came: To shield their wives and infant sons: To enter battle, with willing hearts: To chase a valiant foe, from the land. Indulging this thought in my soul; I my people exhaust with demands—of presents of provisions for you: Pleasing each of your souls, with gifts. Let each, therefore, turn his face to the foe: Whether safety or death presents: For these are the terms of the war. Whoever shall drag Patroclus—though, slain, he now lies in his blood: Whoever shall drag him to our line—and force Ajax to yield the prize: Half the spoils of the dead shall be HIS;—half only with ME shall remain. Equal shall be the trophy to both: And equal shall be our renown.”

He spoke: Right forward they rushed—with all their gathered force, on the Argives. They raised, before them, all their spears. Much they hoped, from their inmost souls—to

Force the dead from the mighty grasp—of the great Telamonian Ajax. Fools that they were, in their hopes! Many, pierced by his dreadful spear—poured forth their souls, on the corse. Then the godlike Ajax spoke thus to the brave Menelaus: “O friend! O Menelaus! Reared by Jove! Now lost are my hopes. Nor we, I deem, shall ever return—to our ships, from the dreadful fight. Not so great are my fears, O chief! For the corse of the fallen Patroclus: Who soon shall glut the fierce birds—the hungry dogs of the high-walled Troy: Not so great are my fears for the slain—as for my own life and for thine, O king. Great Hector collects the storm of war. He pours it dark, o’er all the field. Dreadful ruin hangs over our heads. Go. Call the bravest Argives: Should any hero hear thy voice, in the fight.”

He spoke: Nor disobeyed in aught—Menelaus renowned in arms. He swelled his loud voice, on the winds. Thus, he called the bright-mailed Argives: “O friends! O leaders of Argos! O princes of the nations in arms! Ye, who, with the sons of Atreus—quaff, at large, the public wine! ye who, each, command your tribes! Who derive your sacred honours, from Jove! Hard the task it is for ME—so fierce is the contest of arms—to perceive each chief, o’er the line: To pour my words, in each leader’s ear. But let SOME issue forth of THEIR accord: Let them feel rage, in their souls: That the great, but fallen Patroclus should become a sport to the dogs of Troy.”

He spoke: And the son of Oileus—the swift-footed Ajax heard. HE, first, came forward in steel: Resounding, as he rushed through the fight. Idomeneus followed the chief; and the

friend of the great Idomeneus: Meriones, equal to Mars, the destroyer of armies. But who can name all the chiefs? All the warriors that came in their arms? When the Argives renewed the fight—round the corse of the fallen Patroclus? The gathered Trojans rushed first on the foe. Great Hector preceded, in arms.

As when, in the echoing mouth—of a river descending, from father Jove: Huge tumbles the roaring wave—and rolls back in its channel the stream. Loud-resounding, the banks complain: As o'er them swells the deep-heaving main. So loud was the clamour of Troy: But silent stood the Argives arrayed. They stood, round the son of Menætius: Having but ONE soul in ALL their breasts. Walled round they were all, with their shields. Round the bright beams of their helms—the son of Saturn poured thickest night. Nor odious to the soul of the god—was the son of the great Menætius: While yet the hero lived: The gallant friend of the great Achilles! But odious it was to the god:—that the warrior should become a prey—to the dogs of a ruthless foe. He roused, therefore, in his defence; the dauntless souls of his valiant friends.

BUT, first, the Trojans removed, from the place—the firm ranks of the deep-formed Argives. Trembling, they fled, from the slain. Yet the foe slew none, with the spear: Though eager to stretch them to blood. They dragged the bloody corse, o'er the field. But not long remained, distant, the Argives. Straight, Ajax turned their face to the foe: Ajax, in figure, in deeds, in arms—the first of the Greeks in the fight: Next to the blameless son of Peleus. He broke the firm front of the Trojans: In his

strength, like a mountain-boar: Who disperses, with ease, on his hills—the youthful hunters, with all their hounds: When he suddenly turns on the foe; and urges forward through the brushwood his force. So illustrious Ajax—the son of Telamon in arms renowned: Dispersed with ease the line of the Trojans: When he poured, upon them, his force. Already they surrounded Patroclus. They hoped, o'er their ardent souls: To drag, to their city, the slain: To cover their arms, with renown. HIM Hippothous seized by the foot: The illustrious son of Pelasgian Lethus. He dragged the dead through the burning fight: Binding, round the ankle, a thong: He pleased Hector and Troy, with the deed: But sudden evil hovered o'er his own head. None could turn death from the chief—though eager to ward it away.

THE son of Telamon, bounding amain—struck the hero, hand to hand, with his spear. On the brazen helm fell the lance. Split is the casque in twain. The point passed, near the horse-hair cone: Forceful driven, by a sinewy arm. The brain, where entered the eager steel—rushed, bloody, to the earth, from the wound. His strength is, at once, unbraced. He dropt the foot of the slain, on the ground. On his face, he fell on Patroclus. Prone he lay, in death, on the dead: From the fertile Larissa, far! Nor to his parents the youth repaid—their anxious care in rearing their son. Short was the warrior's life: Subdued beneath the deadly lance—of the illustrious Ajax.

BUT Hector launched, on the godlike Ajax—his spear, that shone bright, as it flew! He saw the gleaming steel, as it came: And, inclining, avoided its point. But the spear fell on

warlike Schedius, the magnanimous son of Iphitus: By far the bravest of all the Phocceans. He dwelt, in the beauteous Panopè: O'er many extending his sway. Him the hero struck, in the throat. Through his shoulder appeared in blood—the eager point of the fatal lance. Resounding he fell to the earth. O'er his body crashed harshly his arms. But Ajax struck the warlike Phorcys—the son of Phænops, illustrious in arms. The chief defended Hippothous. Through his belly passed swiftly the lance. The steel broke the cuirass in twain: And mixed its point, with the entrails behind. Extended, large he lay on earth: And graspt the dust with his dying hand.

THE foremost of the ranks of the foe give way. Illustrious Hector himself retires. Loud swell the shouts of the Argives. They dragged the slain heroes away: Phorcys and the valiant Hippothous. From their bodies they tore their arms. Then had the Trojans, in flight: Driven headlong, before the Argives—ascended to lofty Ilium—subdued by their coward fears. Then the Argives had won renown: By their own proper courage and force—against the will of fate and of Jove: If Apollo had not roused great Æneas—like Periphas, in voice and in form: The herald Periphas, the son of Epytus. He in the halls of Anchises—had grown old, in the hero's love. Mild the counsels, which dwelt, in his soul! Assuming the form of the aged—the son of Jove, Apollo began:

ÆNEAS! What means remain, to save Ilium exposed to the winds? To save the lofty town from its fall, against the will of the gods? Hear the means, O chief, and give ear: I have seen other heroes in fight—confiding in their valour

and strength: Trusting to their own proper force—to the spears of their dauntless people in arms: Who saved their tottering states from their fall. But Jove wills to our arms success. He has left the fallen cause of the Argives: But ye defeat his purpose divine. Ye fly amain. Ye renounce the fight.”

HE spoke: Nor unperceived by Æneas—stood before him the far-shooting Phœbus. He knew the god, through the form assumed: And, raising his loud voice to Hector began: “O Hector! Other leaders of Troy! Chiefs of allies, arrived from afar! Now disgrace has involved us in shades. Driven back, by the warlike Argives: Shall we thus ascend to lofty Ilium—subdued, by our coward fears? Before me, confessed, stood a god. A bright vision was disclosed to mine eyes. He said, that Jove, the most powerful and wise—is our awful aid, in the fight. Right forward, let us rush, on the Argives. At least, let them not, at their ease—bear off the fallen Patroclus.”

HE spoke: And, bounding forward, in arms—stood, far-advanced, before the line. They turned their face, from shameful flight. They rushed onward against the Argives. Æneas launched, with force, his bright spear. He struck Leocritus, the son of Arisbas: The gallant friend of the great Lycomedes. HIM, as he fell in his blood—pitied his friend renowned. Before the slain he stood, in steel. He launched his beaming spear, on the foe. He struck the shepherd of his people in arms: The son of Hippasus, brave Apisæon. Through his liver rushed, eager, the lance. Straight his limbs are unbraced in death. From the fertile

Pæon he came: And next to great Asteropæus; he was the bravest of his people in fight.

HIM, as he fell, in his blood, pitied the mighty Asteropæus. Right onward, he urged his course: Ready to launch his spear, on the Argives. But no opening appeared for his steel. Covered over, with their bucklers, they stood. They formed a circle, round the fallen Patroclus: And stretched forward to the Trojans their spears. Through their lines rushed the godlike Ajax. He urged them to the battle, with words. With deeds he urged them to the fight. He permitted none to retreat from the dead: None to rush forward, from his line, on the foe. He commanded all to stand firm: To close round his spear their close ranks: Hand to hand to urge their bright points.

SUCH were the orders of mighty Ajax. The earth is drenched with purple blood. Heaps on heaps sink the foe, to the ground. The Trojans, with their allies renowned, fell mixed, with the falling Argives. Nor the latter urged the fight, without blood: Though fewer they sunk in death. They remembered the words of the chief. Close compacted the warriors stood: And warded off death, with their mutual aid. Thus, fought the foes, in the field, with all the rage of devouring flame. Nor couldst thou say, from thy soul: Whether still the Sun of heaven remained: Or whether the Moon still rolled, in safety, her orb. Deep darkness involved the fight. In a cloud stood concealed the foes—who pushed their spears to blood and death: Round the fallen corpse of the son of Menætius.

THE other warriors of lofty Troy—and the Argives bright-covered with mails, fought, free, in the air serene. Spread o'er them is the

splendour divine: The sharp light of the bright  
 Sun. Nor cloud arose from the ample  
 Nor mist inwrought the mountain's head. At  
 intervals, they fought, dispersed: Avoiding,  
 mutual care, their deadly spears, as they  
 But the foes, who in the center engaged—  
 suffered woes and wounds and death: Involved  
 battle, in darkness, in night. Two heroes  
 not yet heard, in aught—two brothers renowned  
 in arms—Antilochus and brave Thrasymedes.  
 THEY heard not, in aught, that, in death—  
 Patroclus divine, on the field. THEY deemed  
 that the hero lived: That still he fought, in the  
 front, with the foe. The brothers beheld, afar—  
 the slaughter, the flight of their friends. Apart,  
 in the field, they fought. The voice of Nestor  
 his sons obeyed: His words, when he sent them  
 forth—to turn the war from the ships of the  
 Argives.

BUT TO THEM, throughout the day—the deadly  
 contest of arms arose. With fatigue, with un-  
 ceasing toil—their feet, their knees, their joints  
 are unbraced. Their hands are stained, with  
 reeking blood: Dust covers, with darkness,  
 their eyes. Tumult, toil and death are mixed  
 —round the godlike friend of the great son of  
 Peleus. As when a man gives the hide of a  
 mighty bull—fresh, covered over with recent  
 grease—to be stretched, by many youths, on the  
 field. In a circle, apart, they sit down—and  
 extend it with all their force. The moisture de-  
 parts: The fat sinks into all its pores. On  
 every side, they exert their strength: Till the  
 whole is spread wide to the eye.

So the foes, in a narrow space—dragged, to  
 and fro, the corse of the slain. Each strove to  
 drag it to his line. Much they both hoped the

prize to obtain. The Trojans wished to bear it to Troy: The Argives to their ships, on the shore. Dreadful tumult arose, on each side. Nor Mars, the fierce stirrer of armies—nor Pallas, though descending in wrath—could the dreadful contest of arms despise: Such the labour, of men and of steeds; the slaughter, the blood and the strife: Which Jove poured, around Patroclus, on that dreadful day.

Nor yet knew Achilles divine—that Patroclus lay slain, on the field. Far distant from the ships, fought the foes: Before the walls of the high-built Troy. He thought not, in his soul, of his death: still he hoped that, alive, his friend—would return to the camp of the Argives: When the foe he should drive to the gates. He deemed not that the city would fall—by his friend, without his own aid: Nor even with his own mighty arm. Often, to this purpose, the voice—of his bright mother came, apart to his ear. Thus she brought, through the winds—the high will of almighty Jove. But his mother divine—brought not this woe to his ears: This disaster, which to HIM had befallen: That by far the most beloved of his friends—should perish, in the contest of spears.

BUT the foes, round the corse of the slain—stretching forward their spears, in their hands: Ceaseless, rushed, with mutual shocks, to the fight: And slew each other, again, in their rage. Thus, arose amid the crowd—the voice of some Argive in arms: “O friends! Urge onward the war. It becomes not—we must not retreat. It were now disgraceful to fly to the ships. Here rather let the earth open wide—and, closing o’er us conceal us from shame! This were better far for our fame: Than to

suffer the car-ruling Trojans—to drag HIM hence to their lofty town: And to cover their arms with renown.”

THUS, some Argive. Whilst bright in his arms—some Trojan began words like these: “O friends! Let us urge here the war. Let none turn his foot, from the fight: Though all were destined to fall in death—on the corse of the hero slain.”—On either side rose words like these. The souls of the warriors were roused. Battle raged amain on the field. The horrid clangour, the tumult, the noise—swelled on the air and rose to the brazen concave of heaven.

BUT the deathless steeds of the great Achilles—stood, apart, on the field and wept: when they found that their driver renowned fell, in death, on the dust of Troy: Beneath the hands of Hector divine. In vain Automedon, the stout son of Diöres—urged them, with the lash, to proceed: In vain he soothed them, with words; Or threatened them, aloud, with his voice. Neither, would they return to the ships—to the shore of the spacious Hellespont: Nor to the contest of arms—where the Argives strove for the slain. Like a monument firm they remained: A solid pillar, which rears its head—o'er some warrior laid low, in the earth: Or woman, once for beauty renowned.

So stood the steeds, unmoved: Still joined to the beauteous car. Bent to earth were their graceful heads. The warm tears came, rolling down, and mixed, with the dust, as they fell. Deep heaved their anxious bosoms with woe: Much regretting the loss of the chief. Soiled are their bright-flowing manes: As, in circles, they are poured, on the yoke. Jove beheld the deathless steeds in their grief. He pitied them, as he

looked from his sky. The god shook his awful head: And, thus, began to his own mighty soul:

“AH! hapless steeds! Why did the gods give you, both away—deathless as you are and exempted from the rigour of years.—Why gave they you to the far-ruling Peleus: Though great, still a mortal man? Was it to share the woes? The dire disasters of wretched man? For of all that breathes the air of heaven: Of all, that moves, with life, on the earth—none is more wretched than man! None so subject to trouble and woe! But cease your grief: For never by you—nor seated aloft on that car—shall great Hector be borne along. This Jove and the fates forbid. Is it not enough for the chief—that he bears the splendid arms of Achilles—and rashly glories, in the prize? But I will pour force, on your limbs: O'er your souls I will vigour awake. That you may bear Automedon—safe from the contest of spears—to the hollow ships of the Argive powers. Still with glory, I will cover the foe. Death and slaughter shall spread amain: Till Troy shall push the war to the ships: Till the Sun shall fall, in the west—and sacred darkness shall cover the world.”

Thus spoke the father of gods. He breathed strength, on the steeds divine. They shook the dust, from their beauteous manes: And drew swiftly the bounding car. Between the Trojans and Argives they drove. Automedon fought, aloft, from his seat: Though grieved for his fallen friend. He rushed, with his car, on the foe: As a vulture, which descends, from the winds—on a clamorous train of snow-white geese. With ease the warrior fled, from the

foe: With ease, from the tumult of spears  
 With ease he also rushed, on their line: And  
 broke their solid ranks, in pursuit. But he slew  
 not the foe, with the spear: When he bounded,  
 on his car, through their lines: Hard it was to  
 hurl the lance: And, at once, to restrain the  
 steeds: When, sole, he sat in the sacred car.  
 At length his friend and fellow in arms: Alcimedon,  
 the warlike son of Lærces—perceived  
 him, as he drove o'er the field. Behind the  
 beauteous car he stood: And, thus, to the great  
 Automedon:

“AUTOMEDON:” The warrior said: “Who  
 of the immortal gods—has breathed pernicious  
 counsels on the mind of the chief? Who has  
 prudence expelled, from thy soul? That, Thus,  
 thou drivest thy car alone: Through the ranks  
 of the Trojan powers. Slain lies thy partner in  
 war. Hector bears, on his body, his arms:  
 Exulting, in the spoils of Achilles.”—To him  
 replied the son of Diöres: Automedon in battle  
 renowned: “Alcimedon! Who of the Argives  
 is like THEE to guide this bright car? To man-  
 age the deathless steeds? To restrain their  
 fierce vigour of soul? Who but the great Pa-  
 troclus,—equal in deeds to the gods—while yet  
 the hero lived? But, now, he lies slain, in his  
 blood. Fate and death involve him, in shades.  
 Receive the bright whip, in thy grasp. Draw  
 the reins back to thy hands. But I will bound,  
 on earth, from the car: To hurl the deadly  
 spear, on the foe.”

HE spoke: The warrior mounted the car.  
 He seized the bright whip, in his grasp: And  
 drew back the reins to his hands. Automedon  
 bounded to earth. Illustrious Hector perceived  
 the chief. He spoke to the great Æneas—as

near the hero stood, in his arms: "Æneas!" Began Hector divine: "Leader of the Trojans, bright in their mails! I behold the deathless steeds—of the swift son of magnanimous Peleus. I behold them issuing forth to the fight: Bearing drivers unskilled in war. I should hope to seize them both in the field: If thy soul will give thine aid to my spear. Nor will the dastards sustain our force. They will not stand, opposed to our spears."

HE spoke: Nor disobeyed in aught—the gallant son of the great Anchises. Onward they rushed, in their arms: Rearing aloft the broad orbs of their shields. Their shields solidly formed of dry hides: Covered over, with plates of brass. With the heroes rushed forward to war—Chromius and the godlike Arētus. Much THEY, each, hoped from their souls—to lay the heroes slain, on the field: And to drive the high-necked steeds to their line. Fools that they were in their hopes! Nor both were destined to return—without blood, from Automedon's spear. To Jove the father, the hero prayed. Force and valour are poured, by the god—on the darkness, which covered his soul. Straight he addressed Alcimedon—his faithful friend and fellow in arms:

"ALCIMEDON! Keep near me the steeds. Let them breathe, on my shoulders, behind. Hector, the son of Priam, I deem—will never his valour restrain: Till he ascend the high-maned steeds—of great Achilles, the son of Peleus: Till he ascend the bright car—having laid us, in death on the field: Till he break the lines of the Argives;—or give his own great soul to the winds."

THUS saying, he called the two Ajaces. He sent his voice to the great Menelaus: "Ajaces! Brave leaders of Argives! O Menelaus attend! Commit to others the care of the dead: Commit the corse to the bravest in fight. Let them firmly surround the slain. Let them repel the ranks of the foe. But you, from us, who still survive;—turn away the evil day, with your spears. Hither rush, through the mournful fight—Hector and the godlike Æneas—by far the bravest of the warriors of Troy. But all is placed in the breasts of the gods. Success only on heaven depends. But I will launch my beamy spear: And leave the rest to the care of Jove."

HE spoke: And, vibrating, hurled his long lance. He struck the broad shield of the godlike Arëtus. The bright orb sustained not the point. Through and through rushed the eager steel. Through the belt it swiftly passed: And, fixed in his nether belly, remained. As when a youth, with his hand robust—rears aloft the gleaming ax, in the air: Down falls the forceful weapon, with speed—behind the horns of a savage bull. The whole sinew is divided in twain. He bounds and tumbles, in death, on the ground. Thus bounding, the youth fell supine. In his entrails shook the sharp-pointed spear: And his limbs were unbraced, as he lay.

HECTOR hurled his bright lance, through the air—at the breast of the great Automedon. He saw the gleaming steel, as it came—and, stooping forward, avoided its point. Behind him, it stood fixed in the ground. The staff quivered, as the head sunk in earth. But soon the strong spear remitted its force as it shook. Then,

hand to hand, had the heroes closed: Then had they urged, with their swords the fight: But the Ajaces rushed in between. THEY parted the chiefs, as they glowed. Through the deep ranks had the warriors come: At the well-known voice of their friend.

AVOIDING the battle of the chiefs—the leaders of Troy retired: Hector, the great Æneas and Chromius, in form like the gods. They left Arétus, in all his blood. Mangled and torn, he lay on the ground. But Automedon, equal to Mars—divested the slain of his arms: And glorying, o'er the warrior, began: "This, at least, has lessened my grief—for the fall of the son of Menætipus. A part of the cloud of woe is dispelled: Though less, than HIS, the renown of the slain." Thus he spoke: And placed aloft, in the car—the bloody spoils of the hapless Arétus. Stained with gore are his feet and his hands: Like a lion the hero seemed—when drenched, with the blood of some slaughtered bull.

AGAIN, o'er the fallen Patroclus—is kindled the dismal fight. Blue-eyed Pallas awaked the fierce strife: Descending, from the heavens to the field. The high-thundering Jove sent her forth—to rouse the falling hearts of the Argives: For the soul of the god was changed. As, when extended to mortal eyes—Jove bends his purple bow in the clouds: The dire omen of disastrous war: Or the sign of descending storms: Which stop, o'er the earth, the labours of men: And sadden the drooping herds. So inwrapt in a purple cloud—blue-eyed Pallas shot, from heaven to the field. She entered the nations of Argos. She roused the soul of each chief to the fight. First, she spoke to the son of Atreus:

To Menelaus renowned in arms. Near the place, where she lighted, he stood. The form of Phœnix the goddess assumed: The hero's voice unknown to yield.

“To thee what shame! O Menelaus! What dishonour, what dire disgrace! If, under the walls of high Troy—fleet dogs shall devour the corse—what remains of the gallant friend of the illustrious son of Peleus! But THOU thyself advance to the fight: And urge, with ardor, thy people to war.” To the goddess, in turn, replied—Menelaus renowned in arms: “O Phœnix! O father! O born, in the days of old! Would! that Minerva gave me strength equal to mine ardor of soul; That she would turn from my life—the fierce progress of hostile darts. Then would I follow the bent of my soul: And bear aid to the fallen Patroclus. Much I feel his fall in my heart. Regret darkens my breast for the slain. But Hector, advancing in fight—bears the dreadful force of devouring flame: Nor ceases his steel to slaughter amain: For Jove has covered his arms with renown.”

HE spoke: And, o'er her heavenly soul—the blue-eyed Pallas rejoiced, at his words: As to HER he addressed his prayer—amid the host of the deathless powers. SHE breathed strength on his shoulders and limbs. She kindled boldness, within his breast. Like the persisting rage of a fly: Who, often repulsed, as often returns—to fasten on the bodies of men; For grateful to HIM is human blood! With such boldness the power filled his breast: And lightened through the cloud, on his soul. He advanced to the fallen Patroclus: And hurled his gleaming lance, through the air.

A CHIEF there was, among the Trojans : Podes, the son of Eëtion : In wealth abounding, brave in war : The most honoured by Hector divine—of all the warriors, who fought for Troy : His companion his guest beloved ! Him, as he turned to flight—the yellow-haired Menelaus struck with his spear. Near the belt passed the eager steel. Through and through, rushed the deadly lance. Resounding, he fell to the earth : The foe dragged the slain from his friends : To the deep ranks of the Argive powers.

FAST, by the side of Hector—Apollo exhorting arose : In form, like Phænops, the son of Asius : The most beloved of all his guests : Who dwelt, in high halls, in Abydos. Assuming the hero's form : Thus spoke the far-shooting Phœbus : “ Hector ! Who, hereafter, of Argives—shall dread to meet thy spear in fight ? While, thus, thou turn'st thy trembling steps—from Menelaus—till now, no terror in the strife of renown. But, now, he boldly stands forth alone. He slays, then drags the slain away. By his spear fell thy faithful friend—once valiant in the front of the line : Podes, the son of Eëtion.”

HE spoke : On the hero's soul—arose a sudden cloud of woe. To the front of the battle he rushed : Gleaming, bright in his burnished steel. Then Jove took his dreadful Ægis. He hung it forward a gleaming portent. All Ida he wrapt in a cloud. His bolts issued forth, from the gloom : And, awful, rolled his loud thunders, on high. The whole mountain he shook, as he launched. He gave victory to Troy : And turned the Argives, amain, to flight.

THE rout was led by Bœotian Peneleus. In

the shoulder he was struck with the lance: When he turned his manly face to the foe.—Slight was the wound! Just to the bone—came the point of Polydamas' spear. Hand to hand, he struck the chief. Hector pierced the son of Alectryon: Bold Leitus matchless in war. Through his hand, by the wrist passed the lance. It stopped the progress of the hero in war. Trembling, and with caution he fled. He hoped no longer, within his soul: To launch the spear, from his hand, on the foe: To turn the battle on Troy, in the field.

IDOMENEUS launched, on Hector, his spear: As, on Leitus rushed forward, the chief. Full on the breast-plate it fell. Broken short is the point of the lance: And the Trojans rend, with clamour, the skies. But HE, in turn, hurled his javelin amain—on Idomeneus, the son of Deucalion: As, aloft, he stood, on his car. He strayed, from the life of the king: But he struck the friend and fellow in arms—of Meriones, equal to Mars: Cæranus, who guided his car. From the well-built Lyctus, the warrior came.—First, on foot, Meriones came: To turn the war from the hollow ships. But, now, laid low in his blood—he had covered the Trojans, with fame: But Cæranus, straight, brought his steeds: And with THEM, he brought safety along: And turned the evil day, from his lord. But he himself lost his life, in his zeal: Beneath the force of Hector divine.

NEAR the jaw bone, just under the ear—entered the eager lance. His teeth are shattered, his tongue cut in twain. He tumbles, in death, from the car. Wide fly the floating reins, on the ground. Meriones bends from the car: And assumes them, from the earth, with his

hand. The hero spoke to Idomeneus: "Lash the steeds. To the ships let us fly. Thou perceiv'st that the battle is lost: That victory declares for the foe." The king lashed the high-maned steeds. He urged his course to the ships of the Argives. A sudden panic had fallen, on his soul.

NOR unperceived by magnanimous Ajax—by Menelaus renowned in arms—great Jove had inclined the scale: And given the changing conquest to Troy. With words like these, began aloud—the great Telamonian Ajax: "Alas! Who so foolish, as not to perceive? That father Jove has inclined the scale: And covered the foe, with renown. With effect, fall their deadly darts: Whenever they fly from their hands: Whether launched, by the feeble in fight—or by the warlike and renowned, in the field. Jove guides them all, with his mighty hand. But ours fall short of their aim. They fly in vain, through the air, on the foe."

"BUT let us consider with speed: Let us think of some resource, in our souls: By what means, by what arduous deed—we may bear the slain chief, from the foe: That we may gladden, with our return—the brightening souls of our friends beloved. Turning hither their eyes, they are sad. They deem, that we cannot sustain—the force of Hector, his invincible hands: They deem, that we must yield to the foe: That they themselves are to fall, at the ships."

"WOULD that some friend were near—to bear the tidings to the great son of Peleus. HE, I deem, knows not aught of our state. The mournful tale has not yet reached his ear: That his friend beloved has fallen, in the war. Nor can mine eyes perceive a chief: A fit bearer of

the news to Achilles. Oppressed with darkness we fight amain. Our steeds, ourselves are involved in clouds. O father Jove! remove the cloud: Free from darkness the sons of Argos. Restore the sun. Give us to see with our eyes. Destroy us, at least, in light: As destruction seems good to thy soul."

HE spoke: And the father heard. He pitied the hero's tears. Straight he dispersed the darkness. He removed the cloud, from their eyes. The sun shone forth from his sky. The whole battle is covered with light. Then Ajax addressed his words—to Menelaus renowned in arms: "Look around thee, O reared by Jove. See, whether in line of the Argives—still alive is the warlike Antilochus: Prudent Nestor's magnanimous son! Urge him to bend, with speed, his steps—to the illustrious son of Peleus. Let him bear the mournful tale to his ear: That fallen, beneath the hand of the foe—lies slain the most beloved of his friends."

HE spoke: Nor disobeyed in aught—Meneläus renowned in arms. He moved forward, through the ranks, of his friends: As—the lion, retires from the fold: Fatigued, with his toils through the night—with encountering the shepherds and hounds. THEY permit not the prey to his jaws: Watching down the whole night, round the pen. HE greedy of blood, rushes on: But his efforts avail not in aught. Forward fly the frequent darts, from their hands. The flaming torches they rear in the air. Dreading these, he retreats though much roused. With morning he retires to the woods: Disappointed and gloomy in heart.

So, from the corse of Patroclus—Meneläus, unwilling, retired. Much he feared, in his

manly soul—that the Argives, struck with panic divine—might leave him, a prey, to the foe. Much he gave in charge to Meriones—to both the illustrious Ajaces: “O Ajaces! Great leaders of Argos! Meriones, dauntless in fight! Now, recal, each, to your souls—the gentle meekness of the hapless Patroclus. To all he knew to be mild of heart: While yet the hero lived. But now dark fate is around him: Death wraps him, in endless shades.”

THUS speaking, the yellow-haired king—took his way, through the ranks of his friends. To every side, he turned his keen eyes: Like an eagle, who, they say, is sharpest of sight—of all the birds that stretch their wings, on the winds. HE, though floating aloft, on the air—beholds the fleet-bounding hare, on the field: As she cowers beneath the thick-spreading shrub. Resounding, he descends, on the prey. Straight mixes her life, with the wind. So to thee, O thou nurtured by Jove! Rolled round, thy bright eyes, o'er the field: O'er the deep ranks of the Argive powers. To find the son of Nestor, they rolled: If the hero still breathed the air. HIM he quickly perceived, in the left wing of the fight: Confirming the souls of his friends: Urging forward his warriors to fight.

NEAR the chief stood the great Meneläus: “Antilochus!” The hero said. “Approach and listen, beloved of Jove! Hear tidings of deepest woe. Would they were not now to be heard. Thou, I deem, hast long perceived: Thine eyes have seen, o'er the line: That a god has rolled death on the Argives: That the victory has inclined to the foe. Slain is the bravest of Greeks. Fallen is the hapless Patroclus. Mighty woe has o'ershadowed the Argives. But

thou to Achilles repair. Rush, with speed, to the ships on the shore. Bear the dreadful woe to his ear. Let him haste, to regain the corse: The naked corse! For the splendid arms—now shine from Hector's shoulders, in fight."

HE spoke: And shuddering the hero heard. The mournful tale fell dark on his soul. Long speechless the warrior stood. His eyes are filled, with sudden tears: His flowing voice adhered to his mouth. But not, even thus, the youth neglects—the mournful charge of the great Menelaus. He gave his bright arms to Laodocus: His friend in war, who held, near him, the steeds. He gave—then he bounded away. The big tears dropt, on earth, as he moved.—He rushed to bear the mournful tale—to the ears of the son of Peleus.

NOR to THEE suggests thy great soul, O Menelaus, beloved of Jove! To aid the toiling warriors in fight: Whom Antilochus left, in the field. But the Pylians, now engaged with the foe—felt his absence o'er all their lines. But the king roused the divine Thrasymedes—to aid his native forces in fight. HE himself returns o'er the field, o'er the field—to the corse of the hero, Patroclus. He stopt, when he came to the great Ajaces. Thus arose his words to their ears:

"HIM have I sent," he said: "To the swift ships of the Argive powers. I have sent him to the mighty Achilles. Nor HE, I deem, will issue to war. Though much enraged against Hector divine: Unarmed, he cannot fight with the Trojans. But let us consider, with speed: Let us think of some resource, in our souls: By what means, by what arduous deed—we may bear the fallen chief from the foe. Let us think

of some means to escape: To save ourselves, from the deaths, which hover around."

To the hero replied, in his turn—the mighty Telamonian Ajax: "Prudent the advice thou hast urged! O Menelæus, renowned in arms! But thou and the warlike Meriones—straight bear the corse, from the field. WE shall fight behind your steps—with the Trojans, with Hector divine. WE equal in our names, as in arms! WE, who often have sustained fierce Mars: The rushing torrent of war, in the field." He spoke. They raised the corse, in their arms. Aloft they reared it, with all their force. Loud swelled the dreadful shout of the Trojans: When the Argives raised the body, from earth.

RIGHT forward rushed, tumultuous, the Trojans: Like hounds, pursuing a wounded boar. A small space, before the hunters they stretch: Eager to tear the savage amain. But when, confiding in his strength—he turns upon them the glare of his eye. Straight they fall back toward their lords: And, dispersing, fly, o'er the wilds. Thus the Trojans advanced a small space: Dealing blows, with their swords, launching spears. But when the Ajaces turned their face: When they stood forth to oppose the foe. The colour changed o'er their features, through fear. None sustained, forward-bounding to blood, to fight for the corse of the chief.

THUS, with spirit, they bear amain—the hero's corse toward the ships of the Argives. Dreadful battle swells, behind them, with noise: Like a fire, which invades, in its rage—the wide streets of well peopled towns. Sudden, it bursts forth to sight. The lofty flames sink dark—in the broad-skirted flame. Resounding it spreads along, beneath the force of the roaring wind.

Such the horrid sound of bounding steeds—of men rushing forward, in arms: When, collected, they poured on the flight. The heroes laboured, beneath the weight: Like mules, who, clothed, in resistless strength—drag, from the mountain, through rugged ways—a vast beam or lofty mast for the ship, on the main. Deap heave their huge sides, with the toil: They sweat amain, as they contend, in the draught.

So the heroes bore the body along. Behind—the two Ajaces—broke the rushing tide of the foe: As a hill, which with all its woods—stretching forward its head, through a plain: Withstands the headlong course of the rapid streams: And turns them large on the level ground. Firm in its strength it stands: Careless of the rage of waters. So firmly, the mighty Ajaces—repelled the roaring tide of the Trojans. Yet still the foe pursued amain. Two godlike heroes led them on: Æneas, the great son of Anchises—and Hector illustrious in arms.

As flies a cloud of starlings, through air: Or clamourous flocks of choughs, when they see—the bird of Jove hovering around;—or sousing fierce, on their callow young. So driven by the strength of Æneas—by the hands of Hector divine: The sons of Argos shrilly-clamourous fled to their ships: Forgetful of the fight of renown. Many were the bright-beaming arms: Which strewed the deep trench, as the Argives fled. Yet no rest from the fight—no respite from blood remained.

THE  
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OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK XVIII.

THUS fought the foes, in the field—like the force of devouring flame. But Antilochus came to Achilles—a swift-footed bearer of woe! HIM he found sitting alone, near the lofty sterns of his hollow ships. Dark rose in his boding mind—the dire event, which already had come. Deep-sighing the hero, thus—addressed, pensive, his own great soul:

“ AH me! What change is this? Why again fly the long-haired Argives? Why turn they their flight to the ships? Thus broken, thus dispersed, in the field? Much I dread that the deathless gods—have fulfilled the mournful fears of my soul: As, heretofore, my mother divine

conveyed, in dark words, to mine ear: That the bravest of all the Myrmidons—while yet I lived and breathed the air—should lie, subdued by the hands of the Trojans—and desert the splendid light of the sun. Surely fallen by their ruthless hands—is the valiant son of the great Menætius. Hapless man! Yet strict was my charge! I bade him, the fire repelled, to return to the ships: And not to urge the battle with Hector divine.

WHILST, thus, he turned dismal thoughts, in his soul: Near, came Nestor's illustrious son. Wide-poured the warm tears from his eyes. He told at once, the mournful tale: " Ah me! Son of warlike Peleus! Sad the tidings which now, thou shalt hear: Would! they existed not to be told! Slain lies Patroclus! For his body, they ALL contend: His naked cōrse! His splendid arms are borne, in fight, by illustrious Hector."

HE spoke. At once, on the chief—a dark cloud of sorrow arose. He raised the ashes, in both his hands. He poured it, amain, on his head: And disfigured his graceful face. To his garments divine—the dark dust adhered on every side. Large he is spread on the earth: Covering a wide space, as, rolling, he lies. He tears his heavy locks, with his hands. The captive maids issue forth, from their tents: The bright prizes, which he gained, in war: Which Patroclus had won in the field. Sad in soul, they issued forth. Their mournful voice arose, round the chief. They struck their white breasts with their hands. Their lovely limbs were unbraced, with woe. Antilochus joined his grief to their tears. He held the mighty hand of Achilles: For, deep, he groaned, from

his inmost soul. He dreaded, that the chief, in despair—would raise the steel against his life.

DREADFUL rose the deep voice of his grief: Not unheard, by his mother divine: As she sat, in the depth of ocean—near her aged sire. Straight she joined her mournful cries to his woe. Her bright sisters of ocean convened. Around her stood the beauteous forms—of all the daughters of aged Nereus. THERE was Glaucè, Thalia was there: Cymodocè, bright Nessæ: Spio, swift-moving Thöa, Halia, with large blue eyes: Cymothoë, the graceful Actæa, Limnoria, with heavy locks: Melita, white-bosomed Iæra: Amphithoë, the beauteous Agavè: Doto, Proto, bright Pherusa: Dynamenè, Dexamenè fair: Amphinomè, white-armed Callianira: Doris, Panopè, Galatea afar renowned: Nemertes, the fair-limbed Apscudes: The stately charms of Callianassa. There was Clymenè, there Ianira, Ianassa, and Mæra divine. There was high-bosomed Orithya, Amathëa, with long, heavy hair. Other bright-moving nymphs were THERE: The soul-winning daughters of aged Nereus: THEY lighted the wide cave, with their charms. They struck their heaving bosoms, in grief.

THEPIS, thus, unveiled her woe: “Hear me, sisters of Ocean! Bright daughters of Nereus attend! That all may know my bitter grief: The dreadful sorrows, which lie deep on my soul. Ah me! Unhappy, lost, forlorn! Wretched mother of the bravest of men! I brought forth a son to the light: Brave, illustrious, the most valiant of heroes. HE flourished like a plant, in my sight. HIM I reared, with anxious care: Like a fair-spreading olive, in a fertile spot of land. I sent him, in his

ships, to Troy: Destined never to receive him again: Never to receive him, returned—in the lofty halls of Peleus. Yet to add to my bitter woes: While yet he lives, while yet he beholds—the splendid light of the Sun—he is sad: Nor can I aid him, though grieved in my soul. But I will ascend to his side. I will behold my son beloved. I will hear, from himself, his woes: I will learn what sorrow invades—the hero, still remote, from the fight.”

**SHE** spoke: And left the caves of the main. Her bright sisters attended, in tears. Ocean, round them, divided his waves: But when they came to the beauteous Troy—in long order, they moved, o’er the strand. They came where the vessels of Phthia—were placed, ashore, round the matchless Achilles. Near the chief, as he groaned amain—stood, confessed, his mother divine. Shrill rose the sudden voice of her grief. She seized the drooping head of her son: And, mournful, with winged words began: “Why weeps, my son beloved? What sorrow has invaded thy soul? Speak. Conceal not aught of thy grief. All has been accomplished by Jove. Thy prayer has been granted by **HIM**: Thy vows, with uplifted hands. The Argives have been driven to their ships. They have felt thy deep loss o’er their lines: Much they have suffered, for the wrongs of my son.”

**DEEP-SIGHING** from his inmost soul—the great Achilles replied: “O mother divine! All **THESE** awful Jove has performed.—But what pleasure derive I from **THESE**? Since fallen is my friend beloved! Since, in death, lies the hapless Patroclus? Whom I honoured the most of mankind! Whom I loved more than life! **HIM** I lost. Hector, who slew, spoiled the slain.

HE stript him of MY splendid arms: MY large, beauteous, and wondrous arms! The bright gift of the gods to Peleus: On that fatal day, when THEE they placed—in the bridal hall of a mortal man. Would! That still thou had'st remained—among the deathless nymphs of the foamy main: Would! That the steed-ruling Peleus—had wedded a mortal spouse. But THEE he wedded: And heavy grief lies dark, on thy breast divine. Thou foresee'st the coming death of thy son: HIM thou never shalt receive: Returning back to his native land. Nor wishes my soul for life. I desire not to be present with men: Unless Hector, subdued in the fight—shall pour forth his soul round my spear: And give to ME the vengeance due, for the fall of the son of Menæteus.”

To the hero bright Thetis replied: Wide-pouring warm tears on her cheek: “Soon must thou fall, my son! If thou speak'st the designs of thy soul. Straight, after Hector divine—dismal fate hovers, o'er thee, my son!”—“Straight let me die!” He said: “Since the fates have denied to mine arm—to ward off death from my friend most-beloved! Distant far, from his native land—the warrior fell, in his blood. ME he wanted, when he fell! ME, who ought to turn evil away. But now, as never I must return—never visit my native land: As I saved not the life of Patroclus: As I turned not death from the rest of my friends: Who, many and brave, lie subdued—beneath the hands of Hector divine. But here I sit, at my ships: Oppress, with useless weight, the earth. Here, such as I am, I sit: Though the first of the Argives in arms.—But others in council are more renowned.”

“**BUT** perish strife among the gods! Let it perish, among mankind! Blotted be wrath from the world: And rage, that leads astray the wise. More pleasing than honey, dropping slow—revenge pours itself, on the hearts of men. **BUT** soon it darkly grows within: And spreads, like a cloud, o’er the soul. To such wrath, to such dreadful revenge—the king of men had driven my soul. **BUT** let me **THESE** forget with the past: Though still my wrongs, mix with grief in my soul. Dire necessity commands: and sorrow ascends o’er my wrath.”

“**BUT**, now, I will rush to the field. I will find dreadful Hector in fight; the destroyer of the friend, whom I loved! **THEN**, with joy, will I meet my death: Whenever it pleases Jove—and the other immortal gods. Nor the strength, nor unequalled force—of mighty Hercules could shield him from fate: Though the dearest of all his sons—to the soul of Saturnian Jove. **HIM** destructive fate subdued—and the dire wrath of the awful Juno. Thus—if like **HIS** is my fate—shall I lie extended, in death. **BUT**, while yet I live, my renown shall arise. I will force some Trojan fair—some deep-bosomed Dardanian dame—to tear both her lovely cheeks, with her hands: To pour her bright tears from her eyes—to heave, with sighs, her snow-white breast. The foe shall, in their sorrow, feel: That I have long abstained, from the fight. I go. Prevent me not, in thy love. **ME** thou shalt never persuade.”

To him replied the bright-moving Thetis: “**Truth**, attends thy words, my son. Not unworthy of **THEE** the design—of aiding thy loved friends in distress: Of turning destruction away. **BUT** the Trojans retain thine arms: Thy brazen,

thy far-beaming arms ! THESE Hector illustrious in fight—bears aloft, exulting in soul. But soon shall he cease to exult. Near him hovers destructive death. But THOU, avoid to enter the field : To mix thyself, with the tumults of Mars : Till ME thou shalt see returned : 'Till, confessed, I appear to thine eyes. With morning I shall return : When the sun exalts his beams on the world : Bearing, in my hands, bright arms, from Vulcan, for arts renowned."

SHE spoke : And turned her steps from her son. To her sisters of ocean, she said : " You, O sisters, descend—beneath the rolling waves of the main. Re-visit the aged Nereus. Return to the halls of your sire. Tell him all the woes of Thetis. I, to lofty Olympus, ascend. I ascend, through the veering winds—to Vulcan renowned in the arts : To obtain from his hands divine—bright-beaming arms, for my gallant son."—She spoke. They obeyed her voice. They dived, beneath the waves of the main. To Olympus ascended, on the winds—the form divine of bright-footed Thetis : To bring splendid arms, for her son beloved.

To Olympus the goddess ascends. But the Argives, with tumult, with noise—are driven, by the force of the slaying King : By Hector divine, in his arms. They fled again. He hung on their flight : Till to their hollow ships, they came : To the Hellespont's sounding shore. Nor yet had the Argives in arms—borne Patroclus beyond the darts : The fallen friend of the great son of Peleus. Again, the foe came up with the corse. The foot, the cars, great Hector came : The son of godlike Priam came—like the force of devouring flame. Thrice the illustrious Hector—seized, by the foot, the

dead: with eager hopes to drag him to Troy: Loud swelled his awful voice to the Trojans. But thrice the two godlike Ajaces—cloathed, each, in impetuous valour—repelled the chief with force, from the slain: Unceasing, trusting to his strength, now, he bounds amain through the crowd: Now, standing, he rears his dreadful voice: But never yields one step to the foe.

As shepherds, that watch the night in the field—fail to force, with all their strength—the fierce lion, from the carcass, away: When hunger has invaded him whole. So failed the two warlike Ajaces—though burning, in their burnished arms—to frighten Hector, the son of Priam—from the corse of Patroclus slain. Even yet he had borne it away: And covered his arms, with mighty renown: Had not the wind-footed Iris—descended to the son of Peleus. Swift, she descended, from snow-crowned Olympus—to urge the hero forth to the fight. Unknown to Jove and all the gods—she was sent by the white-armed Juno. Near the chief, confessed, she stood. With winged words, she thus began:

“ARISE, son of Peleus! Most terrible of mankind, arise! Carry aid to thy loved Patroclus: In whose cause dreadful contest ascends. Before the navy burns the fight. With mutual wounds, they fall amain. The foes contend, with all their force—for the corse of thy fallen friend. They wish to drag him, from the ships—to lofty Ilium, exposed to the winds. The Trojans rush, with eager speed. Illustrious Hector burns the most—to seize the slain. To cut the head, from the tender neck: To fix it, aloft, on a stake. Arise, O chief, and save thy friend. Linger no longer. Arise. Dishonour,

shame shall whelm thy soul: Should Patroclus, whom thou loved'st—become the sport of the dogs of Troy. If the slain shall suffer disgrace—that disgrace is wholly thine.”

“WHO, goddess Iris!” replied the chief: “Who sent thee, from heaven to mine ear?” —“From Juno, I descend, through the winds:” Various Iris to Achilles began: “I come to thine ear from heaven, from the high-renowned consort of Jove: Unknown to the son of Saturn, who sits aloft: To all the other deathless gods: Who dwell on Olympus with summits of snow.” —“How can I issue to war?” Replied the mighty son of Peleus. “How can I issue to the fight! The foes possess my splendid arms. My mother divine forbade me to arm. She forbade me to take the field: Till again she returned to mine eyes. She promised, from Vulcan, to bring—beauteous arms, the work of the god. Nor know I any warrior of Argos—whose arms will fit my limbs in fight: Except the seven-fold, spacious shield—of the great Telamonian Ajax. But he himself, engaged I deem—strides large in the front of the line: Piling heaps on heaps the slain: In the cause of the fallen Patroclus.”

TO HIM the wind-footed Iris: “To us well known is thy state. We know the foe retains thine arms. But, even naked, repair to the trench. The Trojans may behold thee and fear. They may abstain, at the sight, from the strife. The sons of Greece, oppressed in fight—will breathe, at least, from their toils: And small the respite, that aids not in war.”—Thus saying, she mixed with the winds. Achilles rose, beloved of Jove! Pallas round his shoulders broad—placed high her golden-tasselled Ægis.

She wrapt his awful head in a cloud. All gold it involved his brows. She lighted its top into far-seen flame.

As rises a smোক to the sky—from a town seen afar in an isle: When foes, with battle, surround its walls: When, all day, they urge the contest of Mars—descending, from their city, in arms. But when the sun sinks down in the west: Thick arise the warming fires, on the hills. The splendour gleams along the deep: That neighbouring states may the signal behold: That aids may come, in the vessels of Mars—to raise the siege, to save the town. So from the head of Achilles—the awful splendour reached the skies. He stood by the trench, beyond the wall. Nor yet mixed the chief, with the Argives. He bore his mother's words, in his breast. He obeyed her commands divine. THERE standing, he raised his voice. Pallas, with her shout, swelled the sound. She threw tumult and fear 'midst the foe.

As shrilly-loud swells the sound on the winds—when the clear voice of the trumpet ascends: When ruthless foes surround, with battle, a town: And roll amain their whole force, on its walls. So shrilly-loud arose the voice—of the dauntless son of ear-ruling Peleus. But when the foe heard, o'er their lines—the brazen voice of all-subduing Achilles: The souls of all shrunk with fear, in their breasts. The steeds started, with disordered manes. Back they turned their sounding cars: Presaging dismal woes, in their souls. The ear-borne chiefs, with panic struck—beheld the all-devouring fire: As, unwearied, it exerted its flame: From the head of the great son of Peleus. Ceaseless it

rose, on the winds: For blue-eyed Pallas had kindled the flame.

THRICE, above the trench, arose—the loud, dreadful voice of Achilles divine: Thrice disturbed, o'er the lines—are the Trojans and their Allies renowned. Twelve of their bravest chiefs in arms—or, overthrown were crushed by their cars—or pierced by their own spears, lay in death. But the Argives drew, from the reach of darts—the mangled corpse of the hapless Patroclus. They placed him aloft on a bier. His friends beloved stood, wailing around. They bore him away to their ships. Great Achilles followed their steps. Warm poured the dark tears, from his cheeks: When he saw his companion beloved—lying pale, on the mournful bier: When he beheld HIM, mangled with steel: HIM whom he sent on his steeds—on his car aloft, to the war: But never to receive him again.

JUNO, graceful with large-rolling eyes—now, sent the unwearied sun—unwilling, to the waves of the main. His splendid orb is sunk in the west. The godlike Argives cease, from their toils: From the perils of bloody fight: From the labours of all-equalling war. The Trojans, on the other hand—removed themselves from the dismal fight: And loosed their rapid steeds, from their cars. To council they all convened: Ere yet the repast was prepared. Standing, the frequent council was held: None dared to sit down, on the plain. Dreadful terror had seized the host: As great Achilles had presented his form, to their eyes: For long had the hero abstained—from the bloody contest of arms. To them the prudent Polydamas—began to raise his warning voice: the son of the

aged Panthous. HE, only, of all the host—foresaw the future, by weighing the past: Of Hector the faithful friend! On the same night, were the heroes born. THIS in council superior rose: THAT much excelled his friend, at the spear. With soul devoted to the host—the prudent Polydamas began:

“WEIGH, with caution, our state, O friends! To every side send the thoughts of your souls. As for ME, I advise to retreat: This instant to march to the town: Nor, here, to wait the morning divine; on the field, near the ships of the Argives: For distant far, we remain, from our walls. Whilst THIS MAN had retained his wrath: Whilst he raged against Atrides divine; less heavy was the weight of their arms: The Argives were less dreadful in fight. I, then, rejoiced to pass the night—near the dark, hollow ships of the foe. My hopes, then, to conquest arose: In thought, I saw their navy destroyed.”

“BUT, now, other terrors arise. Much I dread the great son of Peleus. Fierce, impatient is the soul of the chief. Nor HE his valour will confine: HE will not remain, in his arms—in the field where the Trojans and Argives—have long urged the fight, with mutual force: Where both have long tried the equal fortune of Mars. For the city the hero will fight: For our wives, for our tender dames. Let us, therefore, return to Troy. Obey my voice. Believe my words. Night restrains the son of Peleus: HE, only, yields to the night divine. Should he find us remaining here—when, to-morrow, he issues forth, in his arms: Some ONE will his presence feel. Willing, HE, who can escape, from his hands—shall, THEN, enter the sacred

Troy. Many Trojans will, THEN, lie subdued :  
The prey of vultures and beasts of prey. May,  
what I dread never happen to Troy ! Let the  
fatal tale remain unheard by these ears."

" BUT if WE shall obey my words : Though  
sore dismayed and mournful in soul : Through  
the night, we may, in council provide—for the  
defence of ourselves and Troy. Our lofty  
towers shall protect the town : Our high gates  
repel the force of the foe : Our gates fitted, with  
massy planks—long, polished and compacted,  
with art. With morning, our towers we will  
man : And stand in arms, on our lofty walls.  
With disadvantage, if he comes, he shall fight :  
Fruitless battle he shall urge, round our town.  
Again the chief will return to his ships : After  
tiring his high-maned steeds—in various cir-  
cles, coursing round our high walls. Though  
great his valour, he will never attempt—to force  
our gates. He can never succeed. First our  
dogs shall devour him, at Troy."

STERNLY eyeing the prudent chief—thus re-  
plied the illustrious Hector : " Polydamas !"  
The hero said : " Displeasing are thy words to  
my soul ! Dost thou advise us to return ? To  
shut ourselves again in our walls ? Is it not  
enough, O friends ! That so long we have been  
cooped, in our towers ? Heretofore, the world  
supposed : Mankind, o'er their nations, deemed :  
That the lofty city of Priam—was rich in gold  
and abounding in brass. But, now, they are  
perished, from our halls : Our wealth, laid up  
with care, is fled : Our precious stores are borne  
from hence—to Phrygia, to the pleasing Mæo-  
nia. Our bartered wealth is fled afar : Since  
the wrath of great Jove arose.

“ BUT, now, that the son of prudent Saturn— gives glory to mine arms, at the ships: Now, that the foe is subdued: That the Argives are shut in to their main: THOU—But cease, imprudent man! Disperse not thy fears, through the host. None of the Trojans will hear—I WILL NOT suffer them to hear. But listen all. Attend to MY words: Let all obey the resolves of my soul. Prepare the supper, through the host. Let the army, by their tribes, take repast. Remember the nightly guard. Watch all, in your martial arms. Let whoever of the Trojans—is anxious to preserve his wealth: Let him bring it forth, from his hoards. Let the army share it all. Better, that friends should his riches enjoy: Than that foes should divide them, as spoil.”

“ WITH morning, with the earliest light— marshalled thick in beaming arms: WE shall wake the dreadful fight—before the hollow ships of the foe. If in truth, the hero is roused: If Achilles divine descends to the fight: More grievous it will be for HIM. I shall not shrink him in the field. I will oppose him, hand to hand. Or HE shall mighty honour gain: Or renown shall cover my spear. Mars is an impartial god. HE often the slayer slays.”

THUS spoke the illustrious Hector. The Trojans shouted, o'er their host. Imprudent men! But Pallas had distracted their souls. They assented to Hector divine: His pernicious counsels obeyed. To Polydamas listened none: Though wholesome, though wise his advice. They, at length, took repast through the host.—But the Argives, throughout the long night, raised the voice of grief for the fallen Patroclus. To them the son of godlike Peleus—

deep-groaning began the woe. He laid his slaughtering hands—on the breast of his friend beloved: While frequent groans rose, broken, from the depth of his soul. As a lion, with flowing mane—whose whelps the wandering hunter has seized: Bearing them away, from the thick-waving grove. He is saddened, when too late he returns. O'er many deep vallies he strays: Tracing the steps of the man. Much he wishes the robber to find. Destructive rage seizes whole his fierce soul. So deeply-groaning, from his breast—the hero, thus, began to his friends:

“VAIN was the promise, ye gods! Which I made, on that fatal day: When I confirmed, in his lofty halls—the soul of the hero Menætius. I told the chief that to Opuntia—his high-renowned son should return: Laden with his portion of spoil: After Ilium lay in ruins on earth. But Jove performs not, in all—the vain hopes of designing man. WE both were ordained, by the fates—to redden earth with our wasting bones: Here, together, in sacred Troy! Nor ME returning to his halls—shall the car-ruling Peleus receive. The aged shall not receive his son: Nor Thetis, brightening into joy. HERE I am destined to fall. HERE earth shall rise o'er my head.”

“BUT since THEE I survive, O Patroclus! Since later, I descend to the grave: I will not cover thy corse with the earth: Till, hither, I shall bring in THESE hands—the head, the bright arms of Hector: Thy magnanimous slayer, in war. Twelve youths I will also slay—a bloody offering at thy pyre: Twelve Trojans, from parents renowned! Such the wrath, which invades my soul! Meantime, thou, THUS, shalt lie in

death—in mournful state before the ships. Around thy corse the daughters of Troy: And deep-bosomed Dardanian Dames—shall, o'er thee, rear their mourning voice! Night and day, shall descend their tears. Our bright conquests in war shall mourn: The maid's, whom in arms, we acquired: While wealthy states fell subducd, by our deadly spears."

THUS spoke the son of Peleus divine. He commanded his friends beloved: To surround a huge caldron with flame: To wash the blood, from the hapless Patroclus. His friends obeyed his great command. They placed a tripod on the high-flaming fire. They poured the water, in its womb. Beneath it, blazed the gathered wood. The flame embraced the tripod round. Hot, within the sounding brass—soon the bubbling water swelled. They bathed the corse, with eager speed. They anointed the slain, with oil. With precious ointment, next, they filled—the gaping wounds of the hapless chief. They placed him, on a bed of state: With fine linen covered from head to foot: Spreading o'er him a snow-white robe. The Myrmidons, with great Achilles—wept down the night, around their friend: And breathed their mournful sighs o'er the dead.

Now, Jove in his resplendent halls—thus addressed his sister and spouse: "At length, thy ardent wish prevails! Juno, graceful with large rolling eyes! Thou hast roused the all-subduing Achilles. Born of thee seem the Argive powers: THEM, thou guard'st, with a parent's care."—"Unjust son of Saturn!" Replied the queen: "What words have escaped, from thy lips? All this might man to man perform: Man! here to-day! To-morrow gone! Death-devoted,

unknowing and blind! Why, therefore, should I fail in this? I, who justly boast myself—to be the first of the daughters of heaven! In birth, in place, in power, in all! Thy spouse I am also called: And THOU reign'st o'er the deathless gods. Ought I not then to prevail? To be revenged, in my wrath, on 'Troy?'—Thus, they in the halls of Jove!

BUT the bright-moving Thetis—came to Vulcan's lofty dome: Immortal, starry, brazen, bright—noble, even among the gods: The work of his own deathless hands. THERE she found the labouring power. From bellows to bellows he strode. The whole god is exerted in toil. Twenty tripods he was framing, with skill: To grace the walls of his high-built dome. Beneath each, golden wheels he had placed: Self-moving, they seemed to live. They could enter of THEIR accord—the bright assembly of the gods: Then, wondrous to see! Return—to the halls of the workman divine. Unfinished they still remained: Unfitted yet, with handles of gold. These the god prepared with skill: Already the studs he had forged.

WHILST these he was framing with care: Whilst rose the work to the thoughts of his soul. To his lofty dome approached—the bright-footed daughter of aged Nereus. HER the beauteous grace beheld—the bright spouse of the artist divine. Forth, in all her charms, she moved: In fillets, binding her waving locks. She seized the lovely hand of Thetis: And, thus, with winged words, began: “Why comes the long-robed Thetis? Why com'st thou to our lofty halls? Revered and beloved, as thou art? Few were thy visits, heretofore! But, follow. Enter, goddess, the dome: And take the

friendly feast, from my hands.”—Thus she spoke and led the way—among the daughters of heaven divine! **HER** she placed, on a throne of state—distinguished, with studs of gold: **Beauteous**, high-laboured with art. Beneath her feet a footstool arose. His spouse called the artist divine. “Advance, **Vulcan**, with speed;” she said: “Bright **Thetis** thine aid demands.”

To **HER** the artist renowned replied: “Truly, awful, in mine eyes, is the queen! Much revered the bright power, in my halls! She preserved me, when whelmed in distress: When I fell from the lofty sky—from the proud hands of my mother divine: Who saw me lame: And wished to conceal her child. Then had I borne many woes, in my soul: If **Eurynomè**, if the bright-moving **Thetis**—had not **ME** on their bosom received: **Eurynomè**, gentle, divine—the daughter of refluxent Ocean. With **THEM**, nine years, I dwelt, concealed. I framed, for both, many beauteous toys: Clasps, bracelets, and chains of gold. In a cavern I lay concealed: O’er me rolled the rushing force of the main; Loud murmuring and bursting in foam. Nor any other of the gods—nor of men devoted to death: None, but **Thetis** and **Eurynomè**—who saved me, knew my retreat. But, now, the queen is come to my halls: And me it much becomes to repay—the price of safety to the long-haired **Thetis**. But **THOU**, place before the bright queen—the feast divine high-garnished with care: Whilst I my bellows dispose, and lay aside my shining tools.”

He said: And, from his anvil divine—large, arose the ardent power. Limping, he slowly moved. His feeble feet fail the steps of the god. His roaring bellows, he removed. He laid

aside his shining tools. He laid them collected with care—within a chest, of silver formed. He wiped, with a sponge, his face, his hands—his strong sinewy neck—his broad hairy breast. O'er his shoulders, he threw his robe. The huge scepter he took in his grasp: And, limping, held forward his course.

Two damsels, formed of gold, with firm steps—sustained the king, as he moved along. Like living maids, in youth they seemed: Nor wanting, in their breast, was a soul. Force and voice they also possessed. The deathless gods had taught them their arts. These went careful by the side of their king. With difficult steps he moved. To Thetis the god, at length, approached: Where she sat, on her far-shining throne. He seized her bright hand, as he came: And thus began, with winged words: “Why comes the long-robed Thetis? Why com'st thou to our lofty halls? Revered and beloved as thou art: Few were thy visits, heretofore! Speak all the desires of thy soul. My mind bids me to obey thee, in all: If I can perform thy commands: If thy commands can, in aught, be performed.”

To him replied the pensive Thetis. Dissolved, in tears, the queen began: “O Vulcan! Is there any power—any goddess in heaven's high halls? Who is equally wretched with ME? Who has borne half the griefs in my soul? Is there any, whom Saturnian Jove—has covered with woes like mine? ME only of the daughters of Ocean—he submitted to the arms of a man. He gave me, much unwilling, to Peleus. I sustained a mortal's hated embrace. HE, beneath the weight of years—lies subdued in his own high halls.”

“ But Jove has raised other woes to my soul: He gave me, in his wrath, a son. I bore him, I reared him, with care. The first of heroes, he rose from my hands. He flourished, like a plant, in my sight. Him I raised, with anxious mind: Like a fair-spreading olive, in a fertile spot of land. I sent him, in his ships to Ilium: To urge, with the Trojans the war. Him I sent—destined never to receive him again: Never to receive him returned—in the lofty halls of his father Peleus. But, to add to my bitter woes: While yet he lives, while yet he beholds—the splendid light of the sun—he is sad! Nor can I aid him, though grieved in my soul.”

“ THE beautiful fair, whom his valour had won: Whom the Argives had assigned, for his prize: HER the far-commanding Atrides—took, by force, from the hero's arms. Sorrowing for this dire disgrace: He wasted down his soul, with woe. The Trojans drove the Greeks to their ships: They confined them, in their camp, with their spears. The chiefs of Greece, imploring came: They offered many gifts to appease his soul. Unmoved he heard all their requests: And refused to turn destruction away. But he clothed his friend in his arms. He sent Patroclus to fight for the Argives: And poured around a mighty force of his friends. All day, they fought before the town. They urged their spears at the Scæan gate: And then the proud city had fallen: If Apollo, spreading slaughter amain—had not slain the great son of Menætes: And given glory to Hector divine.”

“ For this I come to thy sacred knees: For my son, I prefer my request: My short-lived, death-devoted son! I claim from thine art a shield—a shining helm, a breast-plate and

greaves—joined, beautifully, before, with bright clasps. These I beg, from thy hands divine, Subdued by the Trojans, his friend—lost his arms, in the dreadful fight. For this, sorrow has invaded his soul. He lies, in bitter grief, on the ground!”

To her replied the artist divine: “Confide in thy soul, O Thetis! Dispel the gloom, which sits deep, on thy breast. Would I that with equal ease—I could hide him, from hoarse-sounding death—from the fate which impends o’er his life: As I shall on the chief, bestow such beautiful, such bright-beaming arms—as shall raise the envy and wonder of all.”

Thus saying, he left the bright queen. To his roaring bellows, the god retired. He turned them, right on the glowing forge. He bade them to blow amain. On twenty furnaces they blew: Urging forth their enlivening winds. Now high, now low, as suits the god: They pour a tempest or gently they breathe. He placed in the fire, invincible brass. There he placed tin and high-valued gold. He threw bright silver in the flame. On its block, the huge anvil he placed. The heavy hammer he graspt, in one hand: In the other, he seized the tongs.

FIRST he formed the spacious shield: Large, solid and bright to the eye. With various, curious works, he adorned the orb. He rolled a triple circle around the verge. Dazzling shone the whole to the sight: As high it hung, on its silver chain. Five plates form the ample orb. On the surface, many wonders arose: Responsive to the thoughts of his soul.

THERE he placed the earth and heavens: There he rolled the huge waves of the main. He kindled THERE, the unwearied sun: The

moon he lighted, o'er all her orb. He reared the beams of all the stars: That crown the broad concave of heaven, with fire. THERE the pleiads and the hyads he framed: THERE the strength of the bright orion. He placed aloft the splendid bear—called the wain, by mortal men: Bright he revolves in the north—pointing his slant beam to orion. HE alone of all heaven's host—bathes not his fires in the main.

Two cities he framed, in the shield: Well-peopled and fair to the eye. In one, the nuptial feasts are spread: The solemn pomp of conubial rites. From their chambers issue forth the bright brides. With flaming torches they are led through the streets: And joyful Hymen is roused, with repeated noise. The youthful dancers, form the glad ring. In the center—the pipe and the lyre—emit their lovely sounds, on the wind. Women, each in her own high porch—admiring stand, in all their charms.

To the forum rushed the people, in crowds. THERE a subject of strife arose. Two men contend for a fine: The price of blood, for a townsman slain. The one declares to the people aloud—that, in all; HE the debt had discharged: The other eagerly denies—that aught he had ever received. Each hopes to prove, with witness, his charge. Both wish to bring the suit to its end. The people shout, on either side: Divided in opinion between. The heralds command them to sit down. Within the sacred circle, the aged—sat, awful, on polished stones. Each elder grasps, within his hand—a loud-voiced herald's scepter divine. With these, they rise in their place: And, alternate, their judgment give. In the middle of the circle lay—two talents of high-valued gold:

The reward to be given to HIM—who the best should adjudge the cause.

AROUND the other city are formed—two armies clad in burnished steel. With joint force, they besiege the place. Their councils are divided in twain. THIS wishes to destroy the town: THAT, to divide with the foe—all the wealth, which its walls contain. Nor yet the townsmen yield in aught. For the ambush; in secret they arm. Their wives beloved defend the walls: Their infants of tender years—their elders, wasted down with age. The young warriors issue forth to the field. Mars and Pallas lead them forward in arms. Both of gold are the powers divine: In golden robes they both are clad. Beauteous and tall, in their arms—conspicuous, as is meet for the gods: Less in size are the people behind.

BUT when the warriors came to the place: Where best it seemed the ambush to lay: Near the river—the wonted watering-place of the flocks;—THERE they sat, covered over, with burnished steel. Apart, from the troops in arms—two scouts sat, distinct on a hill. They watched the coming forth of the sheep: The motions of the horned beeves. Straight they moved on to the stream. Two shepherds followed, behind: Pleasing their careless souls, with the tuneful reed; Nor open foe they dread in aught—nor latent ambush they fear. Forth rush the foes, at the sight. They drive away the herd of beeves: The beauteous flock of snow-white sheep: The shepherds they lay slain, in their blood.

Soon to the ears of the foe—come the tumult and noise from the herd. Sitting in council

they hear—and mount, at once, their bounding steeds. Forward they rush, on full speed. Straight they come up with the foe. Deep-formed on each side, they fight. The river's banks are floating with blood. They pierce each other, with brazen spears. THERE, all bloody discord stalks: THERE is Tumult, there ruthless Fate. ONE holds alive a bleeding foe: ONE a warrior untouched enslaves: THE THIRD drags, through the fight, by the foot—a fallen youth—recently slain. From the shoulders of the grim form—flows a robe deep-stained with blood. Like living men, they strode, through war: And dragged, alternately, the slain to each line.

THE god placed, on the beauteous shield—a fertile field of fallowed land: Spacious, thrice plowed with the shining share. Many hinds were employed, o'er its face: Bending, to and fro, the plough. When, returning, in the furrow they came—to the end of the beauteous field: In their hands, a man, advancing, placed—the flowing cup of generous wine. They drank and renewed their toil. Each to his own deep furrow retired: Eager to finish his task—to reach the utmost bounds of the fallowed field. The soil darkened behind their steps: And, though in gold, seemed turned by the plough: Such the wonders of the artist divine!

ANOTHER field arose, near, on the orb. Inclosed it seemed and laden with standing corn. The reapers stood, in rows, at its end. The sharp sickles gleamed bright in their hands. Thick and in order fell—the golden ears, on the face of the ground. Some youths, behind the reapers moved—and bound the yellow sheaves, with care. Three men rouze the

gatherens to toil. Behind, boys clasp the sheaves in their arms—too short to gripe them quite around. Silent, in the midst stood the king. He stretched his scepter—o'er the long order of sheaves: Secret gladness lights his flame in his soul. The heralds, apart, beneath the oak—prepare the rural feast, with speed. A fatted ox lies slain, on the earth. They dress the banquet, with eager care. The maids, for the reapers, prepare the repast: Kneading the dough of various flour.

NEXT, he formed of high-valued gold—a vineyard laden with beauteous grapes. Dark, in fruit, spread the heavy boughs. They lean in order, on silver poles. Around he sunk an azure foss: A wall of tin arose around. ONE sole path to the vineyard led: Through which the loaded labourers moved—when the season of vintage came. There little girls and infant boys—held baskets in their tender hands: And eager, bore the pleasing fruit. In the midst of these stood a beauteous youth. He waked the pleasing voice of the lyre: And joined the string, with his tuneful voice. THEY, striking the earth, with alternate feet—followed his steps, in the dance—and joined, with warbling voice, his song.

THE god raised, on the splendid shield—the lofty heads of a herd of beeves. The oxen were framed of gold—of tin, that shone bright to the eye. With hollow lowings, they issue forth, from the field—to pastures green, that lie afar: Beyond the course of a sounding stream—whose banks are thick-covered with reeds. Behind the oxen, as they went—four herdsmen moved, in burnished gold. Nine

dogs trod behind, in their steps. Two dreadful lions, in the front of the herd—seized a bellowing bull, in their rage: Deep-roaring he is dragged, by their jaws. The youths and hounds, with loud clamour, pursue. But the savages tear his tough hide. They drink his blood and his entrails devour. The herdsmen in vain lend their aid: They urge forward, in vain, their hounds. To bite the lions they all avoid. They turn, they shun, then near they stand: And, with their barking, they rend the winds.

NEXT the artist divine, on the orb—placed green pastures and beauteous groves. A numerous flock of white sheep spread amain, stalls, cottages, folds arise. Near these he formed the graceful dance: Such as Dædalus framed of old—in the wide fields of the Cretan Cnosus—for Ariadnè with long heavy locks. THERE active youths and bright blooming maids—tript, hand in hand, with measured steps. The slight robes of THESE of linen were framed: The tight vests of THOSE shone, glossy—well fitting their shapes. THESE wore on their flowing locks—bright coronets of flaming gold. On the sides of THOSE hung golden swords—from belts, distinguished with silver studs. In a circle they moved amain: Light-tript their well-taught feet, in the ring: As when the potter, having formed his broad wheel—tries whether, it rolls with ease: Scarce seen are the spokes, as they fly. Sometimes they break from the ring—and wind, alternate, as they trip, through their lines. The people crowd, round the beauteous dance: And enjoy the graceful steps, as they rise. Two tumblers

throw themselves in the midst : Beginning their feats with song.

ROUND the utmost verge of the high-wrought orb—the artist divine poured a main—the mighty strength of the ocean's stream. But when he had finished the wonderful shield : Large, solid and bright to the eye : He framed the breast-plate—more dazzling than the splendour of purest flame. He formed the strong helmet, with speed : Fitting the awful brows of the chief : Bright, beauteous, adorned with art. Above, shone the high crest of gold. Of ductile tin he framed the greaves—for the manly legs of the slaying king.—When the arms were finished all—by the hands of Vulcan renowned : He laid them sounding at the feet of the queen. Like a hawk she flew down, on the winds—from high Olympus, with summits of snow : Bearing, from the artist divine—the far-beaming arms of her son.

THE  
ILIAD  
OF  
HOMER.  
BOOK XIX.

AURORA, clad in saffron-robe—rose bright from the ocean's stream : To bring light to the powers divine, to mortals devoted to death. To the ships came the bright-moving Thetis—bearing the radiant gifts of the god. She found her son beloved—spread, large, on the corse of Patroclus. Mournful rose the hero's groans ! Many, around, were his friends, in their tears. Bright, in the midst, stood confessed—the deathless daughter of aged Nereus. She seized the hand of her son—and, thus, with winged words, began :

“ O MY son beloved ! Let us, though grieved in our souls—leave Patroclus to rest in death :

Since slain he lies by the will of the gods. But THOU, receive from my hands—the splendid gifts of the artist divine: The bright-beaming arms of Vulcan—such as mortal never wore, in the fight.”

THUS spoke the bright-moving Thetis. She placed the arms, at the feet of Achilles. The high-wrought presents of the god—resounded, as they fell, on the ground. Sudden terror seized the Myrmidons all. None sustained to behold the bright arms. All, frightened, they fled again. But, when Achilles beheld them, on earth. Destructive rage pervaded his soul. Deep, below his scouling lids—dreadful burnt his fierce eyes, like a flame. With horrible joy, he turned in his hands—the deadly gifts of the artist divine. But when he had fed his great soul—with surveying the high-wrought arms: Straight he his mother addressed—with winged words, like these:

“O MOTHER revered! The power has given—arms worthy of his deathless hands. In all, they seem the work of the gods: Not of man, devoted to death! Now, I assume these arms divine. But much I fear, for my fallen friend: For the corse of the son of Menastius: Lest the flies, through the steel-opened wound—should enter and, begetting worms—defile the form, that seemed, once, divine. The light spirit is mixed, with the winds: And the body must yield to decay.”

“My son!” Replied the bright-moving Thetis: “Drive these cares, from thy mighty soul. I will try to turn, from their prey—the buzzing nations, that feed, on the slain. Though, here, in death, he should lie a whole year, so long shall his body remain—incorrupted, and

fresh, as in life. But THOU, arise, my son beloved. Convene to council the heroes of Argos. Renounce thy wrath to Agamemnon; the shepherd of his people in war. Then arm, with speed, for the dreadful fight. Clothe thyself in thy valour and slay."

THUS saying, she breathed in his breast—the matchless force of a daring soul. Through the nostrils of the fallen Patroclus—she instilled ambrosia and nectar divine: To save, incorrupted, the corse of the chief. Along the shore of the roaring main—strode forward Achilles divine. Dreadful rose the loud voice of the king. He roused to council the heroes of Argos. From wing to wing the army heard. Even those who before had remained, remote from battle, at the ships of the Argives: The pilots, who led them o'er ocean: Those, who held the helms on the main: Those, to whom the stores were in charge: The dispensers of provisions and wine: Even THESE to the assembly moved: As great Achilles again appeared: For long the hero had abstained, from the fight.

HALTING, moving onward with pain—came two fierce followers of Mars: The son of Tydeus, in battle renowned—and Ulysses of prudence divine. Leaning on their spears they came: Still their wounds shot pains, through their limbs. In the front of the council, they sat. Last of all came the king of men: Oppressed, with the wound, which in fight—was inflicted by the son of Antenor: By the spear of the warlike Cöon. But, when, to one place, were convened—the sons of Argos, from all their tribes: In the midst arose the great Achilles: And, thus, the hero began:

“ SON of Atreus! Better far it had been— for THEE, for ME, for the warriors of Argos: That, ere with heart-wounding strife—WE contended, in wrath, for the maid—the viewless shaft of Diana had laid her, in death, in the ships: On the fatal day, that my spear—levelled high Lyrnessus, with earth. Then so many warriors of Argos—had not graspt the dust in their fall: Laid in death by the hands of the foe—when I indulged, at my ships, my wrath. This had been better for Hector: Better far for the sons of Troy. But the states of Argos, I deem—will long remember our contention and rage.”

“ BUT let these be forgot, with the past. Though grieving, let us yield to the times: Let their pressure subdue our souls. Henceforth I dismiss MY wrath. It ill would become Achilles—forever his rage to indulge. But arise, O warriors and chiefs! Urge the long-haired Argives to war: That rushing, right forward in fight—I yet a trial may make with the Trojans—whether THEY will pass the night—encamped, at the navy of Argos. But HE, I deem, that shall escape—will joyfully cease, from the toils of the field: From the battle that burns amain: From the deadly pursuit of MY spear.”

HE spoke: And, o'er their host—loud shouted the warlike Argives: When they heard the great son of Peleus—renouncing his dreadful wrath. The king of men then raised his voice: From his lofty seat he began—nor advanced he to the center to speak. —“ O friends! O heroes of Argos! Fierce followers of Mars, in arms! It becomes YOU, with silence, to hear: And not to interrupt MY discourse. Hard for him who speaks the best—to speak, amid tumult and

noise! How, in the shout of armies—can any hear or raise his voice? The first orator stands abashed, The loudest voice is drowned in clamour and lost. But I my words will address—to the ear of the son of Peleus. Yet YE, O other Argive powers! Attend, and weigh well my discourse.”

“OFTEN have the sons of the Argives—thus poured, upon me reproach: Often, thus, have they blamed me aloud. Yet was not I to blame, but Jove: But fate, that never yields in aught—but the furies, that wander in shades. THEY, in this assembly, threw—fierce wrath, on my flaming soul: On that fatal day when I tore—from the arms of Achilles his prize. But what could I do? A power—an awful power was the author of all: Atë, dread daughter of Jove! The source of discord to gods and to men! Soft is her tread, as she strides. She touches not the ground with her feet. Along the heads of mankind she moves: strewing discord amain o’er the world: Dealing mischief to those, she inflames.”

“BUT Jove himself escaped not her rage: The most powerful, they say, of the gods: The king of heaven and the lord of mankind: Even Juno, though a female power—deceived his prudence divine. On that day, she deceived the god: When within the high-walled Thebes—Alcmena was to give to the light—the strength of Hercules, equal to gods. Jove, boasting in his own high halls—thus spoke to all the deathless gods;—“Attend to my voice all ye gods! Daughters of heaven all attend! Listen to the words of your king! To what his soul has suggested to Jove. To-day, shall the pain-raising Ilithyæ—produce a hero to the light—who, o’er

his neighbours, shall extend his command: Descended of that race of men—who from me have derived their blood.”

“ To him, hiding deceit in her soul—replied Juno, his spouse divine. “ Thou deceiv’st the deathless powers: Thou mean’st not to accomplish thy words. But THOU, king of Olympus, swear. Bind thy promise, with the oath of the gods: That HE, indeed, e’er his neighbours shall reign: The child, whom, to-day, a woman shall bear: Descended of that race of men, who from THEE have derived their blood.”

“ SHE spoke: Jove perceived not the fraud. He swore the strong oath of the gods: And great the evil he derived, from his oath! Juno threw herself, on the winds, from the snow-clad brows of Olympus. She came to Achaian Argos! Where lay, in her lofty halls—the stately spouse of godlike Sthenelus: the son of Perseus, afar-renowned. SHE bore in her womb a son: Scarce gone seven months with her child. The goddess then produced him to the light. But she stopt the pains of Alcmena—and drove away the Ilihyæ from the side of the Theban queen.”

“ To high Olympus awful Juno returned: And, thus, she spoke to Saturnian Jove:—“ O father Jove! Thou that launchest the flaming bolt! Recall thy promise and thine oath to thy soul. To-day a noble child is born—to extend over the Argives, his sway: Eurystheus the son of Sthenelus—the grandson of Perseus divine. From THEE he derives his blood: Nor unworthy to reign is the child!”

“ SHE spoke: And bitter grief darkened o’er the deep soul of the god. Straight he seized destructive Ate—by the ringlets of her bright-

shining hair. Enraged was the power, in his mind: He swore the strongest oath of the gods: That never to broad Olympus—to the starry concave of heaven—should return the destructive Atè: Who strewed discord among the gods. He spoke: And, whirling her aloft in his hand—threw her from the star-studded sky. Straight she fell to the earth—and mixed herself, with the works of men: Through HER means, ever rose his deep sighs—when he beheld his son beloved: Sustaining his unworthy fate—beneath the toils of the cruel Eurystheus.”

“ Thus I felt, o’er my grieving soul: When great Hector, resistless in fight—laid the Argives low in their blood—at the high sterns of their hollow ships. Yet could I not forget, in my heart—the fell rage, which had seized me whole. But since I have erred, in my wrath: Since Jove himself distracted my soul: Again I wish to appease thy rage—with unnumbered gifts to repair thy wrongs. But rise THOU to battle, O Chief! Rouze the troops and lead them to war. The gifts, I myself will send to thy ships: All that, yesterday, Ulysses divine—promised, in my name, in thy tents. Or, if thou WILT, receive them now: Though impatient, for the fight, is thy soul. My followers shall bring them, with speed: That thine eyes may behold and approve—what I give to appease thy rage.”

To the king great Achilles replied: “ Son of Atreus, first in renown! Agamemnon, leader of armies! To bestow, as is meet, the gifts—or to retain them, depends on THEE. But straight let us think of battle: This instant, let us rush to the field. It becomes us not, thus, to delay: To waste the time, in idle words: For great the

task, which remains undone ! Let every warrior, who sees Achilles—destroying the Trojan ranks, with his spear : Let each follow my example in fight—and do what is done by this arm.”

BUT to HIM, the prudent Ulysses began : “ Impel not, the Argives, Achilles ! Though great thou art and like a god : Impel them not fasting to war—to roll battle to Ilium’s walls. Not small is the portion of time—to be, in dreadful fight, employed : When once the foes shock together in arms : When a god awakes their souls, on each side. Command the Argives to take the repast. O’er their ships, let the warriors spread. Let them partake the food and wine. For this is strength and valour in war ! Nor can a man, throughout the day : From early morn to the setting sun—without food, urge battle, on foes. Though eager his soul, for the fight : His body keeps not pace, with his mind. Thirst and hunger load his limbs, with fatigue. O’er his joints cold languor creeps : And toil unbraces his knees, as he moves. But HE, that is filled with wine : Whose sinews are strengthened with food—will, unceasing, through the day urge the fight : And roll, with vigour, destruction on foes. Undaunted is his soul, in his breast : Unfatigued remain his stout limbs—till all retreat from the field of renown.”

“ BUT, now, dismiss from council, the army. Command them to prepare the repast : Whilst the king of men, Agamemnon—presents his gifts, before the whole host : That all the Argives may behold—that THY soul may rejoice, in thy breast. But let him, rising amid the Argives swear a solemn oath to the gods : That he never ascended HER bed : never mixed in love with her charms. Then let thy soul be appeased :

Let it settle, within thy breast. The feast let Agamemnon spread: And conciliate, with the banquet, thy mind: That justice may, in all, be performed. But, son of Atreus, for the future, be just. A monarch must not bear it ill—to right a subject, whom first he has wronged.”

To HIM replied the king of men: “ I rejoice in thy words, Ulysses: Fraught with wisdom they come to mine ear. All, with prudence, thou hast touched, in thy speech. My soul bids me to take that oath: Nor perjured shall I be to the gods. But let Achilles, for a moment remain—though impatient is the hero, for war. Remain, all convened, in this place: Till the presents are brought from my tents: Till the compact is confirmed in the gods. THEE, also, I command, O Ulysses! I intreat, that with chosen chiefs—THOU repair to our hollow ships—and bring hither the splendid gifts. Bring the wealth, which we promised to give: Bring the damsels, in all their charms. But let Talthybius repair, with speed: Let him search, o’er the camp, for a boar: A victim to high-thundering Jove—to the sun, that rolls his fire round the world.”

To him great Achilles replied: “ Son of Atreus, first in renown! Agamemnon, leader of armies! For this, some other time may be found: Some hour of respite and cessation, from war: When less powerful burns the ardor of Mars—within this flaming breast of mine. But, now, lie transfixed in their blood—those whom Hector subdued, with his spear: When Jove conferred, on the warrior, renown. But hasten YE to partake the repast. Yet I would exhort the Argives—without the banquet to enter the fight: And, when the flaming sun descends—When our spears have revenged our

disgrace: Then to dress the mighty feast: With the banquet to cheer our souls. But as for ME, no strengthening food—no cheering draught, shall be poured through my lips. Cold lies, in death, my friend beloved. Transfixed with steel, in my tent, he lies: In the porch, with his feet to the door. Deep-sighing his friends mourn around. Other things command not aught of my care. In nothing my soul delights—but in slaughter, in blood, in death—in the deep groans of departing heroes.”

To the chief began the prudent Ulysses: “O Achilles! Son of Peleus! By far the bravest of the warriors of Argos! Greater than ME thou art at the spear: Not a little thou excell’st me, in fight. But THEE, in wisdom, I excel: And in counsel, o’er thee, I ascend. Long before thee I saw the light. I boast the experience of years. Let, therefore, thy mighty soul—submit itself to the words of thy friend. Soon sated with combat are men: Even where thickest fall the slain, on the field: When, like straw, they are shorn, with the steel. But small is the harvest, when awful Jove has his balance inclined: The great disposer of battle to men!”

“But the Argives, O descendant of Jove! Must not mourn, with fasting, their dead. Many and valiant the chiefs—who daily fall, in the combat of spears! Where, therefore, could an end be to grief? When a respite, or cessation from woe? The rites of funeral belong to the dead. These, with patience of soul, we must pay: And give one day to our tears, for our friends. But those who the battle escape: Who survive the horrid tumult of arms—must remember their food and their wine. Thus,

with more fury and force—we shall roll the ceaseless fight, on the foe: Clad in all the blazing strength of our arms. Nor let a warrior remain in his tent—expecting second orders to march. Such summons will bear ruin along—to him, who lingers, at the navy of Argos. But let us all issue forth, from the camp. Let us rouse dreadful battle amain: And roll it large, on the car-ruling Trojans.”

HE spoke: His associates he chose: The two sons of Nestor divine. Meges, the great son of Phyleus: Thoas, Meriones brave. Lycomedes, the offspring of Creon: Melanippus, in battle renowned. They moved forward to the tent of Atrides: Nor quicker the command than the deed! Seven tripods they brought from the tent: Twenty caldrons of burnished brass: and twelve coursers, unmatched, in the race. Straight they brought bright-blushing maids: In form graceful, and expert at their works: Seven in number, they came; The eighth was the blooming Briséis. Ulysses preceding the chiefs—bore himself ten talents of gold. Behind, in long order came—bearing gifts the young chiefs of the Argives. In the midst, the whole treasure is placed.

THEN rose the great Agamemnon. Talthybius, endued with voice divine—held the victim-boar, in his hands. Near the shepherd of his people he stood. Atrides drew forth, with his hands, the knife: Which always hung, by the large sheath of his deadly sword. He cut the bristles from the head of the boar. With hands uplifted to Jove, he prayed. All the Argives sit, in silence, around: As is meet, they attend to the king. Beginning his prayer, he spoke: Eyeing the spacious face of the sky:

“ BEAR witness, O father Jove! O best and greatest of gods! Hear, earth! O sun attend! Ye furies, that dwell under the ground—and punish perjured mortals in death! That I laid not my hand in force—on the charms of the stately Brisëis: That I ascended not, by persuasion, her bed. Untouched she remained in my tents: Unsullied o’er her beauties divine. If Atrides swears falsely in aught—may the gods heap on him, the woes: Which, many and heavy, o’erwhelm the perjured in soul.”—He spoke: And slew the boar, with the steel. Talthibius threw the victim, with speed—in the vast stream of the hoary main. But Achilles, arose amid the Argives: And thus the hero began aloud:

“ O father Jove! From thee are derived—the mighty woes of mortal men! Nor had the son of warlike Atreus—ever moved my wrathful heart, with his words: Nor had he torn, from my side, the maid: Forming mischief for Achilles in soul: But that Jove ordained it all. He decreed, by his councils divine: To urge so many sons of Argos—to the goal of destructive death. But haste. Partake the strengthening repast: That, sudden, we may issue to war.”

He spoke: And the council dismissed. They dispersed: Each to his own hollow ship. But the magnanimous troops of Achilles—took in charge the rich treasure bestowed. The wealth they placed, in the hero’s tents. They conducted the maids to their place: The coursers to the stud of his steeds. Then the long-haired Brisëis, in glowing charms like golden Venus: When she saw the hapless Patroclus—lying mangled, transfixed with steel: She threw herself on the clay-cold chief. Shrill rose the loud

voice of her woe. She tore her snow-white, heaving breast: Her tender neck and her features divine. In her form, like the daughters of heaven—thus, aloud, she spoke in her tears:

“ O PATROCLUS !” She said: “ Friend most beloved, by my hapless soul! THEE alive I left, in these tents: When, by force, I was torn away. But, returning, I find thee dead, ill-fated leader of armies! Ah me! From ill to ill I pass: Driven, onward, through successions of woe. The husband, whom my parents gave: Whom my father and my mother revered—appointed the spouse of Brisëis: HIM I saw slain, in his blood—before the walls of our lofty town: Three loved brothers were also mine: Whom the same mother produced to the light. In one fatal day, they sunk to death, from the spear. But THOU would’st not permit me to weep: When mighty Achilles slew my spouse: When he levelled with earth—the sacred city of great Mynëtes. THOU promised’st to make me the spouse: The youthful consort of Achilles divine. THOU promised’st to bear me to Phthia: To spread the nuptial feast, in his native land. THEE, therefore, I mourn, in my tears: O ever gentle and kind in soul!”

THUS weeping, spoke the graceful Brisëis. The hapless maids joined their sighs to her woe. In appearance Patroclus they mourned: Their own misfortunes only clouded their souls. But around the mighty Achilles—the chiefs of Argos were all convened. They prayed him to take the repast. He refused their request, with groans. “ I beseech you, your intreaties forbear: If, in aught, my loved friends, will obey. Bid me not to partake the repast: To regale my mournful soul with wine: For heavy grief

lies, deep, at my heart. I will wait to the setting sun: Thus fasting, indulge my woes."

HE spoke: And dismissed the rest of the kings. But the two sons of Atreus remained: With Ulysses divine, the aged Nestor—Idomeneus and steed-ruling Phœnix. THEY soothed, with words, the mournful chief: But no comfort his soul could receive—before he entered the bloody contest of sounding arms. Across his memory rushed darkly his friend. Unceasing, he groaned, from his inmost soul:

"THOU also!" He sighing said: "O most hapless, most beloved of my friends! THOU, heretofore, in my tents—wert wont to spread the pleasing repast: When hastened the sons of the Argives—to roll mournful battle, to the car-ruling foe. But now thou liest transfixed and pale! And for the loss of thee I fast: Though plenteous, within, are my stores. Nor other evil worse than this could befall: Not the death of my father beloved—had it come, o'er the main, to mine ears. Yet he, perhaps, in distant Phthia—pours the tender tear, o'er his aged cheeks: In mournful regret for SUCH a son! But I—reimote in a foreign land—for hated Helen fight with Troy! Nor yet the death of my son beloved: Who grows into manhood at Scyros: If still my son beholds the light: Neoptolemus in form like the gods."

"MUCH I hoped, heretofore, in my soul—that I, alone, was destined to fall: Far from Argos, the mother of steeds! Here, before the walls of Troy! But that THOU should'st to Phthia return: And bear, in thy swift-sailing ship, o'er the main—my son—my only son from Scyros: That THOU should'st shew him all his wealth: My wide possessions, my servants all—

my high-roofed dome, my spacious halls. For now, I deem—my soul forebodes—that godlike Peleus is no more: Or that, now, scarce living, he is saddened in mournful age: Expecting, darkly from day to day—the fatal news of the death of his son: Of my fall, by the hands of the foe!”

Thus weeping, the hero spoke. The leaders of the Argives sighed. They all remembered their native homes: And all that was left, in their lofty halls. The son of Saturn beheld the chiefs. He pitied their mournful groans. Straight he addressed his words to Pallas: “ Daughter beloved!” The god began; “ Thou quite forsak’st this gallant chief. Hast THOU deserted him in all? Commands not Achilles a thought of thy soul? Lo! Before the high-sterned ships—he sits, deploring his friend beloved. The rest partake the grateful repast: Unfed and fasting the hero remains. Descend. Instil into his breast—ambrosia and nectar divine: Lest want of food should unbrace his strength.”

HE spoke: And urged her already prompt. Like a shrill-voiced, broad-winged harpy, she flew: Through the winds, from the starry sky. She poured in the breast of Achilles—ambrosia and nectar divine: Lest want of food should unbrace his limbs. Again she returned to the heavenly halls—of her all-powerful sire. The Argives poured, from their ships, on the plain: As when the flaky snow descends—from the mansions of storm-ruling Jove. Thick it flies before the force—of the sky-clearing blast of the northern wind. So thick descend, from the ships—the brightly-beaming helms of men: The bossy orbs of rattling shields: The firm breast-plates, the ashen spears. The dazzling

gleam ascends to heaven: The whole earth is lightened—with the bright-flashing beams of the brass. The crash of touching arms is heard. The ground hoarsely groans, as the warriors move.

IN the midst of the martial host—divine Achilles arms his limbs. He grinds his teeth, in his dreadful rage. His eyes flash, like two flames of fire. Relentless wrath is mixed with his soul: And grief, resistless, pervades his heart. In his fury, against the Trojans—he puts on the gift of the god: The splendid works of the artist divine! First, the beauteous greaves, on his legs he drew: Fastened, before, with silver clasps. The breast-plate, on his breast he placed. Round his shoulders, he threw his sword: Beaming forth, with its studs of gold. Before him he reared his all-covering shield: Large, solid and strong, o'er its round. It sent its bright beams, afar: Like the broad orb of the nightly moon.

As when o'er the wave-covered deep—to mariners, by night, appears—the awful flame of a distant fire. Wide-rising, in a lonely place—it wraps, aloft, the mountain's brow. But THEM unwilling, the dusky blast—bears, o'er the broad back of the main: Far, from their friends and native home! Thus, from the beauteous, high-wrought shield of Achilles—beams forth a dazzling light to the skies. He placed, then, his strong helm, on his head. Like a comet it shone amain. Dreadful nodded the plumes of gold: Which the god had poured thick, on the crest. Divine Achilles tried himself, in his arms: Whether they fitted his body aloft: Or lay, with ease, on his manly limbs. Like wings they bore

along the chief: They seemed to raise the shepherd of his people, from earth.

HE took, from its place, his father's spear: The long, heavy, strong javelin of Peleus: Which none of all the Argives could wield. None but Achilles could wield in fight—the Pelion ash: Which Chiron gave to his sire: Cut from the brows of Pelion: A destruction to heroes in war! Automedon and Alcimus brave—joined the deathless steeds to the car. Beautefully flow the traces amain. The studded bridles are placed, in their mouths. The reins extend, behind, to the well compacted seat of the car. Seizing the bright whip, in his hand—Automedon leapt, at once, on the car, Behind bounded aloft great Achilles, ready for war. Bright in his arms he stood—like the beams of the high-rolling sun. Dreadful rose his voice, from the car—to the steeds of his godlike sire.

“ O XANTHUS! O Balius! Race renowned of the swift Podargè! Now, in some other manner, resolve—to bring back your driver from war: To bring him safe to the line of the Argives: When we are glutted, with slaughter and blood. Nor leave him, like the hapless Patroclus: Stretched in blood, in yonder field.” —To HIM, from his yoke, replied—the swiftly bounding strength of Xanthus. Straight he inclined, back, his head. His whole mane forms a bright circle—as it flows on the yoke: And touches the ground below. The white-armed Juno, by her power divine—gave speech to the bounding steed:

“ AND WE shall bring thee safely back—this once, at least, O resistless Achilles! Yet thy fatal day is near: Nor WE are, in aught, to

blame. A mighty god is only to blame: The dire decree of relentless fate. Nor through our sloth or want of speed—the Trojans stript the fallen Patroclus. The most powerful of the gods was the cause: HE whom the long-haired Latona bore. He slew Patroclus in the front of the line: And gave the glory to Hector divine. But WE can contend, in the race—with the blasts of the western wind: Which fly, they say, the swiftest, o'er heaven: Yet we cannot bear thee, from fate away. Thou art doomed to fall, in thy blood: Beneath a god and a valiant man."

WHILST, thus, he spoke, the furies ended his voice. Much enraged the great Achilles replied: "Why, Xanthus, foretell'st thou my death? Why the fates, that impend o'er thy lord? Well I know, within my soul: That I am destined to perish here: Far from my father beloved—from my mother, my native home. But I will not forego the fight: Before the Trojans are sated with war." He said, and shouting aloud—he drove his steeds to the front of the line.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK XX.

**THUS** **THEY**, at the hollow ships—assume,  
with speed, their burnished arms: **Thus**, around  
**THEE**, O son of Peleus, pour the Argives, never  
sated with war. The sons of Troy, on the other  
side—form, darkly, on the rising ground. Jove  
commands the splendid Themis—to call to  
council the deathless gods: To call them, o'er  
the tops of Olympus—divided, with a thousand  
deep vales. To every side, the goddess moved—  
commanding all to the halls of Jove.

Not any power, who presides in the floods—  
remained absent, but father Ocean. The river-  
gods came, from all their streams: The bright  
Nymphs, that sojourn in the groves: Those,

who dwell in the sources of rivers: Or gently glide along the meads. When, in long order, they had come—to the halls of the storm-ruling Jove—THEY sat, on the columned thrones: Which Vulcan made for the father of gods: The work rising to the thoughts of his soul. Thus, they came to the halls of Jove; Nor Neptune himself disobeyed. He rose, with force, from his troubled main. In the midst he sat, in his strength: And questioned, thus, the designs of Jove:

“WHY, thou that launchest the flaming bolt! Why call'st thou to council, the gods? Deliberat'st thou concerning the Trojans? Concerning the Argives in arms? On either side they form amain. Soon battle shall burn, o'er their lines.” To HIM the high ruler of storms: “TO THEE, O earth's-surrounding king! already are known the designs of Jove: The cause of convening the gods. Though they perish, my cares they employ. But I will, sitting here, remain—on the brows of the cloud-wrapt Olympus: Indulging my soul, with the sight. But you, the rest, descend to earth: To the Trojans and Argives, descend. Bear aid to both armies in fight: Each following the bent of his soul. Should great Achilles urge, alone—the dismal battle, on gathered Troy: Not even for a little, could THEY sustain—the dreadful charge of the swift son of Peleus. Heretofore they fled amain, from his sight: But, now, that rages his flaming soul—for his friend beloved laid low in his blood: I fear that Ilium shall fall, by his hand—against the firm decrees of fate.”

THUS spoke the great son of Saturn. He waked inevitable war. They descended, at once,

to the fight: Swelling strife, in their jarring souls. Juno to the fleet repairs: Blue-eyed Pallas bends thither her flight: And Neptune, who surrounds the world: Hermes, author of useful arts: Adorned with each perfection of soul. Vulcan thither turned his course: Sternly rolling his flaming eyes. Halting, though he eagerly moves: His feeble feet scarce supporting his weight, along. To the Trojans descended Mars, shaking aloft, his flaming helm: The next was Phoebus, with locks unshorn: Diana, who delights in the bow: Latona, deep-resounding Xanthus: Venus, queen of charming smiles!

WHILST the gods remained apart, from the fight: Whilst yet they mixed not, with mortal men: The Argives moved, exulting, along—as great Achilles appeared in their front: For long from battle had the hero abstained. But panic seized the sons of Troy: Cold fear crept through all their joints. Shuddering they beheld afar—the mighty son of the steed-ruling Releus: They saw him, flaming in all his arms, like Mars, the destroyer of armies. But when the deathless dwellers of high Olympus—had mixed with the armies of men: Dreadful tumult was roused, on each side. Discord rose, the stirrer of nations. The awful voice of Minerva is heard. Now at the trench profound she stood: Now, on the shore of the echoing main. Loud-swelled the shout of destructive Mars. Like a whirlwind obscure he moved. Now from their citadel the Trojans he urged: Now, darkly-rushing o'er Callicolone—he reared his voice by resounding Simois.

THUS the gods who forever live—poured, forward, on each other, the hosts: And kindled

destructive discord, o'er all their lines. Dreadful thundered, from above—the father of men and of gods. Beneath, Neptune struck the mighty earth, with his waves: The mountains all shook their lofty heads. Streamy Ida trembled, down to its base: Its cloudy summits nodded, on high. Troy tottered o'er all her walls: The navy shook, on the rocking shore. Struck with fear was the king of the dead! He roared, with terror, as he leapt from his throne! Lest Neptune, as he shook the huge world—should burst the earth, o'er his regions profound: And lay open to gods and to men—the secrets of his dreadful halls: Baleful, horrid to the sight: Which the gods themselves are afraid to behold. So terrible was the sound, o'er the world: When the gods contended, in fight.

AGAINST Neptune, awful king of the main—stood Phœbus Apollo in arms: Bearing, forward, his feathered shafts. Opposed to destructive Mars—blue-eyed Pallas appeared, in the strife. Against Juno arose, with her bow—bright Diana, who delights in the chase: The queen, that glories, in her shafts—the sister of far-shooting Phœbus. On Vulcan rushed, in all his strength—the deep-resounding, gulphy stream: Called Xanthus, by the deathless gods: By mortal men, the roaring Scamander. Thus, god was engaged with god. But Achilles wished, to burst the firm ranks—to engage Hector, the son of Priam. Much desired his mighty soul—to glut, with his flowing blood—fierce Mars, unconquered in arms.

BUT the stirrer of armies, Apollo—rouzed Æneas, on the great son of Peleus: Pouring daring force, in his breast. The god assumed the voice of a youth; of Lycæon, the son of

Priam. In his form, he advanced to the chief: And, thus, began the bright offspring of Jove: "Æneas! valiant leader, of Troy! Whither vanished are all thy threats? Whither is the promise fled—made, by THEE, at the feast, to the chiefs? That THOU would'st meet, in dreadful fight—the mighty son of the steed-ruling Peleus?"

To him the godlike Æneas: "Why, son of Priam renowned!—Why would'st thou urge my unwilling arm—to lift the spear on the great son of Peleus: Who, above measure, is brave? Nor I the first will presume to stand: Opposed, in battle, to mighty Achilles. Not unfelt is the force of his arm. Heretofore, I fled, from his lance. He drove me from Ida of Streams: When descended the chief, on our herds: When he levelled the high-built Lyrnessus: And Peda us smoaked, on the ground. But Jove preserved me from death: He poured strength, o'er my sinewy limbs. Else I had fallen, subdued, beneath the hands of Achilles and Pallas. Before him moving, SHE victory gave. SHE bade him to slay, amain, the Leleges and Trojans renowned. No mortal, therefore, can engage with Achilles: For, always, one, at least, of the deathless gods—wards destruction away from his life. Nor ever flies, in vain, from HIS hand, the spear. It ever rushes, through the bodies of men. But should some god, with his power divine—weigh between us, the advantage of fight: Not with ease he would vanquish Æneas;—though of brass were his body whole."

To HIM replied the awful king—Apollo the offspring of Jove. "O hero! Pray THOU to the gods, Raise thy voice to the deathless

powers. Men report thee, O chief, o'er the world—as born of Venus the daughter of Jove. But HE derives his birth from a goddess—far inferior to THY mother divine. THIS the daughter of thundering Jove: That of Nereus, aged dweller of waves. Bear forward thy invincible steel. Let him not turn THEE, away with words. Yield not to his vauntings the field.”

HE spoke : And poured spirit divine—in the breast of the leader of armies. Along the front of the battle, he moved : Covered whole with his burnished steel. Nor unobserved, by the white-armed Juno—moved the son of the great Anchises : When he urged through the battle his way—to meet the daring son of Peleus. She called, together, the deathless gods : And thus began the queen of heaven :

“ CONSIDER well, O Neptune and Pallas ! Revolve, with care the state of things, in your souls. Æneas advances, in fight—covered whole in his burnished steel. To meet the daring son of Peleus—Phæbus Apollo urges the chief. Or, let us turn his steps away : Or let some power descend to Achilles : And pour mighty force, in the hero's breast. That his soul may not fail him, in aught : That the hero may learn and confide : That the most powerful of the immortals—love his valour and defend him, in war : That feeble and vain is the force—of the gods, who turn battle from Troy. To be present, to aid him in fight—we descended, from our starry abodes: For THIS day to defend him, from Troy. Hereafter, let him suffer those ills—which the fates, at his birth, have decreed : When he sprung, from a mother divine. But should Achilles not learn this of the powers : He will shudder, though mighty in arms ; when,

through battle advances a god : For terrible are the forms of the gods : When confessed they appear to mankind."

To her the god, who surrounds the world :  
 " Juno, rage not thus, in thy soul : It becomes not awful Juno to rage. Not I wish, that the deathless gods—should, now, in fierce battle engage : As much greater WE are in power. But let us hence to the rising ground. Let us sit and view the tumult afar : Leave battle to the care of mankind. But should Mars contend in the field : Should Phœbus Apollo engage. Should both stop the course of Achilles : And turn, his firm valour from war. Then to us shall fierce battle arise. The dreadful conflict shall rage amain. Soon, I deem, from decided fight—THEY shall rise to Olympus, on winds : To the bright assembly of gods : From the force of our deathless hands : Through necessity broken, subdued."

HE spoke : And preceded the powers. His blue hair floating, as he moved, on the winds. To the lofty wall they retired—which for Hercules equal to gods—the Trojans and Pallas had raised : That, behind it, the hero might shun—the sea-monster, that, rushing amain, pursued his flight from the echoing shore. There Neptune sat in his might : There reclined the rest of the gods. Around their shoulders, they poured a cloud—deep, gloomy, impervious to light.

THE guardian gods of high-built Troy—sat, on lofty Callicolônè : Around THEE, O bow-bearing Phœbus ! Around Mars, the destroyer of towns. Thus, the gods sat on either side : In council divine employed. Loth to engage in dreadful battle, all sat. Great Jove aloft on Olympus reclined, issued forth to the powers his commands. The whole field is filled, with the foes : And shines wide, with the splendor

of steel: From warriors, and from harnessed steeds. The trembling earth resounds beneath: As meet in horrid shock, the lines. But two heroes before the rest—the first in valour as in renown—rush, on each other, in all their rage: Burning, o'er their mighty souls, for the fight: Æneas the son of Anchises—and Achilles, in form like the gods.

ÆNEAS strides forward, the first. Threatening is the gait of the godlike chief. High nods, his plummy helm in the winds: He shakes, before his ample breast, his broad shield. Dreadful shines the bossy orb. The quivering spear gleams bright, in his hand. The great son of Peleus, comes forward, in all his rage. Like a destructive lion—whom men wish, with ardour, to slay. The whole people pour around him, in arms. HE, despising their rage, moves slow: But, when some martial youth, with his spear—inflicts a wound: Wide-opening his jaws, he turns. White swells the foam, around his teeth. His stout heart growls inly, with rage. He beats his heaving sides, with his tail. He rouses himself to the fight. Sternly-looking, he furiously bounds: Resolving to slay or be slain.

THUS his force drove forward Achilles: Thus his mighty soul urged him on—to meet, in combat, the illustrious Æneas. When near to each other, the chiefs approached: Bending forward to mutual wounds: To the chief of the car-borne Trojans—thus spoke Achilles divine: “Æneas, why measur'st THOU thus—such a length of ground to my spear? Commands his courage the warrior to fight? Or rises, from ambition, his rage? Hop'st thou, for engaging Achilles—to share, with Priam, the throne of Troy? O'er the car-ruling Trojans to reign? Bat

should'st thou vanquish ME in fight—Priam would not reward THEE so high. The king is blest with gallant sons: Nor is he feeble and inconstant in soul. Or have the Trojans gained thy valour, with gifts? With ample forests? With vine-covered plains? Have they promised thee fields for the plough: Should'st thou slay Achilles, in fight? A task, I deem, too hard for thy lance!"

"NOR to THEE is Achilles unknown. Heretofore thou fled'st from THIS spear. Recall'st thou not aught of the past. When I met thee, alone, with the herds: And drove thee, from wood-covered Ida? Not once, thou presumed'st to look back: To lofty Lyrnessus, thou fled'st amain. Lyrnessus I levelled with earth: By the aid of Pallas and father Jove. Many captive maids I took. I brought them, hither, in all their charms. But THEE Jove preserved, with his power. The gods were kind and aided thy speed. But again they shall not preserve: Though this the hope which has kindled thy soul. But THEE I advise to retreat: To mix again, with the lines of thy friends. Oppose not thy spear to Achilles. Lest evil should come—retire: Even fools are by facts rendered wise."

To him great Æneas replied: "Son of Peleus! Hope not with words—to frighten ME like a timid boy. I also might utter reproach. I might pour empty vaunts, in thine ear. But WE know each other's descent: Our parents beloved we know. The voice of others brought the tale to our ears. We received the report of mankind. Nor thou, MY parents hast seen: Nor have THINE been beheld, by these eyes. Godlike Peleus, they say, is thy sire: Thy mother the bright-moving Thetis: The long-haired

daughter of aged Nereus. But I glory in the blood of Anchises: In Venus a mother divine. To-day, one or other shall mourn her son: One shall roll her bright eyes, in her tears: For, I deem not that childish words—shall end a contest, which death must decide.

“**BUT** if this thou would'st also learn. If **THOU** my high lineage would'st hear: Which to many of mankind is known. The storm-compelling Jove begot—great Dardanus, the first of our race. **HE** built the beauteous Dardania: Nor sacred Ilium yet rose, on the plain: Ilium with heaven-reared walls—the high dwelling of warlike men! As yet the infant state was spread—along the sides of the streamy Ida. Great Dardanus begat a son—Erichthonius, the sovereign of men. **HE** was the wealthiest, by far—of mortal men, who **THEN** trod the earth. Three thousand high-maned mares of **HIS**—o'er the fenny pastures fed: Each exulting, with a colt by her side. Of these, even Boreas himself—became enamoured, as they pastured at large. Assuming the form of an azure-maned steed—he mixed in love, with the beauteous train. Pregnant they became, by the god. Twelve female colts they bore, on the plain. **THESE**, when they bounded in youthful play—along the smooth face of the bounteous earth: O'er the yellow ears of the standing corn—they ran, nor bent them, as they glided amain. But when they bounded, in youthful play, on the broad back of the hoary sea: O'er the surface, they flew with such speed—that scarcely marked, with their feet, was the wave.”

“**BUT** Erichthonius begot a son—Tros, o'er the Trojans to reign. Of Tros three gallant sons were born: Ilus, Assaracus brave—and

Ganymedes in form like the gods. HE, in matchless beauty rose—o'er all the race of mortal men. The powers divine bore the youth to their sky—to pour the nectar to thundering Jove. For his beauty they seized the youth: Fit only, to dwell, with the gods. To Ilus was born a son: Laomedon, faultless in form. Laomedon begot Tithonus and Priam, the sovereign of Troy. Lampus and Clytius he also begot: And Hicetion, a branch of Mars. From Assaracus, Capys sprung: From Capys, the great Anchises. Anchises is my godlike sire. Priam begot Hector divine."

"SUCH is my race, son of Peleus! Such the blood which Æneas boasts: But Jove lessens, or, increases, at will—the worth, the valour, of mortal men. For HE, by far, is the greatest in power! But advance. Let us end our discourse: No longer, like boys, let us stand—pouring forth reproaches, in the center of war. THESE we both might urge, with ease: We might encrease them to such a size: That even a ship, with her hundred oars—could scarce waff them, across the main. Voluble are the tongues of mankind: Replete with speeches and full of noise. Wide is the field of discourse: Words arrayed present themselves, on each side. From side to side, they wildly fly. Such as thou utter'st, may be turned on thine ear."

"BUT what avails this broil of words? What need have WE of reproaches and noise? Why contend we with language vile—like women, who issuing forth, in their rage—bandy reproaches, with eager souls? When, in the public way, they stand—and utter many truths, mixed with lies? But rage inflames THEIR feeble souls. But THOU shalt not avert my soul—from her

valour, by vile reproach: For steel and NOT words must decide. Advance, with speed, son of Peleus! The contest now, is devolved, on our spears."

HE spoke: And launched, with mighty force—his brazen lance against the shield. The dreadful, the far-beaming shield—deep resounds to the eager point. The son of Peleus held distant the orb: He held it—struck, with anxious fears. He thought that the long, heavy spear—launched from the sinewy arm of the daring Æneas—would pierce, with ease, the solid shield. Vain were the hero's fears! He considered not, in his mighty soul: That, not with ease, the splendid gifts of the gods—yield, in aught, to the force of mankind. Nor, now, did the rapid lance—launched amain by the illustrious Æneas—pierce, through and through, the shield divine. The golden plate warded off the keen point. Through two plates passed the eager steel: But three still remained, unpierced. The god had formed of five plates the orb: Two of brass, two of ductile tin. The centre plate was framed of gold: And obstructed the bright-pointed lance.

ACHILLES, next, with all his force—launched amain his heavy spear. He struck the solid shield of Æneas: On the utmost verge—where thinnest ran the brazen plates: Where the bull-hide more slightly was spread. Through and through, rushed the Pelian ash. The shield resounds, beneath the blow. Æneas contracts his body behind: And, frightened, holds distant the shield. Above his shoulder passed the lance. It sunk in earth—eager further to urge its point. Both the circles round the buckler are broke. He, having shunned the long spear, as it flew—

stood astonished and struck with fear. A sudden tremor invaded his limbs: And darkness involved his eyes. But Achilles, possessing his soul, advanced. He drew the mighty blade, from his side—and dreadful-shouting, rushed, with force, on the foe. But Æneas seized a huge stone, in his hand: A rocky fragment, enormous in weight: Which two warriors could not raise, from the ground;—such as earth, now, produces mankind. But HE lifted the weight with ease: With ease poised it aloft, in the air.

THEN had the daring Æneas—struck with the stone, as he rushed amain—the helm or the shield of great Achilles—which would turn death, from the godlike man: But the son of car-ruling Peleus—would, hand to hand, have slain the chief: Had not Neptune perceived the strife—as he sat, with the deathless gods. To them the earth-shaking power—with winged words began: “O gods! now sorrow invades my soul—for the fate of the daring Æneas. Subdued by the son of Peleus—he quickly must descend to the dead: In his folly persuaded to fight, by Apollo, who shoots, from afar! Nor turns the god, from the chief, whom he urged—the dismal fate, which impends o’er his head. But why should a blameless man—suffer evil, for the crimes of the state? Why should he suffer the woes—which ought, on the guilty to fall? Grateful, ever, his offerings have been—to all the powers, who broad heaven possess.”

“But arise, O immortals, and save. Let us, now, remove Æneas from death: Lest the dreadful wrath of Jove should ascend; If, by Achilles, the hero should fall. The fates fore-ordained his escape. They forbid to extinguish, at once

—the race of Dardanus divine: Whom, above all his sons—the offspring of Saturn loved from his soul. He loved him the most of all his race—born of the bright daughters of men. Long, the family of Priam—have been odious to high-thundering Jove! But, now, the strength of the daring Æneas—shall o'er the nations of Ilium reign: The sons of his sons shall reign—a long succession descending, through time.”

To HIM the awful Juno replied: “O thou that shak'st the solid earth! Weigh the whole in thy own mighty soul: Whether to remove Æneas, from death: Or to lay him subdued in his blood—beneath the sword of the great son of Peleus. Often have we, amid the gods—I myself and blue-eyed Pallas—often have we sworn to the powers—that never, by our aid divine—the evil day should be turned, from the Trojans: Not even, when Troy, o'er her bounds—shall be wrapt in destructive flame: When proud Ilium shall smook amain—beneath the hands of the warlike Argives.”

WHEN Neptune heard her words, he moved. Right forward rushed the earth-shaking power: Through the battle, the tumult of arms—the clamours of men and the crashing of spears. He came to the daring Æneas—to Achilles above mortals in fame. Straight he poured thick darkness amain—before the eyes of the son of Peleus. He drew the steel-pointed spear—from the shield of the daring foe: And laid it bright before the feet of Achilles. He pushed from him, with force, Æneas: Raised aloft from the ground, by his power. O'er many ranks of bright-mailed men: O'er steeds arranged in deep array; flew, at one bound, the valiant chief: Receiving motion, from the hand of the

god. He came to the farthest verge—to the rear of the furious fight: Where the Caucons formed their lines—and armed themselves, for battle and blood.

NEAR him stood the earth-shaking power: “Æneas! Who of all the gods—incited THEE, in thy madness of soul—to meet, in battle, the great Achilles? To contend, in arms, with the son of Peleus? At once, more powerful in fight? And more beloved of the gods? But retire. Whenever thou meet’st him—retire: Lest, against the will of fate—thou should’st descend to the halls of death. But when death shall cover Achilles. When fate shall darken that flame, in war. With boldness, fight, in the foremost ranks: Urge the battle, hand to hand, on the foe. THEE none of the Argives shall slay. Thy fate protects thee against them all.”

THUS speaking, departed the power. Straight, from the eyes of Achilles—the god the thick darkness removed. The whole field rose, in light, to his view. Deep-sighing, from his manly breast—he spoke, thus, to his own mighty soul: “O gods! What prodigy is here? What sight? What new wonder ascends to my view? Here lies my pointed spear on the earth: But the chief, on whom I launched it, is gone. Escaped from his death is the man: Whom I wished to transfix, in his blood. Sure, beloved by the gods is Æneas: Though I deemed, that he vaunted in vain. But let him live! Scarce, hereafter, his daring soul—will prompt the chief to engage ME, in fight. Even, now, not unwilling, he flies, from his death. But, exhorting to battle the Argives—to other Trojans my javelin I turn.”

THUS saying, he bounds through the line: And, thus, exhorts each warrior, with words: "No longer, O Argives divine! Stand distant, from the Trojans in fight. Advance. Let man engage his man. Let all urge, with fury, the war. Hard the task for Achilles: Though brave, he is, and unyielding in force! Hard it is for ME alone: To follow many—with ALL to engage. Nor Mars himself, a deathless god! Nor the stirrer of armies Minerva—could break the lines of so mighty a field: Could contend, with success, alone. But in proportion to the force of mine arm—my speed of feet and mine ardour of soul—I will pierce the deep ranks of the foe: Nor, deem I, any warrior of Troy—will rejoice, that approaches my spear."

THUS Achilles, inciting, spoke: But illustrious Hector, aloud—chides the Trojans and rouses the war: Affirming that HE, in arms—will issue forth, on the mighty Achilles: "O Trojans, daring in soul! Fear not the stout son of Peleus. Even I myself, with vaunting words—could contend with the deathless gods: But hard it were to contend with their force—for THEY are far greater in power! Nor Achilles shall ever perform—the lofty boasts, which he pours, on the winds. In one thing, the chief may succeed: In another, his efforts must fail. But on his course, I will issue in arms: Were his hands, like the force of destructive flame: Like flame destructive were his hands: And his heart unyielding as steel."

THUS, inciting, the hero spoke. The Trojans raise, at once, their spears. They pour their mighty force, in one place. Wild clamour ascends to the skies. But, standing near Hector

divine, thus Phœbus Apollo spoke: "O Hector!" began the god: "Now, meet not singly the strength of Achilles. Deep-immersed in the line remain. Receive him mid'st the clamour of armies: Lest he pierce thee, with the javelin, afar: Or wound thee, hand to hand, with the sword." He spoke, and the hero obeyed. At the voice of the god he retired: Deep-immersed in the squadrons of men.

BUT Achilles bounded on Troy: His soul clothed, in resistless force. Terrible rose the shout of the king. He first slew Iphition, in fight: The gallant son of the godlike Otrynteus—who led many squadrons to war. HIM the white-bosomed Nais bore—to Otrynteus, the destroyer of towns: The Nymph yielding to a hero her charms—beneath the snow-clad summits of Tmolus. Fair from THEIR loves arose the youth: In the wealthy state of beautiful Hyda. HIM rushing forward in fight—the great Achilles struck, with his spear. On his forehead descended the lance. The whole head is divided in twain. Resounding, he fell to the earth: And, thus, Achilles insulted the slain. "Thou liest in death, O son of Otrynteus! Thou most dreadful of mortal men! HERE is thy fate to fall. Thy blood thou deriv'st, from afar: From the beautiful lake of Gyges: Where spread thy paternal domains: Near the banks of the fishy Hyllus—and the gulph streams of resounding Hermus."

THUS gloried the chief, o'er the slain. Endless darkness o'er-shadowed HIS eyes. HIM the wheels of the car-borne Argives—mangled, as they rolled o'er the field. The hero slew then, in his strength—Demoleon the son of Antenor: The stout repeller of bloody war! On the

helmed temple descended the lance. Nor stopt the brazen head-piece its course. Through the helm passed the eager point—and broke the crashing skull behind. The whole brain is decomposed, within. He falls, subdued, though furious in fight. The hero slew the stout Hippodamus: As, descending from his chariot he fled. Through his back passed the deadly spear—as, amain, he urged his flight. Deep-groaning he breathes forth his soul: As roars a bull, when dragged by force—to the fane of the Heliconian king: When the youths drag the victim along: Their toil gladdens the earth-shaking power. Thus groaning deep, as it went—his mighty soul left his limbs, on the plain.

BUT, now, the hero rushed, with his spear—on Polydorus in form like the gods: The youthful son of aged Priam. HIM his father detained, from the fight: Because, of all his gallant sons he was the youngest and most beloved. Graceful rose his stature to view: In the swiftness of his feet, he excelled. HE, in the folly of youthful play—in his vanity, displaying his speed—rushed along the front of battle: And left his hapless soul, in the race. HIM the lance of Achilles divine—struck behind, as, rushing, he passed. On the golden clasp of the belt fell the spear: Where, doubled, the cuirass opposed. Near his navel appeared, before—the bloody point of the eager steel. On his knees, shrill-shrieking, he fell. A dark cloud arose on his eyes: Yet he gathered, with his hand, as he lay—his bloody entrails, that issued amain.

BUT when the mighty Hector beheld—his brother Polydorus in blood; Holding his entrails in his hands: And writhing himself, on

the ground: A sudden darkness arose, on his eyes. No longer could he, distant, remain. Straight forward he came, on Achilles. He shook, aloft, his sharp-pointed spear: Himself like a flame of fire! Achilles bounds, with dismal joy, at the sight. HE, glorying, these words began: "Near is the hated man, who pierced my inmost soul with woe: Who slew my friend most beloved. Nor longer shun we one another in fight—through the paths of devouring war."—Then sternly, thus, to Hector divine: "Advance, quickly, advance: And reach the goal of destructive death."

To him, undaunted in soul—thus, illustrious Hector replied: "Son of Pelus! Hope not with words—to frighten ME, like a timid boy. I also might utter reproach. I might pour empty vaunts, in thine ear. Well I know, that valiant thou art: That far superior thou art to Hector, in fight. But success depends on the gods: It rests in their bosoms divine;—whether, though inferior in force, I may not reach, thy life, with this spear. Often, bearing death it has rushed. My javelin also, is eager for blood."

HE spoke: And launched his long-quivering lance: But Pallas, with her breath divine—stopt the point, from illustrious Achilles. Back it flew, from the hero. It fell, again, at the feet of Hector. But Achilles, all furious, advanced: Madly eager to slay the foe. With dreadful shouts, he advanced. But Apollo bore Hector away. With ease, the power removed the chief. With thick darkness he involved him, around. Thrice, with his mighty lance—rushed forward Achilles divine: Thrice he drove his blazing point, through the bosom of the

darkness profound. But when, a fourth time, he bounded amain—bearing forward the force of a god: dreadful-threatening the chief began, with winged words, like these:

“AGAIN, wretch, thou hast escaped, from thy death! Surely, near thee advanced was thy fate. But THEE Phœbus Apollo has saved. To HIM thou ever raisest thy vows: When thou issuest to the clangor of spears. But THEE, hereafter, this spear shall transfix;—when first, in combat, thou stand’st opposed: If some god shall descend to mine aid—to guide forward my deadly spear. But, now, I rush on the Trojans: And, lay in death, their hapless chiefs, as they fly.”

THUS, as the hero spoke: On the neck he struck Dryops renowned. Before the feet of Achilles he fell. HIM he left rolling large, in his blood. On Demuchus, the son of Philetor—brave in battle and large in size—the hero rushed, as he fled. He pierced his knee, and restrained his flight. He struck him, with broad-beaming sword: And gave his mighty soul to the winds. Assailing both, he threw, with force, from their car—Laogonus, and Dardanus brave—the two sons of Bias renowned. The one he slew afar, with the spear: The other, hand to hand, with the sword.

HE slew Tros, the youthful son of Alastor. Right forward HE came, to Achilles. Vainly hoping, that, by seizing his knees—he could appease the fierce soul of the chief: That, through intreaty his life he might spare: That the foe might pity his tender years. Fool that he was, in his hopes! He knew not THIS—that he could not persuade. Not gentle and mild was the man! But revengeful, unyielding and fierce.

He seized the dreadful knees of the chief: With eager desire to entreat. But in his liver he plunged his sword. The liver started, at once, from the wound. His whole bosom is filled, with his blood. Darkness covered his languid eyes: As he poured forth his imprudent soul.

ACHILLES, hand to hand, struck Mulius. At one ear entered the spear: And, through the other, displayed its point. He slew Echeclus, the son of Agenor. On his forehead fell the large-hilted sword. The whole blade is rendered warm, with his blood. Dark fate involved him round: And, on his eyes, at once, arose—the purple shadows of ruthless death. He next struck the warlike Deucalion—where the sinews braced his elbow with strength. Through his arm passed wholly the point. With his hand weighed down with the lance—the warrior stood, well-foreseeing his death. HIM he struck, on the neck, with his sword. Wide flew the head, with its beaming helm. The spinal marrow bursted forth, with the blood.

BUT, now, the hero rushes amain—on Rhigmus, the brave son of Pireus. HE, from fertile Thrace had come—to urge battle, on the Argives, at Troy. Him he struck in the waist, with his lance. The brazen point, in his belly is fixed. Doubled, he fell from his car. The hero wounds his driver behind: Arëithous as his coursers he turned. On his back fell the sharp-pointed spear. He tumbled in death, from his car: The steeds start, at his sounding fall.

As when furious and resounding on high—the wide-destroying fire is borne—through the hollow vales of the arid hills. The deep forest is burning amain. To every side the veering

winds bend alternate, the raging flame. Thus all-furious to every side—HE is borne, like a god with his spear. He slew the flying, as they fled. The dark earth floated round, with their blood. As when the hind submits to the yoke—the broad-fronted strength of his bulls: To tread out the yellow barley amain—on the sacred floor of the golden Ceres. With ease is trodden the grain—by the feet of the loud-lowing bulls: So urged forward, by the mighty Achilles—his deathless steeds, as they bounded along—trod the dead, the shield and helms. The whole axle is stained with blood: The seat itself is drenched with gore; as sprinkled it bursts on each side—from the feet of the coursers divine: From the steel-surrounded orbs of the wheels. Aloft sat the son of Peleus: Eager to acquire renown. His invincible hands—as he stretches them forth to deaths—are stained, with dust, with clotty blood.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK XXI.

WHEN they came, in their rapid flight—to the clear-rushing course of the stream: To gulphy Xanthus—descended of deathless Jove. THERE divided, in two parties, they fled. ONE the hero pursued on the plain. To the city they bent their way: O'er the self-same space, where the Argives,—fled amain, the preceding day: When raged Hector divine, with his spear. These were poured along, in their trembling flight. Awful Juno their steps to impede—spread before them impervious night. But half the army were rolled amain—in the deeply-rushing course of the gulphy stream. They plunged in the river, with mighty noise. The

broad bosom of the current resounds: And, o'er their windings, hoarsely groan the high banks. Loud-roaring, they swim, to and fro—borne along the gulphy stream.

As when driven, by the force of the flame—swarms of locusts quit the field—and plunge amain, in the river's stream. Scorched by the ceaseless fire—which suddenly has reared its beam: Struck with terror they rise—and fly, for safety, to the flood. Thus before the great Achilles—the deep stream of resounding Xanthus—is filled, from bank to bank, with men, with floating cars and snorting steeds. But the hero divine—on the bank—left leaning, on a tamarisk, his spear. Like a god, he plunged amain, in the stream: Holding only his sword, in his hand: But brewing many dismal deeds, in his soul. On every side, he dealt his blows. The mournful groans of death ascend. Blood bursts around his deadly blade. The whole river is reddened with gore.

As when, for fear of the mighty dolphin—the smaller fry dart impetuous along. To the inmost recess of the roads—of the harbours, unexposed to the winds, they fly in terror. He hangs on their rear: Devouring all, that his speed can seize. So the Trojans, o'er the swift-rushing stream—hid themselves beneath the banks. But the hero, when his hands were fatigued—with conquest, with slaughter, with death—seized twelve chosen youths, in the flood: Living offerings to the fallen Patroclus. These, struck dumb with their mighty fears—he brought, like trembling fawns, to land. He bound their hands, behind, with thongs: Thongs beauteously wrought, which hung—on bright rings, by their own hapless sides. He gave

them bound to his faithful friends—to be led to the ships of the Argives.

BUT again he plunged large, in the stream: Eager to destroy and slay. He came forward, on the flight of a youth: The graceful son of Dardanian Priam: On Lycæon, as he fled from the river. HE, whom formerly the hero had seized, issuing forth through the bosom of night: And brought him captive, from the fields of his sire. The youth was then employed at the ax, cutting the wild fig-tree's tender boughs—to form the round of the chariot-wheel. An evil unforeseen came Achilles. He seized and sold the princely slave: He sold him, to be borne o'er the main—to Lemnos well-peopled isle. The son of Jason gave the price. But the friendly host of his father—Imbrian Eëtion redeemed the youth: And sent him to Arisbè divine. From Arisbè he secretly fled: And came to his paternal halls. Eleven days, from Lemnos arrived—he delighted his soul, with his friends. On the twelfth, some deathless power, in his wrath—threw him, headlong, in the hands of Achilles: To be sent to the regions of death: Thence never again to return!

Now, when illustrious Achilles—perceived him bare, without helmet or shield—without a bright-beaming spear in his hand: For ALL he had thrown, on the ground: Sweat covered the youth, as he fled: Fatigue had quite subdued his limbs. Wrathful, the hero perceived: And, thus, spoke to his own mighty soul: “ Gods! What new wonder ascends to my view! Again the daring Trojans—who tumbled in death from my lance! Again they will rise, on the field: Bursting the thick veil of infernal night! As

this Trojan has returned o'er the deep—escaping the evil day: Though sold to sacred Lemnos a slave. Nor HIM has the hoary main detained: That many unwilling detains. But now this active prince shall taste—the deadly point of the Pelian ash—that try soul, by experience may learn—whether thus he again shall return: Whether earth shall the youth confine: The bounteous earth, which restrains the brave!”

REVOLVING this, in his soul, he stood. Struck with terror the youth approached: Eager to embrace his knees. Much he wished, in his troubled soul—destructive death to avoid—and the fate, which was hovering near. In act, Achilles divine—had raised his deadly lance to strike. Beneath it, rushed the hapless Lycson: And prone on earth, embraced his knees. O'er his back, stood in earth the spear: Eager to drench itself in blood. But the suppliant youth seized his knees, with one hand: With the other, held the pointed spear: And graspt it, with all his force. His supplicating voice he raised: And poured these winged words, in his ruthless ears:

“ I SEIZE thee by the knees, Achilles! O regard me! Pity me—hear! Before thee a sacred suppliant I am, O race of hospitable Jove! With THEE I first, tasted food—the fruits of the golden Ceres; on that day, that fatal day! When, seized in the well-cultured field—thou sold'st me to sacred Lemnos—far, far from my father and friends. The price of a hundred oxen I brought—now thrice their value shall, for mercy, be told. This is the twelfth fatal morn—since Ilium received me returned: Much have I suffered, O chief! To crown misfortune, per-

icious fate—has thrown me in thy mighty hands. Odious to the gods I am! Too much detested by father Jove—who delivers me again to thee.”

“ME short of life my mother bore! Laothœ brought me forth to the light: The daughter of aged Altes: Altes, who extended his sway—o'er the Leleges in battle renowned. In lofty Pedasus he dwelt—near Satnio's beauteous streams. Priam HIS daughter possessed: With many other lovely dames. Of her, WE BOTH, her sons, were born: Both destined to fall, by thy hand: HIM, whom on foot thou subdued'st—Polydorus in form like the gods. HE has poured his soul, round thy spear. HERE fate hovers dark, o'er MY head. I shall never, I deem, escape: As a god has brought me, thus, to thy spear. But another thing I will tell: And weigh it, hero, in thy soul. The mother of Hector is not MINE: Of Hector, who slew thy godlike friend—full of pity as valiant in arms!”

THUS spoke the hapless son of Priam. Mournful rose his suppliant words. But stern and unrelenting was the voice, which he heard: “Talk not, fool, of ransoms to ME. Number no gifts, for thy wretched life. Before Patroclus fell subdued: Ere fate had covered the first of my friends: Then it pleased my soul to spare—somewhat to spare the children of Troy. Many I took alive, in the field: Many captives I sold afar. Now, none shall from death escape: None whom god, before high Ilium—shall throw, in my deadly hands: None of ALL the Trojan race: And, least of ALL, the children of Priam:

“DIE THOU also, my friend! Why lamentest

thou thus in vain ! Fallen is the mighty Patroclus : A greater far than THEE lies slain. ME survey. Roll o'er me thine eyes : Yet great as I am—though mighty in battle and graceful in form : Though sprung from a hero divine : Though of an awful goddess born : Yet near me is destructive death. Fate closes her cloud o'er my head. On some morning, or mid-day bright—or when the doubtful twilight descends I myself am doomed to fall. Some foe shall deprive me of life : Or launching forward his deadly spear : Or dismissing a shaft, from the string."

HE spoke : The stripling shrunk from his words. His heart failed. His limbs were unbraced. His hand fell, relaxed, from the spear. He sat, with arms out-stretched. Achilles, with his deadly sword—struck the tender neck of the youth. Wholly buried, in the wound, is the blade. Prone on earth, extended he lay. The dark blood flowed and drenched the ground. Achilles seized the slain, by the foot. He threw him to be borne, on the river's stream : And glorying o'er him, with winged words, he began :

" LIE there, among the fish, in death. Let the finny tribe surround thy corse, as it floats—and drink securely thy flowing blood. Nor mother shall bewail thee, stretched on a bier : But THEE gulphy Scamander shall bear, on his course—to the wide back of the hoary main. THERE some bounding fish shall come. He shall drag thee, beneath the dark surface of ocean : And glut himself, with the fat of Lycaon. But perish all thy perjured race : Till sacred Ilium shall fall, by our hands : You, thus, flying along the plain : I, hovering, with death, on

your rear. Nor your own native river avails. His silver current rolls in vain. Unrepaid all your offerings remain: The many bulls, which his altar have stained: The living coursers, which ye threw, in his gulphy streams. But, thus, shall ye sink in dismal death: Till ye all shall atone, with your blood—for the fall of the mighty Patroclus: For the slaughter of all the Argives—whom ye slew in MY absence from war.”

HE spoke: The river swelled to wrath, at his words. Much the god revolved in his mind—how he should turn from destructive fight—the deadly hand of Achilles divine: How he could obstruct the chief—and turn ruin and death, from Troy. Mean time, the daring son of Peleus—stretching forward his long-pointed spear—bound on the mighty Asteropæus—eager to give, to death—the son of Pelagon renowned. HIM the wide-flowing Axius begot—and Peribæa, like a goddess in form: The eldest of the lovely daughters—of Aecessamenus divine. On the warrior rushed great Achilles. Issuing forth from the river, he strode. He stood opposed to the son of Peleus: Shaking two long spears in his hands. Xanthus poured valour, in his breast: For much he raged, for the slaughtered youths—whom Achilles laid, in blood, in his stream: Whom, without pity, he slew.

WHEN near each other the heroes advanced: Rushing forward to mutual wounds: To his foe, with winged words—first began Achilles divine: “Who of mortal men art THOU? Who presumes to oppose me in arms? The children of unhappy parents—come forward to MY javelin in war.”—“Daring son of godlike Peleus!”

Replied Pelagon's illustrious son: "Why enquirest thou, concerning my race? I came from a land remote: From Pæonia's beauteous domains: And, o'er the spear-armed Pæonians—I extend my high command. This to me is the eleventh morn—before Ilium exposed to the winds. But I derive my race divine—from the wide-spreading stream of Axius: Axius, whose beauteous waters—are diffused, o'er all the land. He begot Pelagon renowned: Pelagon, they say, is MY sire. But no more! Let us fight, illustrious Achilles!"

THUS threatening the hero spoke. Achilles raised the Pelian ash. At once flew both the spears from the foe: For the hero, Asteropæus—could launch the javelin, with either hand. With one he struck the shield divine: Nor, through and through, passed the eager point. The gold prevented—the gift of the god! The other slightly touched the arm of the chief. Near his right elbow it passed. Forth-issued the sable blood. The spear is fixed, in the earth behind: Though eager to pierce the foe.

NEXT, Achilles urged his straight-rushing spear—against the breast of Asteropæus: Eager to lay him, in death. From the hero, it strayed, as it flew. But it struck the lofty bank of the stream. Half-immersed in earth, is the ash. The son of Peleus drew his sword, from his thigh: And bounded forward, with furious mien. But the foe, with his sinewy arm—could not extract, from the earth—the heavy ash of the great Achilles. Thrice he tugged it, with all his force. Thrice, in the effort, he failed. But when, a fourth-time, he prepared in his soul—to break the bending ash, in the ground: Achilles advanced, hand to hand: And deprived

him of life, with his sword. Through the navel passed the point of the blade. His whole entrails are poured, on the ground. Sudden darkness arose, on his eyes—as gasping, he breathed his soul. Achilles rushed on the breast of the slain. He stript him of all his arms: And, thus, glorying, the hero began:

“LIE, thus, in thy flowing blood. Hard the task it is for THEE—to contend, in combat, with the race—the matchless race of all-powerful Jove. Hard the task it is for THEE! Though deriving from a river thy birth. Thou hast boasted thy race divine—from the god of a wide-spreading stream: But I glory to derive my descent—from the blood of the storm-ruling Jove. A godlike hero is my sire: Who, o’er the warlike Myrmidons reigns: Peleus, the son of Æacus: But Æacus himself was of Jove.”

“MORE powerful is thundering Jove—than his rivers, that flow to the main. More powerful is the race of high Jove—than the sons of a rushing stream. Near thee, flows a mighty river: If in aught he could avail, in his might. But HE knows, that he must not contend—nor urge war, against the great son of Saturn. Nor Archelöius himself—the king of Rivers! can compare with the god: No; nor the mighty strength—of the deep-rushing stream of the ocean: From whom the roaring rivers flow—the spreading arms of the foamy main: The springs, that gush amain from the hills: The wells that sink deep in the ground: Even HE dreads the bolt of great Jove: The awful thunder, that rolls on high: When he covers all the heavens with his sounding storms.”

HE spoke: And drew his brazen spear, from the bank. He, there, left the warrior, in blood.

Breathless he left him, **THERE**: Stretched large, on the yellow sand. The sable stream rushed, o'er his corse: And tinged itself, with blood, as it flowed. The curling eels, the finny tribe—became busy around the dead. Gliding, they enter the gaping wound—and, nibbling, eat the fat, which covers his reins. But the hero advanced, in wrath—against the ranks of the car-borne Pæonians. **THEY**, on the river's banks now turned to flight, o'er all their line: When they saw, by far, their bravest in fight—lying slain, in the bloody field: Subdued, by the hands of Achilles—by his deadly sword transfixed. Then he slew the valiant Thersilochus: Then Mydon, and Astypylus bold. Mnesus, godlike Thrasius fell: Ænius and brave Ophlestes.

Now, many more of the car-borne Pæonians—had fallen by the hands of the great Achilles: But incensed at the slaughter—began the awful river, with gulphs profound. The voice of man the god assumed. He spoke from his own deep-rushing streams: "O Achilles!" began the god: "In valour thou all mortals excell'st:—But in fierceness thou **ALL** transcend'st. Dreadful are the deeds of thy hand! The gods themselves ever aid thee, in fight! But if the mighty son of Saturn—have given **THEE** to destroy all the foe. Drive them, at least, from **MY** course: And execute his high commands, o'er the field. Choaked up with slain are my fair-flowing streams: Nor can I pour, as heretofore—my rolling waves to the spacious main. Cramped with bodies I struggle in vain. None escapes from thy deadly spear. But thou, desist, O leader of armies! Struck with wonder, thy deeds I behold."

To the god great Achilles replied : " Thy high commands shall be obeyed, O Seamander, descended from Jove ! But, I will not cease to pursue—to slay the treaty-breaking Trojans : Till I close them, in their own lofty town : Till I try, whether Hector divine—shall ME subdue, in dreadful strife. Or he himself fall transfixed, by my spear." Thus saying, with the force of a god—he bounded, on the Trojans, amain. Then to far-shooting Phœbus—began the River with gulphs profound : " Ha ! bearer of the silver bow ! Apollo, deathless offspring of Jove ! Forgot by thy soul, are the resolves—the high commands of the son of Saturn. He bade thee, in many words, to aid—to stand present with the warriors of Troy : Till late the evening sun shall descend : And darkness o'ershadow the world."

He spoke : From the lofty bank—Achilles bounded, with his spear, in the stream. Rouzed to wrath is the mighty god. Furious, he rears his high-swoln waves. Troubled, he rolls all his streams. From his channel, he throws, amain, the dead : The bodies mangled, by the steel of Achilles. These he threw, as he roared, ashore : Loud-bellowing like a hundred bulls. The living he saved, with his beauteous streams—forming, round them, a watery wall. But dreadful, round the mighty Achilles—the troubled water swelled and foamed. Leaning forward on his broad shield—he turned the current, with the orb. But upborn are his feet, with the stream. He seized a branchy elm, in his hands : An elm, which flourished large, by the river's side. Torn amain, from its roots—it drew the whole bank along : Repressing the roaring stream—as fell, at once, its heavy boughs.

THE hero, issuing, from the channel, with force—in terror, urged his flying steps, o'er the plain. Nor yet desisted the mighty god. He reared his current o'er his banks, Darkening its surface, his flood arose. HE resolved to turn Achilles from fight: To save the Trojans, from ruin and death. High-bounding fled the son of Peleus. As far, as a spear can fly—the hero sprung at every bound. He bore in his course, the force of an eagle: A dark eagle, that descends on his prey: The strongest, the swiftest of birds! With such force, resounding he moved. Around his breast his armour rung. He urged obliquely his devious flight. Behind him, rushing, roared the stream.

As when, on the hill's sloping side—the peasant, from the dark-flowing spring—leads the bubbling course of a stream—to his garden and fading plants. The huge mattock he holds, in his hand: And, from the furrow, removes the clods. In this channel descends the rill—rolling the sounding pebbles along. Murmuring, it flows, down the steep—and frequently its leader outruns. Thus ceaseless, though swift was the chief—the River's stream pursued Achilles: For more powerful than men are the gods! But as often, as Achilles divine—stood opposed to the echoing stream: To know whether all the deathless powers—who possess the spacious halls of the sky—hung forward, with their force, on his flight: So often the mighty wave—of the River descended of Jove—rose foaming o'er his shoulders broad. HE, sad in soul, high-bounded away. The River subdued his limbs beneath. Roaring, rapid, obliquely-borne—the stream removed the sliding earth from his feet. The son

of Peleus deeply-groaned, from his soul: Eyeing the spacious face of the sky.

“O FATHER Jove!” The hero said: “Will none of the immortal gods—aid me, in my sore distress? Or save me from this dreadful stream? Prevent this shameful fate, O Jove! Pour, in some other form, thy wrath. But none of all the deathless gods—I blame, so much as my mother divine. SHE deceived her hapless son. SHE foretold, that I was destined to fall—before the walls of the bright-mailed Trojans: That my hovering fate was due—to the shafts of the bowyer Phobus. O would! That I lay slain by Hector: The bravest chief whom Troy has reared! Then had a mighty hero fallen: A mighty hero had spoiled the dead. But now ingloriously I fall. I am hurried away, by a stream: In a mighty river inclosed I shall lie. Like a vile swine-herd, o’erwhelmed and lost! Whom, on a rainy day, as he tempts the ford—the headlong torrent bears drowned to the main.”

He spoke: And quickly, by his side—rose Neptune and blue-eyed Minerva. Near the hero, confessed, they stood: Assuming, each, a human form. They seized his hand, in their hands. They confirmed him with words divine: And, thus, began the earth-shaking power: “Son of Peleus, thy terror cease. Remove the cloud, from thy troubled soul: Such the aid thou deriv’st from the gods! By Jove’s consent we both are come: I and blue-eyed Pallas attend. It is not in the fates, for Achilles—to perish by a river’s rage. Soon shalt HE, from his fury desist. Be patient, and thine eyes shall behold! But thou, obey our will divine: Obey, in all, what the gods suggest. Restrain not thy hand

from battle—from the strife of all-equalling war: Till THOU hast the Trojans inclosed—all those, who shall escape from thy lance—within the walls of the sacred Ilium. THOU, depriving Hector of life—shalt return to the hollow ships. With THAT' glory, we shall cover thine arms."

THUS speaking, they flew, on the winds. Rouzed by the high commands of the gods: He rushed forward, along the field. The field was covered, with the floods. Many were the splendid arms—many the bodies of warriors slain—that floated amain, on the stream! High-bounding the hero rushed: Against the river's course, he strode. The wide-flowing stream restrained not his speed: Such vigour Pallas had breathed on his limbs. Nor yet Scamander abated his rage. Redoubled rose the wrath of the god. He swelled the waves of all his streams. He rolled them, roaring, o'er the plain: And, thus, the streamy Simois he urged:

"BROTHER beloved!" Began the god: "We both, with joint force, may restrain—the strength and valour of ONE gallant chief. Else HE soon shall level with earth—the sacred city of godlike Priam. The Trojans have ceased, from the fight. ALL yield to HIS resistless spear. But thou, quickly rush to mine aid. From thy fountains replenish thy rills. Rouze all thy roaring streams, at once. Swell, o'er thy banks, thy mighty wave. Roll together, tumultuous and loud—trunks of trees and broken rocks. Let us—resounding amain—repress this great, destructive man: Who victoriously strides in his might: Who equals the gods in his deeds. But, neither his mighty force shall avail: Nor yet that awful form divine: No: Nor that dazzling splendor of all his arms: All THESE,

beneath our streams, o'erwhelmed—shall lie concealed in heaps of slime. With sand I shall involve him round: And pile mountains of earth on his corse. Nor can the Argives, in all their zeal—collect his snow-white bones in a tomb—such a mound shall I rear, o'er his head. I shall his obsequies perform: His sepulchre my streams shall rear. Nor the warrior interment shall need—when Greece shall pay funeral rites to her hero."

He spoke: And poured his whole force, on Achilles: Raging amain, o'er his troubled streams. Loud-murmuring, he roared along—with foam, with blood, with heroes slain. The purple wave of the Jove-descended stream—swelled aloft and fell whole, on the offspring of Peleus. Awful rose the loud voice of Juno. Much she feared for Achilles divine: Lest the mighty River, in rage, should bear him to his gulphs profound. Straight she Vulcan addressed, Thus rose her voice to her son beloved: "Arise to battle! My son, Arise! To THEE, as equal, is opposed in the strife—gulphy Xanthus, with all his streams. Arise. Bring quickly aid, my son! Rouze all thy sounding flames to the fight. But I myself will awake o'er the main, the rushing blasts of two powerful winds: The Zephyr, darkening, as he flies—the rapid force of the southern wind. THEY, bearing forward dreadful flame—shall burn the arms and the Trojans slain. But THOU, on the banks of Xanthus—wrap all his crackling trees, with fire. Throw fire in his very stream. Nor soothing words must quell thy rage: Nor be thou turned from thy purpose, with threats. Restrain not, in aught, the wasteful force: Till I, aloud, the signal give: THEN repress the devouring fire."

SHE spoke : And Vulcan launched his fires. Dreadful-sparkling, they rushed from his hands. First kindled, on the field, were the flames. The god, first burnt the Trojans slain : Who many and mangled, in blood—lay amain, by the hero's arm. The whole field is dried o'er its bounds. The lessened deluge shrinks from the plain. As when, in autumn, the northern wind — dries the watered garden with ease : And o'er his soul, exults the swain. So dried, o'er its bounds, is the field : When blaze the slain, in the heaven-sent fire.

ON the river, the god turned his arms. He launched into the stream the fire. The lofty elms, the willows blaze ! The low tamarisk, the lotus, the reeds—which flourished amain, on the banks—and o'er the streamy river waved. The writhing eels, the fishes gasp : To and fro, they fly from the flame—and deeply dive, beneath the clear-rushing streams. Much they labour for life, in the heat—which the artist divine had raised. The whole strength of the river burns. Vanquished Xanthus thus addresses the god :

“ O VULCAN ! Surely none of the gods—can meet thy force in equal fight. Nor I with thee, in such battle, will strive : Repress, O power, thy dreadful flames. Desist, in pity, from the fight. Straight let Achilles divine—expel the Trojans and level their town. What have I to do with strife ? What with aid, to wretched men ?” He spoke, burning in the flames of the god. O'er their breadth his waters boiled. As swells the huge caldron within, when round it flames the mighty fire : When melting the fat of a high-fed boar. The bubbles rise, on every side : Wide blazes, beneath, the wood. Thus bubbled the River's beauteous streams : Thus

boiled his waters, amain. Restrained, was his course, from the main: O'er it spread a cloud of smoke: beneath the force of the artist divine. Oppressed with heat, the suppliant god—thus addressed his prayers to Juno.

“ O JUNO! Why has thy son—descended, in his wrath on my stream? Why ME more than others infest? Nor yet so much to blame, is Xanthus—as other powers whom the Trojans assist. Yet I will cease to aid thy foes: If such are thy mighty commands. But let THIS power restrain his rage: And I will plight my faith, with an oath: That never shall mine aid ward away—the evil day, from devoted Troy: Not when sacred Ilium itself—involved in flame, shall fall to the earth—beneath the hands of the warlike Argives.”

WHEN white-armed Juno heard the god—she spoke, straight, to her son beloved: “ Vulcan, restrain thy rage! Cease thy fury, my son renowned! Unjust it is to torment a god—for wretched man, devoted to death.” She spoke: And the artist divine—extinguished his wide-flaming fire. The beauteous waters to their channel returned: And rolled their wonted course to the main. But after the strength of Xanthus—lay subdued by Vulcan divine: Both the gods resigned the fight: Restrained by Juno, though still she raged.

BUT on the other deathless powers—dreadful contest and battle descend. Their heavenly souls were divided to all. They favoured different sides, in the war. With mighty tumult, on each other, they rushed. The spacious earth groans amain, at the strife: And huge heaven resounds, o'er its spheres. Jove heard the tremendous noise: As on snow-clad Olympus he

sat. Joy opened o'er the heart of the god: As HE beheld the contending powers. Nor THEY long apart remained on the field. Mars began, the dreadful breaker of shields! HE first rushed on blue-eyed Pallas. Holding his brazen spear in his hand: He, thus, began with reproachful words:

“WHY, most audacious of all the gods! Why excit'st thou the powers to engage? Endued thou art with matchless pride. Thy daring soul bears thee forward to strife. Remember'st thou not, faithless power! Or slip thy crimes, from thy haughty soul?—When Diomedes was urged, by thy words—to wound, in battle, this deathless form? With thy hand, thou guided'st the shining lance: Right forward it came, by thy power—and mixed its point, with the blood of a god. But now vengeance pursues thee, I deem: And THOU shalt feel, for my former woes.”

HE spoke: And struck, with his mighty spear—the dreadful orb of the tasselled Ægis: Which even the flaming bolt of Jove—could not subdue, in its rage. This the power with slaughter stained—struck amain, with his dreadful spear. But SHE, retiring back apace—graspt a stone, in her mighty hand: A stone, which lay on the field—dark, rugged, enormous in size! Which men, in the days of old—placed to mark the limits of lands. With this, she struck impetuous Mars. On his neck fell the weight. His huge limbs were unbraced. He sunk. O'er seven acres extended he lay. His locks divine were soiled with dust. His arms resounded round the god. Blue-eyed Pallas smiled, at his fall: And glorying o'er the vanquished power—thus with winged words she began:

“IMPETUOUS and unthinking god! Perceiv'st thou not yet, in thy soul: That not vain is the boast of Pallas—who glories to extel THEE, in force? Perceiv'st thou not my superior strength—when thus thou ventur'st to oppose me, in arms? Thy wrathful mother's furies pursue—and lay thee, on earth, by my hand. The evils, contrived for THEE, are come: As thou hast deserted the Argives: As thou aid'st the treaty-breaking warriors of Troy.”

THUS saying, she turned away—the awful splendour of her eyes. The daughter of Jove, the golden Venus, raised the fallen power, by the hand. She led him slowly from the field. Scarce breathes with pain, the gasping god: Scarce yet he collected his wandering soul. The white-armed Juno beheld them both: With winged words, she to Pallas began: “O gods! Behold that sight of shame! Invincible daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Behold again that audacious power! How she leads, through the wide-flaming war—impetuous Mars, the destroyer of men! But thou, pursue, with vengeance, her steps.”

SHE spoke: The goddess heard her with joy. With hasty stride she rushed on the queen. She struck her, on the white-heaving breast—with the force of her mighty hand. Her beauteous limbs were unbraced, as she sunk. Darkness rose, on her labouring soul. Side by side, the vanquished powers—lay stretched, on the fruitful earth. O'er them gloried blue-eyed Pallas: And thus, with winged words, she began: “Thus vanquished may all lie disgraced—who aid the faithless Trojans, in war—against the force of the bright-mailed Argives! Thus subdued, lie vanquished the powers: Who, like Venus, gives

aid to Mars—opposed to the strength of Minerva! Then shall the immortal gods—cease from battle and shameful strife: When the high-built city of sacred Ilium—shall lie levelled with earth, in its smoke.”

SHE spoke: And Juno, with smiles, approved! But the king, who shakes the solid earth—thus spoke to the far-shooting Phœbus: “ Phœbus! Why stand we apart, in the strife? It becomes not—when the gods are engaged. Disgrace shall cover us both: Should we, without battle return—to Olympus with summits of snow—to the brazen halls of high-thundering Jove. Begin: For thou art younger in years. It becomes not ME to begin: As long before thee, I was born: And more knowledge has enlightened my mind. Unthinking god! What folly has veiled thy soul? Forgotten, by THESE are our wrongs! Remember’st thou not in aught—the evils, which we suffered at Troy? When we alone of all the gods—descending from the mansions of Jove: Served the haughty Laomedon—a whole year, for a stated hire? Their city rose to the Trojan powers—their lofty wall, from these hands divine: Their thick, their solid, beauteous walls—to render Ilium impregnably strong. To feed his lowing herds were thy care; In the deep vales of the wood-covered Ida.”

“ But when the revolving seasons came—with the time for discharging our hire: Then the unjust Laomedon—by force defrauded us both of the whole. He dismissed us, with disgrace, from his presence: And added threats to injustice and shame. He threatened to fetter thy feet and hands: To sell thee, as an abject slave—to islands remote in the main. To us both he affirmed, in his scorn: That, with steel,

he would shorten our ears. Straight we rose to the mansions of Jove. Wrath darkly swelled, on our souls: For the hire, which he promised we raged: For his threats and his broken faith. And is it for this thou favour'st his race? For this, thou opposest our will:—That Ilium's deep foundations may fall: That the treaty-breaking Trojans may perish: With their children and tender wives?"

To Neptune replied, in his turn—the long-haired king, that shoots from afar: "O thou, that surroundest the world! Not prudent I ought to be called—should I rashly engage with THEE: For mortals, a wretched race! Like the frail successions of leaves—men descend on the tide of time. Now they blossom, in all their bloom: Deriving vigour from the fruits of the earth: Now, they wither, as they lie on the ground. Then let us abstain from the fight: Let those, who perish, in battle engage."

THUS speaking, he backward retired. Much he feared in his deathless breast—to mix his hands with the brother of Jove. HIM his sister upbraided aloud: Bright Diana, who delights in the chace! The goddess of desarts began. She spoke reproachful words, like these: "Fly'st thou then, THOU that shoot'st, from afar? Re-sign'st thou to Neptune the field? With such ease, hast thou given him renown? Vain god! Why this martial parade? That useless bow, which resounds, as thou strid'st? Henceforth thine empty vaunts forbear. Boast no longer, in the mansions of Jove: As heretofore, in the ears of the gods: That thou could'st contend, in dreadful strife—with Neptune, who rules the main."

SHE spoke: Nor in aught replied—bright Apollo, who shoots from afar. Rage seized the awful spouse of Jove. She upbraided the shaft-loving queen: And thus began, with reproachful words: “How presum’st thou, audacious power! To stand opposed to me in arms? Hard shall I prove for Diana in force: Though laden, with her quiver and bow! Jove ordained thee a plague to thy sex: Among women THEE a lion he made—to slay, whom thou wilt, with thy shafts. More easy it is o’er the wilds—to lay the savage race, in their blood: O’er the desert, the hind to pursue: Than with thy betters to combat in war. But if a trial Diana would make: Let her rise. In thy woes thou shalt find—how superior is Juno in force.”

SHE spoke: Both her wrists she eagerly seized. Her left hand graspt them both amain: With her right, from her shoulders divine—she tore the quiver replete with shafts. Round the huntress, alternately urged—on either side, the quiver flew. The goddess winds her fair form, from the blows. The winged arrows are strewed, on the ground. Bursting into tears, she rose—like a dove, on the veering winds: A dove, that from the falcon flies—to the dark cleft of the hollow rock: her wonted retreat, from the foe: Not yet destined by fate to fall. Thus bursting into tears she flew. Her bright quiver remained behind.

BUT to the long-haired Latona—winged Hermes these words began: “Nor I, Latona, with THEE will contend. Hard the task it is to contend—with the awful wives of the storm-ruling Jove! Boast freely, O long-haired queen! Go. Triumph, among the gods. Declare to

all—that by THEE subdued—I resigned the renown of the fight.” Thus he spoke: Nor replied Latona. SHE collected the shafts and the bow: Which lay strewed, o’er the dusty field. With these, the goddess rose, on the winds. She followed her daughter beloved.

To broad Olympus Diana came: To the bright, brazen mansions of Jove. The lovely daughter dissolved in tears—sat silent. Round her trembled her robe divine. The son of Saturn embraced her, with smiles: And thus questioned the shaft-bearing queen: “Who hath done this mischief?” He said. Who, daughter beloved, of the gods? Who has rashly stretched forth his hand: As if THOU wert guilty of crimes?” To him replied, in her grief—the crescent-crowned huntress of hinds: “ME thy spouse has covered with woes: The white-armed consort of thundering Jove! She the ceaseless author of strife! Of dire contention, among the gods!”

THUS THEY spoke, in the mansions of Jove: But Phœbus Apollo ascended to Troy: To sacred Ilium exposed to the winds. His was the care of the lofty wall: The defence of the high-built town. Lest the Argives, opposed to the fates—should, on that day, level Ilium with earth. To Olympus retired the gods: The ever-living returned to their sire. Some sat, moping, in silent wrath: But others exulted in fame. In the halls of their father, they sat: Near the ruler of darkening storms.

BUT Achilles hung forward on Troy: He slew the people, he slew the steeds. As when a dreadful smoke ascends—covering the azure face of the sky: When hostile flames inwrap a town: When, from the wrath of the gods it descends.

To all it toil and labour brings: To many destruction and death. Thus Achilles poured, on Troy— toil, trouble, destruction, and death. In the lofty tower of the Scæan gate;—the aged Priam trembling stood. He saw the large form of the mighty Achilles: And before him the flying Trojans. Broken, scattered they fled o'er the plain: No force, no vigour remained! Loud-wailing their sovereign descends—to issue orders, behind the wall—to the valiant guards of the gates.

“ Hold wide open the gates in your hands. Receive the flying troops, from the field. Near is destroying Achilles. He scatters, he slays the rear. Near is the ruthless chief: And I forebode the worst to my soul. But when the army is all inclosed: When, here, they shall breathe from their toil: Again shut the portals with speed. Shut out Achilles and death. Much I fear that this dreadful chief—will burst his way through our sacred walls.”

THEY opened the wide portals with speed. They threw back the heavy bars, with their hands. The gates received to safety the host. Apollo bounded forth, in his strength: To turn destruction, from the warriors of Troy. Right to the city their way they held: Parched with heat and whitened with dust. From the field they rushed again, to the wall. He pursued, with his deadly spear. Dismal rage possessed wholly his heart: And, he furiously followed renown. Then had the sons of the Argives— seized Troy, through her lofty gates: Had not Phoebus Apollo—rouzed the soul of Agenor divine; A hero born, the son of Antenor; brave in battle and high in renown. He poured valour in the soul of the chief. Near the hero

stood the god: To turn away death's dreadful hands. Against the beech of Jove, he stood: Covered over, with thickest night.

But when Agenor beheld Achilles—he stood. Much revolved his darkening soul in his breast: When he waited the destroyer of towns. Deeply-sighing the hero began: Thus addressing his own mighty soul: “ Ah me! What resource now remains! Should I fly from the mighty Achilles—along the path, by which others fly! Soon his speed would o’ertake my steps: Like a coward I should fall by his hands. But should I desert my friends: And leave them thus dispersed and o’erwhelmed—by the deadly spear of the son of Peleus: Should I turn my flying steps from the walls—and urge my course o’er the Trojan plain: Entering the shadowy groves—the shrubby sides of the sacred Ida. So may I plunge in the river’s stream—wash the dust, from my wearied limbs: And under the dewy wing of the eve—return to the high-walled Troy.

“ BUT why debates my dubious soul with herself? Should HE behold my departure. My flight from the town, o’er the field.—Soon would he gain, on my steps—urging forward, his rapid strides. No hopes of escape should remain: No refuge from instant death: For much he transcends in speed: In valour the human race. But should I advance, on his course: Before the city, encounter his lance: HE also is pervious to steel: His body is subject to wounds. He has but one soul, in his breast: Men affirm, that HE a mortal was born. But the gods give success to his arms: The son of Saturn has clothed him, with fame.”

Thus speaking, he turned his steps. He awaited the approach of Achilles. His heart heaves high with valiant joy—to encounter so mighty a foe. As the Panther when he issues, amain—from the deep thicket, in rage—against the hunter and all his shafts. He turns not to flight, from his steel. He hears, unstartled, his clamorous hounds. Though wounded, at hand, by the lance—or afar by the barbed dart: He desists not, though transfixed, from the fight, He slays his foe, or himself lies slain. Thus the son of Antenor renowned—Agenor of form divine—disdained to retreat from the fight: To leave the force of Achilles untried. He stood collected behind his broad shield. He held forward on the hero his spear: And thus to Achilles aloud:

“GREAT were thy hopes, illustrious Achilles! That, on this fatal day, thy spear—was destined to level with earth—the city of the Trojans renowned. Mistaken man! Many woes and disasters remain to THEE—ere yet we shall yield to thine arm. In Troy we are many and brave—still ready to contend with the foe: To guard Ilium, for our parents beloved—for our children and tender wives. But even THEE—though dreadful thou art, though a warrior of matchless renown—shall fate cover here from the light.”

He spoke: And, from his sinewy arm—dismissed the pointed spear, on the foe. Nor strayed the gleaming lance from the mark. He struck the hero below the knee. The greaves of tin lately laboured with art—resounded harshly to the spear. The steel, unpiercing, resulted amain: Stopt short by the gift of the god. The

son of Peleus next assailed—Agénor of form divine. But Apollo prevented his fame. He bore the gallant foe away: Involving him in darkness around.

THE god, deluding great Achilles—turned the hero, from the people of Troy. The far-shooting king assumed the form—the manly port of the great Agénor. Before his steps, confessed, he stood. With rapid strides, he pursued him again. Whilst ~~we~~, o'er the wheat-bearing field—extended his steps in pursuit: Toward the river turned the god: To loud Scamander, with gulphs profound. Small the space he flew before. Apollo allured the hero's steps. He ever hoped to outstrip, in the race—the awful god, in human form.

MEANTIME, the flying warriors, of Troy—crowded with joy through the gates. They breathed, within their walls, from toil. The whole city is filled, with the host. Nor ~~they~~ sustained, without the wall: Without the gates of sacred Troy—to wait, each, for their flying friends: To know the detail of the troops: And who escaped, or fell in war. With eager speed they poured through their gates. Each, whom his active limbs, had borne—from danger and the tempest of arms.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK XXII.

THUS, like timid fawns, the Trojans—dispersed, panting, o'er all their town. They wiped the dust from their weary limbs: And cheered, with cooling draughts, their souls. Their beauteous battlements they manned: Leaning forward, with their steel, to the foe. But the deep line of the Argive powers—approached, slowly, the walls of Troy: Inclining on their shoulders their shields. Hector alone remained—chained down, by destructive fate: Before the heaven-built towers of Ilium—before the lofty Scæan gate.

BUT the far-shooting Phæbus—undeceiving Achilles, spoke: “ Why pursuest thou ME, son

of Peleus? Why urge thy rapid steps, on my flight? Thou only a mortal man! But I an immortal god! Nor to THEE was given to discern—the power divine in human form. Ceaseless fury has distracted thy soul. Nor longer battle commands thy care: Nor all thy warlike toil with Troy. The enemy is lost to thy spear. Safe-inclosed is the foe in his walls: Whilst THOU, in idle pursuit hast hither diverted thy speed. Nor ME thy deadly spear can slay: Nor subject to death are the gods!”

To HIM in wrath, the mighty Achilles: “Thou hast injured my fame, Apollo! Thou most pernicious of all the gods! Thou hast robbed me of half my renown—by turning my steps, from the wall. Else many had bit the ground in death: Ere they yet had ascended to Troy. Now my glory thou hast torn, from my hands: With ease, thou hast saved the foe—from future vengeance secure! Thy want of fear, has suggested the wrong. But were the means of vengeance mine—this injury should not pass unreturned.”

He spoke: And elated in soul—toward the city strode amain: Forceful-rushing, like a steed—when victorious in the race, with his car: With mighty effort he scours along—resounding as the plain he devours. Thus rapidly moved Achilles: Stretching forward his mighty limbs. HIM Priam, first beheld, with his aged eyes: Blazing forth, like a dreadful star—as bright he strode along the plain: Like the star, which in autumn ascends. Brightly-beaming stream its rays—o'er the stillest hour of night. The other stars shrink pale from its awful blaze! Mortals call it the dog of Orion. The most splendid of all heaven's host. But

hung aloft a dire portent: Pouring heat and fell disease—on the nations of hapless men.

THUS, round the breast of the rushing chief—  
shone afar the brass divine. Loud—rose the  
mournful voice of the aged. He struck his head,  
with uplifted hands. He shrilly-reared his wailing  
voice. He intreated his son beloved. But his  
son stood darkly at the gate. Much burnt his  
eager soul within: To mix in fight, with Achil-  
les divine. Mournfully the aged spoke: Stretch-  
ing forth his withered hands:

“O HECTOR, stay not, son beloved! Stay  
not, unsupported alone: Meet not this warrior  
in fight: Let not these eyes behold THEE slain!  
Subdued by the son of Peleus: Who, in force,  
excels thee far! Destructive chief! O that he  
were—as little loved by the gods as by Priam:  
Soon bloody hounds his corse should tear—and  
vultures flap, round him, their wings. A gleam  
of joy would arise, on my heart: Bitter sorrow  
would half-quit my soul. Of many sons he ME  
deprived. Of many gallant sons: Or slain—or  
sold captives, to distant isles.”

“Two meet not, now, mine aged eyes:  
Lycaon and young Polydorus. Two I perceive  
not, amid the host. From Laothœ they sprung:  
Laothœ, among women: divine. But, if they  
breathe, in yonder camp—much of gold, and  
of burnished brass—shall be paid, for their free-  
dom and life. Much, still, within my halls re-  
mains: The wealth of Altes afar-renowned:  
Which he gave to his daughter beloved. But  
if in battle, both are slain: If wander their  
souls, in the regions of death. Then sorrow  
shall lie deep, on my heart. Much their hapless  
mother shall mourn.”

“ BUT FOR THEE, a whole people shall mourn. The Trojans defenceless and lost! Should’st thou, yield thyself to death—subdued by the son of Peleus. But enter thou the wall, my son. Save the Trojans, the Trojan dames. Save thine own important life. Give not to Achilles renown. Pity me worn down with ills. Pity, while yet my senses remain. Pity an unhappy king—whom Jove, on the last limits of age—has doomed to fortune’s bitterest woes. Many evils have I yet to behold: My valiant sons in battle slain! My daughters ravished, in my sight! My bridal chambers disclosed to the foe! My infant offspring dashed on earth: My people floating in their blood! The wives of sons to slavery led—by the destructive hands of the Argives!”

“ THEN shall come the completion of woes! Priam shall fall the last of his race. In the gates of my own lofty dome—me, perhaps, shall dogs devour: When some foe—or with shaft or with spear—shall have deprived this feeble body of life. Me, perhaps, shall dogs devour: Those whom I reared in my splendid halls, the attendants of my table! The faithful guardians of my gates! These shall drink their master’s blood: And growing furious from the draught—shall lie, with lolling tongues, in the ample porch. But graceful lie the young, in their blood. Their wounds become them—when torn with steel. Nor, in aught, is disgusting the sight. Beauteous, even in death, they appear. But when the head whitened with years—the hoary beard, the shrivelled form—the furrowed features of the aged are torn—at once the sport and prey of dogs: Then misery

ascends to her height ! The last measure of misfortune is full."

THUS the aged spoke, in his grief. He tore his hoary hair, with his hands. His hoary hair he tore amain. But he changed not Hector's mighty soul. His mother reared her parent voice : Loud-wailing and drowned in her tears. With ONE hand, she laid her bosom bare : With the other, her breast exposed. Thick-descend the warm tears, on her cheek. With winged words she addressed her son :

" O HECTOR ! O my son beloved ! Revere THESE, and pity me. If ever, with this parent breast, I settled thine infant cries. Remember THESE, my son beloved ! Repel the ruthless, cruel foe. Oppose these lofty walls to his rage. Enter the gate, too-daring chief ! Stand not to contend, in arms. Alas ! Should'st thou fall, by his hand : Never shall these parent eyes—drench thee, with tears, on the mournful bier. Unwept by her, who bore thee, Hector ! Unwept, by thy high-born spouse. Far, ah ! far remote from us—thee hostile dogs shall tear amain : At the ships of the Agive powers."

THUS THEY addressed the voice of woe—their suppliant voice to their son beloved ! Nor bent they Hector's daring soul. Resolved he stands firm in his place. He waits the near approach of the mighty Achilles. As when a dreadful snake, in his brake—hears the tread of the coming swain. High-fed with poisonous herbs, he swells : Dire rage pervades his whole frame. Horrid glare his fiery eyes. He rolls his glittering length, round his den : So Hector kindling, in his breast—the unextinguishable force of his soul—retreated not, as the foe approached. Against a tower the hero

leaned;—on the bright orb of his spacious shield. Indignant rolled his thoughts within; And thus he spoke to his mighty soul:

“ AH me! What course shall I take? Shall I enter this gate and these walls? Polydamas will be the first—to load me, with bitter reproach. HE, on that destructive night—when great Achilles rose in arms—HE advised to lead off the Trojans: To shelter in Ilium the troops. Yet I obeyed not the warrior in aught: Though to obey were better far! But, now, that through my fatal folly I lost—my people, my honour, my friends: I dread the reproach of the Trojans—the Trojan dames with sweeping robes: I dread the voice of cowardly men: Thus, perhaps, they will speak, in mine ear: “ Hector trusting to his strength—lost his people and his country destroyed.”—Thus they will speak aloud. For me it then were better far: Or to return, having slain Achilles: Or, for the city, to fall by his hands.”

“ WHAT, if laying down this shield: This bossy orb, that shines so bright: The helm that glitters to the sun? What, if leaning this spear on the wall: I should advance to the mighty Achilles: And promise Helen to restore? The treasure, which she brought, from afar? The wealth, which in his hollow ships—ill-fated Paris brought to Troy? What if I should promise all that roused this war around our walls:—All that assembled Greece demands—to be borne away by the sons of Atreus? If I should pledge my faith to divide—with the other warriors of Argos—the hidden wealth of high-walled Troy? That I shall exact of the Trojans—a solemn oath to disclose their stores? To give the half

to the warlike Argives—of all that this beautiful town contains?”

“**BUT** why debates with herself my soul? Will suppliant Hector move the chief? Will he pity my abject state? Will **HE** my person revere, in aught? He will rather slay me unarmed—like a woman, without péril or strife. This is no season to talk with Achilles: As when beneath an oak or a rock—a youth and virgin talk at ease: A youth and virgin, meeting by chance, converse. Hence all thoughts, but those of blood! It is better, at once, to engage: To know with speed, whose martial arm—is destined, by Jove, for renown.”

**WHILST** this he revolved in his soul: Near him approached the mighty Achilles: Like warrior Mars, shaking high his bright helm. O'er his right shoulder the chief—shook aloft the Pelian ash. Dreadful gleamed the brazen point. All his dazzling arms shot flame: Like the lightning of father Jove: Like fire, that burns with ceaseless rage: Like the beams of the rising sun! Mighty Hector struck, with fear, at the sight—sustained not the hero's approach. He left the lofty gates behind. He scoured, frightened, around the wall. The son of Peleus rushed amain—trusting to the speed of his limbs.

As a falcon on his native hills—the swiftest bird, that flies on the wind—shoots forward with all his force—on the course of the timid dove. **SHE** obliquely shuns the foe. Resounding, on his pinions, **HE** flies—darting, frequent, on the wing. Eager burns his soul for the prey. Thus burns the mighty Achilles—darting forward, with eager speed. Hector fled amain, from the

chief. Around the walls of the Trojans he held:—Quick-moving his active limbs.

BEYOND the high watch-tower they passed: Beyond the fig-trees, that resound in the winds. They came to the river's beauteous source—to the two fountains of gulphry Scamander: ONE, hot, issues forth to the light—smoking as it rolls along. THE OTHER, even in summer, flows—cold as hail or driven snow—or water congealed into ice. In ample cisterns, falls each of the streams: Beauteous, wide, of marble formed: Where the dances of the warlike Trojans: Where their daughters of splendid charms—washed their beauteous robes, in the stream—in the quiet season of peace. Ere yet came the Argives to Troy. Beyond these the heroes bounded amain. One fled, the other hung, on his flight. Valiant was the chief, who fled; but more valiant the chief, who pursued. Nor for the victim, nor for its extensive hide—nor for any wonted prize of the race—the heroes urged their rapid steps. They ran for the gallant soul—of Hector, the breaker of steeds.

As when coursers, who had oft won the prize—turn with sounding speed the goal. Eager they devour the plain: For great is the prize proposed: Or tripod or white-bosomed maid;—in honour of the mighty dead. Thus, thrice the chiefs round the city of Priam—urged the circling race, along. The deathless powers beheld the whole: And, thus, with winged words began—the awful father of men and of gods:

“UNPLEASING is the sight, ye gods! Which now presents itself to mine eyes! A hero beloved of Jove—driven round his native walls! My very soul grieves for Hector divine. Many were his offerings to ME: Many oxen have

smoked, from his hand—on the summits of streamy Ida. Off the savour of his victims arose—from the highest towers of Troy. But, now, Achilles divine—hangs forward, with swift steps, on his flight—round the city of godlike Priam. Quick, deliberate, all ye gods! Consult, among yourselves, with speed: Whether to save the hero from death—or subdue him, though virtuous and good—beneath the lance of the son of Peleus.”

“O Father!” blue-eyed Pallas replied: “Why these words, O storm-ruling Jove? Why deliver, from dismal death—a mortal man, long destined to fate? Do. But we the other gods—shall never approve of the deed.” To her replied the storm-ruling Jove: “Confide in thy soul, Tritonia! Daughter beloved, confide. Not determined, I spoke, from my soul. To Pallas I wish to be mild. Do, as seems good to thy mind. Accomplish thy purpose and will.”

He spoke: And urged her already prompt. She threw herself, with force, on the winds: And descended, from the brows of Olympus. Unceasing the swift Achilles—pursued Hector divine, round the wall. As a hound, on the echoing hills—pursues the fawn of a bounding hind: Roused suddenly from her retreat. Through deep vales, through the brushwood she flies: And should she cower in the thickest copse: He gathers her footsteps, on wind: Till he finds and devours the prey. Thus Hector could not evade—the eager speed of the great son of Peleus.

As often as he turned his long strides—to the lofty Dardanian gates: When right-forward he urged his course—to the well-built, Ilium

towers: That his townsmen aloft from the walls—might pour their flying darts, on the foe: So often the great son of Peleus—rushed between, and drove him a-field. But he turned ever his steps—near the walls of his much-beloved town. As when a man, involved in dreams—in vain pursues another that seems to fly: Nor this can escape with his speed: Nor that is able to overtake. Thus Achilles failed to o’ertake: Thus Hector to escape from his foe.

By what means, could the godlike Hector—thus long have escaped his fate: Had not Phœbus advanced, on his course—and poured strength on his sinewy limbs? But Achilles divine, as he strode—gave a sign to his warlike troops. He suffered them not to launch—their pointed darts, on the flying chief. Lest another should share the renown—which the hero would wholly enjoy, But when, a fourth time they came, to the springs of the sacred Scamander: Then the father lifted high, in his hands—the golden balance, that shews the fates. In this he placed, on either side—the two fates of long-sleeping death: In THAT the fate of godlike Achilles—in THIS that of Hector divine. By the middle he raised them, aloft: The fatal day of Hector inclined—and sunk to the regions of death. Straight Apollo forsook the chief: But blue-eyed Pallas approached, with speed—to the side of the great son of Peleus. Near the hero, the goddess stood: And, thus, with winged words began: .

“ Now, beloved of Jove!” She said: “ Illustrious Achilles, I deem: That we shall bear back great renown—to the hollow ships of the Argive powers: By slaying Hector, in dismal fight—though insatiable is the hero in war! Nor longer shall the warrior escape: Should

far-shooting Phœbus, with all his prayers—roll himself, at the feet of his father—intreating Ægis-bearing Jove. But thou, stop and breathe, from the race. I will approach the foe: And persuade him to meet thee, in fight.”

THUS she spoke: And the hero obeyed. Gladness rose, a light, on his soul. Leaning, he stood on his ashen spear. SHE, leaving the chief, advanced: She came up with Hector divine. She assumed the form of Deïphobus—the hero’s unwearied voice! Near the hapless chief, she stood—and thus addressed him, with winged words: “O brother beloved and revered! much thou art pressed, by the mighty Achilles! Pursuing thee, thus, amain—round the city of godlike Priam. But stop: Let us stand to the foe: Here remaining, his force repel.”

To her, godlike Hector, replied—waving, aloft, his various helm: “Deïphobus!” The hero said: “O ever most-beloved, by my soul—of all the sons, whom Hecuba bore to Priam! But now I add honour to love—as thou hast sustained, for my sake—oppressed as I am, by the foe—to issue forth from the sacred Ilium: While others cower behind her walls.”

To him the blue-eyed Pallas replied: “O brother beloved and revered! Much my father, much my mother in tears—low-bending, embracing my knees: Much my kinsmen, my friends beloved—much the people entreated my stay: For dreadful panic has seized them all. But my soul was transfixed with my grief: I could not behold thee and stay. But, now, let us urge the furious fight. Let the spears fly amain, from our hands. Let us try, whether mighty Achilles—slaying both, shall return to the ships;—bearing aloft our bloody spoils:

Or, whether, subdu'd by thy spear—the hero shall breathe his last.”

Thus deceiving, the goddess spoke. Right-onward she led the way. When, near each other, the heroes came—bending forward, with all their arms: Hector, first, began to the foe: Waving aloft his various helm: “No more, son of god-like Peleus! I fly thy steps or decline the fight. Thrice round the lofty city of Priam—have I fled: Nor sustained I thy rage. But, now, his soul bids Hector to stop. I, now, oppose thee, chief, in arms: Determined to slay or be slain. But let us call to witness the gods: THEY the best witnesses are: THEY are guardians of oaths and of leagues. Thy curse I shall not dishonour in sight: Should Jove grant success to my spear: And call forth thy soul, round my steel. Stripping ~~THEE~~ of thy beauteous arms—I shall restore thy horse to the Argives. This also, do thou, Achilles!”

STERNLY turning his eyes on the chief—the mighty Achilles replied: “Hector, most detested of men! Speak not of leagues to ME. As faithful treaties can never subsist—between mankind and lions of prey: As the wolf and timid lamb—can never in aught agree: They always burn with ceaseless rancour and mutual hate: So no friendship, no compact, no league—can ever subsist between Hector and ~~ME~~. One or other, this instant, shall die: Shall ~~glut~~ with his flowing blood—fierce Mars, the invincible god! Rouse, then, all thy knowledge in fight. It much behoves thee to wield thy spear: To shew thyself dauntless and firm: A warrior unyielding and strong! No farther escape is for thee! Straight Pallas shall lay thee in blood—beneath the eager point of my spear. At once, thou

shalt pay, with thy life—for all the woes of my friends beloved: For all whom thy lance has slain.

He spoke: And throw his forceful lance. Illustrious Hector beheld—and shunned the gleaming point, as it came. Stooping forward, he avoided the death. Above, flew resounding the spear: And quivered, as it sunk in the ground. Minerva drew the lance from the earth. She restored it to mighty Achilles: Unknown to illustrious Hector—the shepherd of his people in war. The chief, elated into hope—addressed his words to the great son of Peleus:

“THOU hast wandered, from thine aim, great Achilles! Nor from Jove hast thou learned my fate. What thou said'st, was wholly thine own. But thou art boastful and artful in speech: Thou hoped'st to wuman my soul: To render me forgetful of war. Yet THOU shalt not, as Hector flies—fix, behind, with thy spear, a wound. But as I rush onward in fight—drive thy lance, through this daring breast: If a god shall give renown to thine arms. Now, THOU, in thy turn avoid—the brazen point of my deadly spear. Would! It whole were received in thy breast: Then lighter the war would become—to the Trojans, to Troy, to her king: For pernicious art THOU, to them all!”

He spoke: And threw his mighty lance. Nor strayed the bright point, from the aim. He struck the shield of the great Achilles. Resulting flew the lance, from the orb. Rage darkened, the soul of the chief: As the spear rushed in vain, from his sinewy arm. He, dejected in countenance stood. Nor other spear remained, now, to the chief. He called his brother with

lofty voice: HE the shielded Deïphobus called. He demanded a steel-pointed lance: Nor brother, nor lance is near. The chief perceived the whole in his soul: And, thus, desponding, he spoke:

“ALAS! The hour of Hector is nigh. The gods surely have called me to death. I deemed that the hero Deïphobus—was near, in his brother’s aid. But HE within the wall, remains. ME, Pallas, throughout, has deceived. Near me hovers destructive fate. No resource, and no hope of escape! This, has long been determined by Jove—by Jove’s son, who shoots from afar! Heretofore they extended their arms: They delivered, from perils, my life: Now fate, has demanded my soul. But, inglorious, I shall not depart. Some mighty deeds shall adorn my name: And send me renowned to future times.”

THIS saying, his sword he unsheathed: His mighty, his heavy sword—which hung loose, by the hero’s side. High-bounding, he rushed on the foe: As the high-flying eagle of heaven—when, resounding, he descends, through the clouds—to seize the tender lamb, on the field: Or timid hare, in her lonely seat. Thus Hector bounded forward, with force: High-raising his beamy sword. Achilles all-furious advanced. He filled his soul, with savage rage. He stretched, before his ample breast—his beauteous, high-wrought, solid shield. His four-coned helm, with awful gleam—nodded high, on the brows of the king. The golden plumes are ruffled, aloft—and flow, in bright streams, from his awful crest: The plumes, which labouring Vulcan—poured around the gleaming cone of the helm.

As descending, bright, in the west—in the still season of placid night—the evening star exerts her beams: By far, the fairest of heaven's host: So beamed forth the dazzling light—from the sharp point of the mighty spear: Which Achilles, shook aloft in his hand—forming evil for Hector divine. Eager wandered his eyes o'er the man: In search of a place, for the wound. His beauteous body impervious remained: Covered whole, with the brazen arms: Which he tore, from the strength of the fallen Patroclus. A place at last appeared to the chief: Where the shoulder joins the neck, near the throat: Where death enters, with fatal ease. Through this—all-furious, Achilles divine—drove, with mighty force, his spear. Through and through the tender neck—passed the eager point of the deadly lance. But the ashen spear, heavy with steel—divided not the wind-pipe in twain. The power of speech still remained to the unhappy chief. He fell, resounding, to earth. Achilles gloried o'er the slain:

“HECTOR! in vain thou deemed'st—when spoiling the fallen Patroclus, that in safety, thyself should remain. I came not across thy fears—His absent avenger, in arms. Imprudent man! Though, apart, I remained—left, in wrath, at the ships of the Argives: His avenger, at length, I come! More valiant, by far, than thee: And, now, in death I thy limbs have unbraced. But THEE, shall dogs and birds of prey—tear amain, dishonoured and lost: But HIM shall the sons of the Argives,—with solemn rites, resign to the tomb.”

To him, now languid and faint—the hapless Hector, thus, replied: “I entreat thee, by thy own great soul—by thy knees, by thy parents

beloved: Not to leave me, a prey to dogs—at the ships of the Argive powers. But THOU, receive rich stores of brass: Thou, receive high-valued gold: Which my father shall lay, at thy feet—which my mother, now mournful in years. Restore thou my corse to my house: That the Trojans and Trojan dames—may lay me in death, on the pyre.”

To him sternly replied Achilles: “Intreat me not, wretch, by these knees: By my parents revered and beloved. Would! that my fury and rage—could stimulate my heart so far—as piece-meal to devour thee all: Such the woes, thou hast thrown on my soul! But, now, none shall drive, from thy corse—the hungry dogs or birds of prey. No. Should they lay, at my feet—ten, twenty-fold the wealthy stores—which Troy contains, within her walls: And to their presents add the promise of more. No. Should Dardanian Priam—weigh thy body against his gold: Not, for all, should thy mother revered—the aged queen, who brought thee forth—weep o’er thee laid in death, on thy lofty bier. But THEE wholly shall the birds of prey—and hungry dogs devour on the plain.”

“WELL I knew thee!” dying Hector replied: “Deaf to pity, implacable, fierce! Nor thee I ever hoped to bend: Wholly steel is thy savage heart. But thou take heed, unyielding chief! For me the wrath of a god may arise. On that day, shall MY wrongs be repaid—when Paris and far-shooting Phœbus—shall slay thee mighty as thou art—before these very Scæan gates.”—Thus, as he faintly spoke—the shades of death arose, on the chief. His soul, leaving his graceful limbs—descended to the regions below: Mourning his untimely fate—his vigour, his valour, his youth.

To him, whilst even in death he lay—spoke thus Achilles divine. “Die thou! But I shall receive my fate: Whenever it shall please the storm-ruling Jove;—and the other immortal gods.” He spoke: And withdrew, from the slain, his spear. Apart he placed the bloody lance: And from his shoulders loosed his arms. The rushing Argives poured, around him, amain. With wonder they surveyed the form—the awful beauty of Hector divine. Nor stood an Argive, near the chief—who inflicted not a wound, on the dead. “Surely now,”—thus the warriors spoke: “More easy of access is Hector: Than when he launched on the hollow ships—the flaming brands of devouring fire.” Thus, as some Argive spoke—he added a wound to his words. But when Achilles divine had spoiled the dead of all his arms: Standing, in the midst of the Argives—the hero thus began:

“O FRIENDS! O leaders of Argos! Princes of the nations in arms! Now, as the gods have subdued—this man, beneath my deadly spear: This man more destructive to Greece—than all the sons of Troy combined. Now let us haste in our arms: Let us, at once, assail the town: That we may learn the state of the Trojans—their present disposition of soul: Whether, as slain lies their hero—they will desert their lofty town: Or whether they still will remain: Though Hector has ceased to live.”

“But why debates my soul with herself? At the ships lies the mangled Patroclus: Unwept, unmourned, unburied he lies! HIM I shall never neglect—while present with the living I dwell—while life informs, with motion, my limbs. If, in the regions of death—oblivion darkly whelms the dead: Yet even THERE MY

regard shall survive: I, **THERE**, shall remember my friend beloved. But, now, singing Pæans aloud—O youths of assembled Achaia! Let us all return to our ships. Let us drag the slain along. We are covered, with mighty renown: We have slain Hector divine! To whom the Trojans, o'er all their state—paid, as to a present god, their vows.”

He spoke: And formed in his wrathful soul—a deed unworthy of Hector divine. He bored his sinewy ankles behind: And through them, inserted a thong. To the car he bound them aloft. His head is dragged, along the ground. Placing the arms, in the seat: The hero ascended the car. He lashed his deathless coursers to speed: Not unwilling, they flew o'er the plain. The dust rose in clouds, round the dead. His dark-brown locks, were trailed, on the ground. His whole head, so graceful before—now lay involved and soiled with dust. Great Jove had abandoned the chief. He gave him to the insults of foes: A sight of woe, in his native land.

Thus soiled with earth, lay his graceful head. His mother tore her hoary hair, from the roots. She threw afar her splendid veil. Loud rose the screaming voice of her grief: When thus, she beheld her son. Deeply-groaned his father beloved. The whole people raised, one cry of woe. O'er the town spreads one general lament. Not greater could their sorrow have been—had lofty Ilium, wrapt wholly in flame, sunk down to its base, in their sight. His whole people, scarce restrained the aged—now raving, now mad, with his grief: Wildly eager to burst through the gates. Much he implored them all: Rolling, before their feet, in the mire. He called each, by his name, and prayed:

“ PERMIT me, my friends beloved! Suffer ME alone to go! Though anxious all, O let me pass! Let me go, to the navy of Argos! I will intreat this ruthless man: This chief, of unbridled rage. He, perhaps, will revere my years: He will pity my feeble old age. He has also a father like me: Peleus, who begot and who reared—this dire destruction to Troy. But ME, above all, he destroys: ME chiefly he covers, with woes. So many he has slain of my sons! So many in the flower of their years! But not for ALL so much I mourn: Though sorrow o'erwhelms me for all: Not so much as for this ONE—for Hector!—This latter grief—shall bear me hence to the regions of death. O would! that he had breathed his last—within these aged, withered arms! Then had we glutted ourselves, with grief: With loud laments, with falling tears! The hapless mother, who bore the chief—and I, his wretched, feeble sire!”

THUS, weeping, the aged spoke. The whole city joined their cries to his groans. Then amid the Trojan dames—thus Hecuba lamented aloud: “ My son!—Alas! why breathe I still? Why live I oppressed thus with woe? Why lingers, thus, my parting soul—since departed, THOU art, my son? THOU, who, day and night, wert my pride—my glory, my renown in the state. THOU wert thy mother's pride, my son! Thou the defence of all! Of Troy, of all her sons and dames! They received thee, like a returning god. THOU, whilst alive, wert their boast: But fate and death lie heavy, on THEE, my son!”

THUS weeping the mother spoke: Nor as yet heard his high-born spouse—aught certain of

Hector divine. No messenger had brought to her ears: That HE had remained, without the wall. In the inmost recess of the lofty dome—her beauteous hands ran o'er the web. The double splendid web she wove: Many figures rose bright, on its face. To her long-haired maids, throughout her halls—the queen had issued her high commands—to surround a huge tripod with fire: To form the tepid bath for Hector—returning from the fields of renown. Unhappy woman! she knew not—that far from the tepid bath—blue-eyed Pallas her spouse had subdued—beneath the hands of the mighty Achilles. But when she heard the people's woe—the loud laments in the lofty tower: A sudden tremor invaded her knees. The shuttle fell from her trembling hand. Straight she spoke to her beauteous maids:

“ AH me! let two attend my steps: That I may learn the cause of woe. My mother's voice revered I hear. My heart bounds, with unwonted throes. Terror creeps cold through my limbs. Some evil has fallen on Priam's sons. Much I fear—would that vain were my fears! Much I dread that Achilles divine—pursues the mighty Hector amain, alone, shut out, by the wall, from his friends. This very instant, perhaps he falls: By his own daring courage subdued. HE never in the crowd remained. HE far-advanced beyond the rest: To none yielding in vigour of soul.”

THUS speaking, she rushed through the hall. Distracted were her looks and her gait: Her bounding heart beating high, in her breast. The damsels followed her rapid steps: But when she came to the tower: To the mournful troop of her friends: She stood wildly eyeing

the field. She beheld him dragged, before the wall. Swiftly bounded the steeds—that trailed him to the ships of the Argives. A sudden night obscured her soul.—Backward-falling, she breathed forth her soul. Wide poured, from her graceful head—the beauteous braids, which bound her hair: The fillet, the net, the woven wreath: The veil which shaded her beauty divine. The veil, which golden Venus gave—on the day, that illustrious Hector, brought her, blushing, from the halls of Eëtion: Giving many nuptial gifts to her sire. Around her stood her sisters, in tears. They held her, raving, in their hands: And eager for death, through woe. But when her wandering thoughts returned. When her soul was collected within. Pouring groan on groan, she wept: And spoke, thus, midst the Trojan dames:

“O HECTOR! Ah! Wretched ME! Both born to the same dismal fate! Thou here at Troy, in Priam’s halls! I, in the wood-surrounded Thebè—in the house of the mighty Eëtion! To grief, he reared me in his halls: A hapless father—a wretched child! Would! I had never seen the light!—THOU, now, departest to the dead: To the dark regions, beneath the earth. Thou hast left me to ceaseless woe: An early widow in thy halls. Thy hapless son, an infant still: Of parents more unhappy born. Nor, now, shall Hector help his son: Nor the son shall the father defend. THOU art sunk among the dead: But he is destined to grief.”

“SHOULD HE escape the bloody hands—the mournful war of the Argive powers: Sorrow shall not part, from his side: His future portion is certain woe. Others, changing the

bounds of his field—shall all his rich possessions seize. The day, that makes an infant an orphan—deprives him of his father's friends. Ever dejected are his looks: His cheeks are ever wet with tears. In wretched want he slowly moves—to his father's companions and friends. One he seizes, by the robe: One, by the skirt of his garment. Some one, more feeling than the rest—reaches a wretched cup to his hands. The scanty draught his lips bedews: His thirst is never allayed."

"To add to his increasing woes;—Some youth of living parents proud;—shall drive him away, from the feast: Adding reproach to blows: "Go and perish!" he will say: "Thy father feasts not, in our halls." Bursting into tears, the boy—shall to his widowed mother return. Astyanax to ME will return: HE, that on his father's knees—fed on dainties, shall weep in want! Sleepless shall HE pass the night—who, once, when sleep invaded his lids: When ceasing, from his youthful play—lay in the lofty bed—in the arms of his beauteous nurse. In the chamber garnished, with care: With his soul replete with delights. Now, much will he suffer in soul—deprived of his father beloved. Astyanax will suffer much: The grateful Trojans gave the name: For thou alone, O hapless Hector! defended'st their gates and their walls."

"BUT, thou liest, at the ships of the foe: Far from thy parents and friends beloved: THESE lazy-rolling worms shall devour: When dogs shall cease from their prey. Exposed thy beauteous body lies. But many garments lie, in store, in thy halls: Beauteous, wrought by female hands. But, as THOU shalt never return: THESE I shall burn, in the flame. Useless to

thee, they are in death: Hector never shall lie,  
in their folds! THEM I shall consign to the  
flame. With some honour, they will furnish  
thy shade: Before the Trojans and Trojan  
dames."

THUS weeping, Andromachè spoke. The  
beauteous dames deep-sighed around.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK XXIII.

THUS, through the city, they lamented aloud: But when the Argives had come to their ships—to the Hellespont's echoing shore: O'er their camp, they all dispersed: Each to his ship retired. But Achilles permits not the Myrmidons—to disperse, through their lofty tents. In the midst of his warlike friends, the hero began aloud:

“ O MY car-ruling Myrmidons! My companions and friends beloved! Let us not dismiss, from the yoke—the lofty necks of our bounding steeds. On our cars, let us all advance—and mourn aloud for the fallen Patroclus. Let us surround our friend, in our tears. These the

honours, which belong to the dead! When our souls shall be glutted with woe: We shall unloose the steeds from the cars—and take the repast, o'er our lines."

HE spoke: They lamented aloud: Great Achilles led the woe. Thrice around the corse of their friend beloved—they slowly drove their steeds along. Thetis, o'er their mournful souls—waked all the regret of grief. The yellow sands were drenched with tears: With tears the bright armour of men: So deep was their sorrow—for the author of flight to the foe. Deep-sighing, the great son of Peleus—to his people began the woe: Laying his slaughtering hands—on the breast of his friend beloved:

"HAIL, O Patroclus beloved! Even, in the regions of Pluto, hail! All that I promised: heretofore.—I, now, shall perform, for my friend. Hector, dragged hither in death—lies here exposed, the prey of dogs. Twelve youths I will also slay—a bloody offering at thy pyre: Twelve Trojans, from parents renowned! Such the wrath, which invades my soul!"

HE spoke: And formed, in his wrathful soul—a deed unworthy of Hector divine. He extended him prone, in the dust—before the bier of the son of Menætius. They strip themselves of their beauteous arms—and laid them beaming, in their place. They loosed their bounding steeds from the yoke. All convened around the ship—of the godlike son of Peleus. HE furnished the splendid, funeral feast—in honour of his friend beloved. Many snow-white, fatted beeves—are stretched, on earth, by the force of the steel: Many sheep are laid in death: Many screaming goats are slain. Many boars, with snow-white tusks—high-fed, and abounding with

fat—are extended, on spits—before Vulcan's resounding flame. On every side of the corpse of Patroclus—the blood of victims flowed again.

BUT the king, the offspring of Pelops—is led away, by the leaders of Argos—to Agamemnon the divine. Scarce persuaded he moved along—still raging in his soul, for his friend: When they came to the lofty tent of Agamemnon, the sovereign of all: The king commanded the loud-voiced heralds—to surround a mighty tripod with flame: And to intreat the great son of Peleus—to wash the gore of foes, from his hands. Inflexible, the chief refused: And added a binding oath:

“ No. By almighty Jove—the greatest and best of the gods. I shall not approach the bath. No water shall be poured, on my hands: Till I place, on the pyre, Patroclus: Till I roll the gathered earth, on his tomb: Till I strew these locks, on the dead. When these rites shall be all performed—grief shall lessen its weight, on my heart: Whilst I, with the living, sojourn. Yet, now, though reluctant and sad—the feast I will share, with the kings. But thou, with early morn, command—O Agamemnon, sovereign of men! Command the host to bring the wood: To rear aloft the mighty pile: Such, as is meet to send the dead—to the dark regions of mournful death: That the flame of unwearied fire—may burn him, straight, from my tearful eyes: That, the army again may return—to the works of all-equalling war.”

HE spoke: With attention, they heard. They obeyed the awful leader of armies. Their hands they extend to the ready repast: Nor wanting to the souls of the chiefs—is the joy of the equal feast. Now, when hunger and thirst

were both removed—the other heroes rushed to repose: Each to his own lofty tent. But the son of the mighty Pelous—on the echoing shore of the roaring main—lay, deep-groaning, on earth. The Myrmidons lay, distant, around. On the sand, he stretched his huge form: Where rolled the heavy wave, on the beach. When sleep invaded his weary lids—softly pouring itself, on his soul—and doing away his cares: For much fatigued were his beauteous limbs—in pursuing Hector alive—round Ilium, exposed to the winds. Pale-banding, o'er the mighty chief—came the ghost of the hapless Patroclus: In shape, in manly stature the same—in voice, in bright-rolling eyes. The same flowed his airy robe—round the empty shade of the chief. He stood, by the hero's head—and, thus, with feeble voice, began:

“SLEEPS the son of mighty Pelous? Am I, then, forgot, by Achilles? When alive, I commanded thy care. But, neglected, I wander in death. Straight commit my bones to the earth: That I may enter the regions below. The souls drive me far away: The empty forms of the mighty dead—permit me not to mix, with the crowd—to pass the course of the fatal stream. Sad, I wander around the gates—the ample portals of the dark house of death. O give thy right hand to my grasp! Never, I shall never return: After thou shalt give to my corse—to partake of the funeral flame. Hereafter, we shall not retire—from our friends most revered and beloved—to hold sweet converse of soul alone. My destructive fate has involved: The fate appointed, at my birth. Even o'er thee hovers fate—O Achilles equal to gods! Thou

art destined to fall, in death—before the walls of the high-born Trojans.”

“ BUT I give thee another charge. I adjure thee, obey my request. Place not my bones apart—from thy own, O Achilles beloved! Bred together, in thy lofty halls—let us rest together, in death. Never parted we were, till now;—from the day, that the great Menætius—brought me, still a child, from Opuntia. He brought me to the halls of Peleus—of dismal homicide accused: When I slew Amphidamas’s son—imprudent, unwilling, enraged—at the youth, when engaged in play. ME, received in his lofty hall—the car-racing Peleus reared: And called me, early, thy companion and friend. Thus together as both we lived—let our bones lie together in death: In that golden urn disposed—which thy mother divine bestowed.”

To the shade replied the mighty Achilles: “ Why com’st thou, most beloved of mankind? Why com’st thou, thus, to mine eyes? Why giv’st thou these charges to me? But all I will, with care, perform. In all I will observe thy commands. Yet nearer approach, O beloved! One little embrace bestow. A moment, give thyself to mine arms. Let us indulge ourselves with woe.”

HE spoke: And stretched forth his eager arms. But the shade eluded his grasp. The soul streamed, like smoke, from his sight: And shrilly-shrieking disappeared in the ground. Astonished Achilles arose. He struck against each other his hands: And thus he reared his mournful voice. “ Then it is true, ye gods! In the halls of relentless death—some spirit, some image remains—but all knowledge departs, from the dead. In the still season of gloomy

night—the shade of the hapless Patroclus—stood o'er me, plaintive in tears. All his wishes he gave in command! Alas! how like my friend, was the empty shade!”

HE spoke: And awaked, o'er his troops—the deep regret of tearful woe. To THEM, bewailing their friend beloved—the rosy-fingered Aurora appeared. Around the hapless dead, they bend. But Agamemnon, the sovereign of men—rouzed the woodmen with all their mules. From their tents, they assembled, with speed: To bring the wood, from the lofty groves. To command them, a valiant hero arose: Meriones the faithful friend—of Idomeneus, of valour approved: They bore aloft, in their hands—the bright axes to fell the groves: The well-twisted ropes to sling the loads. Before them moved forward the mules. O'er rocky heights, rugged steeps, abrupt ascents—o'er deep vallies, harshly-grating, they passed.

BUT when they came to the echoing groves—of Ida, the mother of streams. The mighty oaks, with heads unshorn—bend, groaning, beneath the steel. Hoarse-resounding they roll, down the steeps. The sons of Argos cleave the timber amain: They loaded the tardy mules: Who raised their slow steps to return. To the plain, they wished to descend: Down the shrub-covered side of the mountain. All the woodmen bore, each, a huge trunk: So commanded Meriones—the faithful friend of the great Idomeneus. The whole they arranged, on the shore: Where Achilles marked the ground—to raise the mighty tomb for his friend—and for himself, soon destined to fall.

BUT when the huge pile they had reared: In order they sat, gathered, around. Achilles com-

manded all his troops—his Myrmidons in battle approved: To cover themselves with bright arms: To join each his bounding steeds to the car. Obedient, at once they arose. They clothed themselves in burnished steel. They mounted their chariots, with speed: Both, the warriors and the drivers ascend. The cars moved slowly before: Behind a cloud of infantry moved. In the midst his most beloved friends—bore the corse of the hapless Patroclus. With their shorn locks, they covered the dead. Last of all came Achilles divine—in sadness bearing the head of his friend.

WHEN they came to the destined place: The place appointed by the mighty Achilles: THESE they laid the corse of Patroclus—and heaped largely around him, the wood. Then the great son of Peleus—conceived another thought in his soul. Apart from the pile he stood—and cut his yellow locks amain: His golden locks, which he nourished, with care—for Sperchius' sacred stream. Deeply-groaning, the hero spoke—turning on dark ocean his eyes:

“SPERCHIUS! In vain, my father—the anxious soul of the ear-ruling Peleus—vowed to THEE on MY return, to the loved shore of my native land—to cut these locks to thy roaring stream: A sacred Hecatomb to slay. With fifty rams, from his pastures and meads—to tinge, with their blood, thy bright source: Near which, lies thy holy ground—thine altar, that breathes perfume. So vowed the aged to THEE: But THOU perform'at not his anxious request. Now, destined never to return—to the loved shore of my native land: THESE locks I will give to the hero Patroclus—to bear them to the regions of death.”

He spoke: And placed his heavy locks—in the hand of his friend beloved. O'er the host, the hero raised—deep regret and dismal woe: And, now, on their mighty grief—had descended the light of the sun: Had not the great Achilles—spoke, thus, to the king of men: “O son of Atreus! To thy commands—chiefly listen the warriors of Argos. Hereafter, THEY may glut their souls—with sorrow for the mighty dead. Dismiss, now, the host, from the pile: Command them to prepare the repast. This office we shall chiefly perform. WE to whom the dead belong. Dismiss the host, son of Atreus: But let the leaders remain, at the pyre.”

THE king of men, at the hero's voice—straight dismissed the warriors of Argos. O'er their ships they dispersed, with speed. Those appointed to burn the slain—remained and reared aloft the wood. A hundred feet spread the pile, on each side. High on the top they laid the dead: Grieving, in their souls, for their friend. Many fatted sheep were slain: Many beeves lay, in death, at the pyre. Stript of their hides they lay. Achilles wraps, with their fat, the dead. From head to foot, involved he lay: The flead carcasses ranged on each side. He placed jars of honey and oil—low-bending o'er the lofty bier. Four high-necked steeds he threw, in the pile: Of nine dogs, that belonged to the chief—two he slew to attend their lord. Twelve youths he transfixed with steel—a bloody offering to the slain: Twelve Trojans from parents renowned. So dreadful was the wrath of his soul!

BENEATH the pile the hero laid—the invincible force of devouring fire. He groaned from his inmost soul—and called by name his hapless friend: “Hail, O Patroclus beloved! Even,

in the regions of Pluto, hail! All that I promised, heretofore—I, now, perform, for my hapless friend. Twelve young Trojans, from parents renowned: THESE all, with THEE, shall the flames consume. But Hector the son of Priam—I shall not resign to flames. Fire shall not devour thy foe: The destined prey of hungry dogs.”

Thus threatening the hero spoke. Round HIM were no dogs employed. Jove's daughter, the golden Venus—drove them, night and day, from the slain. With oil of roses of fragrance divine—she anointed the mighty dead: To preserve the corpse of Hector, from wounds—when dragged amain by the ruthless foe. Apollo poured an azure cloud—which extended from heaven to the ground. It spread o'er the whole space—which the course of the hero possessed: Lest the force of the high-flaming sun—should scorch the sinews and shrivel the corpse.

Non burnt the pyre of the hapless Patroclus. Achilles formed another thought, in his soul. Standing apart from the pyre—to two winds he addressed his vows: To the northern and western winds. He promised beauteous offerings to both: Pouring libations amain—from a bowl of high-valued gold. With frequent prayers both the powers he addressed. He intreated them to come, in their strength: To burn the pyre, to consume the dead. Iris heard the vows of the chief: She bore his request to the winds. In the halls of resounding Zephyr—the blustering winds were all convened, at the feast. On the marble threshold stood various Iris. When they beheld the power, with their eyes: All at once, arose from their thrones: Each

called her, with friendly voice. But SHE refused to delay. She, thus, sent her voice to their ears :

“ THIS is no time for rest ! I fly again to the ocean’s streams : To the far-famed land of the Æthiopians : Where rises the fumes of Hecatombs—to all the immortal gods. Thither I bend mine airy flight—to partake of the offerings divine. But Achilles, fierce Boreas calls : He prays resounding Zephyr to rush amain. He promises offerings to both : If both shall wake the pyre to flame : The pyre, on which, is extended aloft—the steel-pierced corse of the great Patroclus—for whom Achaia groans, o’er her lines.”

Thus speaking, she faded from sight. Resounding arose the winds—bearing forward the streaming clouds. Straight they descended, on ocean. The huge-heaving billows are rolled—beneath the force of the roaring blast. They came to the high-walled Troy : Incumbent they bore on the pile. With mighty noise ascended, at once—the invincible force of devouring fire. All night, the blustering winds resound : They bear the flame, through all the pyre—shrilly-hissing, with ceaseless force. All night, Achilles divine—drew the wine from a golden urn—and, holding a cup in his hand—poured libations, on the face of the ground. The whole earth is drenched around. Ceaseless, he called, through the night—the hapless soul of the fallen Patroclus.

As a father laments his son—when burning his bones on the pyre : His only son in marriage, betrothed : Whose untimely death has involved—his hapless parents, in ceaseless grief. So Achilles lamented his friend—when burning

his bones, on the pyre. On earth he groveled near the flame. Frequent burst the deep groans from his soul. When the star of the morning arose—the messenger of light to the world: When Aurora, in saffron-robe—spread the main, with her sacred beams. Then the pile shrunk, consumed with fire: The flame languished o'er all its breadth. The roaring winds returned to their place. O'er the Thracian ocean, they fled. The main groaned, beneath their dark course—and raged, with heaving waves.

THEN retired the great son of Peleus—apart, from the languid pile. Fatigued, he lay stretched, on the ground. Pleasing slumbers straight invaded his eyes. Around the son of mighty Atreus—the frequent host are poured amain. Their tumult and sounding tread—soon roused Achilles divine. He arose, with speed, in the midst: And thus addressed the leaders of Argos:

“ Sons of Atreus renowned! Warlike leaders of all the Argives! Extinguish, with sable wine—the whole pyre, o'er its glowing round. Extinguish, O chiefs, that part—which the strength of the flame has seized. Then shall we collect the bones—of the hapless son of Menæteus. Easy-discerned are his bones. He lies, in the heart of the pyre. Promiscuous, along the verge—were all the steeds and men consumed. In a golden vase, let us place them, with care: Involved in a double caul of fat. In the vase let the hero repose—till I myself shall depart to the dead. No mighty tomb I mean to rear. A simple mound shall bear his name. Hereafter, sons of the warlike Argiver! Ye shall make it ample and high:

YE, who, after I am gone—shall survive, at these hollow ships.”

HE spoke. They listened and obeyed. With sable wine, they extinguished the pyre: What part was pervaded by flame. The deep ashes subsided amain. Dissolved in tears, they collected the snow-white bones—of their friend ever gentle and mild! They placed them, in a golden vase—involvel, in double cauls of fat. In the tent they disposed them, with care: Covered with fine linen, from view. The broad circle they described for the tomb: They rolled the earth, on the half-burnt pyre. The soft mould they poured, on the mound. The tomb finished, they all returned.

BUT Achilles detained the host: And formed the broad assembly round. From his navy the hero produced—splendid prizes to honour his friend. Bright caldrons and tripods of brass: Steeds, mules, the strong heads of bees: Women graceful, in flowing robes—a huge store of refulgent steel. First, to the swift charioteers—the chief appointed the splendid prize. A woman, deep-bosomed and fair: Well-skilled in the female arts: A tripod, with handles bright—of twenty measures its ample size. These formed the splendid prize of the first. To the second, the hero assigned—a mare six years old and unbroke: Bearing a young male in her womb. For the third, the son of Peleus appoints—a beauteous caldron; four measures its size. Refulgent and fair to the eye. For the fourth, he placed two talents of gold: For the fifth, a large double vase, as yet untouched by the flame and bright. The hero arose, in the midst—and thus addressed the warlike Argives:

“ Sons of Atreus renowned! O, nations of

assembled Achaia ! These prizes, which flame, in the midst—await the chiefs, who shall strive, in the chariot-race. Contended, now, the warriors of Argos—round some other hero's tomb: Then I myself, in triumph, should bear—the first prize, to my lofty tent. To all is known how much, in speed—my steeds surpass the coursers of all: Descended of immortal blood—the gift of Neptune to Peleus my sire: Who placed them, in the hands of his son. But I will, now, the race foregoe: My high-maned steeds shall abstain from the field. Lost to THEM, for ever lost—is the strength of their mild charioteer ! HE, who poured the fragrant oil—on the bright length of their flowing manes; when washed, in the clear-rushing stream. HIM, standing desolate they mourn. Their bright manes are poured amain on the ground. They grieve from their deathless souls. But you, the rest, arise, o'er the host. Let each Argive that confides in his steeds—in his well-compacted chariot, arise.”

THUS spoke the mighty son of Peleus. The charioteers arose, with speed. Far the first arose to the race—the graceful king of men, Eumelus: The son beloved of the mighty Admetus—much skilled to drive the flying car. Next arose the son of Tydeus—Diomedes matchless in arms. Beneath the yoke, the hero placed—his generous steeds of the breed of Tros: The steeds, which he took from Æneas—when Apollo saved the chief from his spear. The son of Atreus, the third, arose—Menelaus, with long yellow hair. He harnessed his bounding steeds: The Agamemnonian Æthè—and his own unequalled Podargus. Æthè to great Agamemnon—was the gift of the son of Anchises: Of Echepolus,

to excuse him from war—from following Argos to Ilium of winds: To permit him, at home, to remain—in Sicyon's extensive domains: To enjoy all the pleasures of wealth—for great the wealth, which Jove had bestowed: **HER** the hero joined to the car. Eager **SHE** to commence the race!

**ANTILOCHUS**, the fourth, arose—and harnessed his high-maned steeds: The famed son of illustrious Nestor! In Pylos, were the coursers bred—and taught to drive the car, round the goal. His father approaching the youth, poured, thus, his advice, in his ear: Though prudent, of himself, was the son: “Antilochus!” the aged said: “**THEE**, though small is thy number of years—great Jove and Neptune have loved, from their souls—and taught thee, in each art of the race. Thee the gods have loved, my son: Nor much thou need'st the advice of thy sire. To thee is well-known the art—of bending the rapid steeds round the goal. But thy coursers are slow, in the race: I, therefore, dread the disastrous event. Far more fleet are **THEIR** bounding steeds: But thee the drivers excel not in skill.”

“**BUT** thou, my son beloved, attend. Weigh my counsels. Lay them up, in thy soul. Supply the want of speed with art. Leave not **THOU** to fortune the prize. By art and not by headlong force—the woodman the forest subdues. By art, the pilot on the dark-heaving deep—directs the vessel, when tossed by the winds. By art the charioteer outstrips—his rival, when they stretch in the race. But he that trusts the whole to his steeds—to the well-turned orbs of his rapid wheels—imprudently bends to and fro—doubly-measures the field

as he flies. His horses wander o'er all the course. He holds no command of the rein. But he who knows to guide the car—though urging worse steeds in the race—ever holds the marked goal in his eyes. He bends near it; he knows to contract—to loose again the floating length of his reins. Undevious he holds the right course—observing still the foremost, with care.”

“ But thou observe, my son, the goal. It is easy to be discerned. There stands a piece of arid wood—arising, an ell, o'er the ground: A sable oak or hardy pine—which moulders not to the driving rains. On either side of the aged trunk—two white stones aloft are reared. On either side, these narrow the way. A circle bends around for the cars. The tomb of some long-departed chief: Or a goal, in the days of old. This, now, has Achilles divine—appointed the mark, of the cars. Near this, drive thou, my son—thy high-maned steeds and thy polished car.”

“ But thou incline thyself to the left—from the well compacted seat of thy car. But with the lash, with thy loud threatening voice—urge onward the right-hand steed—give him all the rein, from thy hands. But keep the left horse near the goal: Let the nave of the high-wrought wheel—seem to touch it, as it rolls, by its side. But avoid to touch the rough stone: To lance thy steeds, to break thy car. To others a subject of sport! A dire disgrace to thyself! But thou, beloved, observe my words. Add caution to the arts of the race. If thus thou the goal shalt approach: He that swiftest pursues shall not pass. No. Should he drive in his car—the matchless speed of Arion divine: The

bounding steed of the great Adrastus—deriving his race from a god: Nor yet the breed of the great Laomedon—the fleetest steeds reared in Ilium of winds.”

THUS spoke Nestor, the son of Neleus. Again the hero retired to his place; Having given each charge to his son. Meriones the fifth arose—and harnessed his long-maned steeds. The heroes bounded to their seats. The lots, in a helmet, they threw. Achilles shook it and forth flew the lot—of Antilochus the son of Nestor. The next in order was the hero Eumelus: The third, Menelaus, renowned at the spear.

MERIONES, the fourth, advanced. Last of all came the greatest in fight—the son of Tydeus to urge his bright car. In a row, the heroes stood. Achilles points to the goal with his hand. Far-distant it stood, on the plain. Near it, he placed godlike Phœnix—the bearer of the arms of his sire: To mark the course, with attentive mind—to bring the whole truth to his ear.

THEY together, o'er the steeds—raise, at once, their whips aloft. At once, resounding they fall: At once, ascends their urging voice. Fleetly they dart through the plain—and leave the navy far behind. Beneath their breasts the dust is roused—as when a whirlwind sweeps the plain. Their floating manes are tossed above—by the blasts of the rushing wind. Now the cars seem to touch the ground—now to bound aloft, on the air. But firm the heroes held their seats. Their eager hearts beat high to their sides. Each, for victory, burns o'er his soul: And urges his steeds by name. THEY

obeyed the voice of their lords—and rushed, wrapt in clouds, o'er the plain.

BUT when around the farthest goal of the race—the rapid coursers had wound their way: When they turned to the hoary main—then the skill of each driver appeared: Then the speed of their high-bounding steeds. Before the others drove amain—the swift-footed mares of Eumelus. Next these and before the rest—the steeds of Tros bore great Diomedes. Nor distant from the foremost they drove. They seemed, as if ascending the car. The back, the broad shoulders of the mighty Eumelus—feel their sultry breath, from behind: For o'er him hung their heads, as they flew.

THEN had they the hero outstript—or left doubtful, at least, the prize: But in wrath against the son of Tydeus—Apollo struck his splendid whip from his hand. The big tears burst, in rage, from his eyes—at seeing the steeds of Eumelus—now more quickly devouring the plain: When his own abating their speed—without command held forward their way. Nor unobserved was the fraud of Phæbus—by the blue-eyed daughter of Jove. To the shepherd of his people she came—and restored his bright whip to his hand. She restored it, with speed, to his hand: And poured force, on the limbs of his steeds. In her wrath, the goddess advanced—to the gallant son of Admetus. She broke the beauteous gears of his steeds. Both, devious, depart from the path. The pole drops at once to the ground. The chief is rolled, from his seat, by the wheel. His elbows, his mouth, his nose—his forehead, his brows are torn. His bright eyes are filled both, with his tears. His voice is lost in his crowded rage.

The son of Tydeus, out-stripping the chief—drove forward his high-maned steeds: Shining forth before others, in fame. Pallas poured force, on his steeds—and covered the chief, with renown.

NEXT TO HIM the brave son of Atreus—urged forward his bounding car. But Antilochus prompted, aloud—the high-necked steeds of his aged sire: “Stretch forward, with all your speed. Exert your force. Devour the way. Nor I command you to contend—with the steeds of the brave Diomedes: Whom Pallas has, with spirit, inspired—and covered their lord, with renown. But overtake the steeds of Atrides. O leave them behind, in the field. Let not Æthè cover both, with disgrace. Yield not to a female the prize. Why fail ye, O generous steeds! For this to both I foretel—and what I foretel shall be performed: Nor, hereafter, shall your food be prepared—by Nestor, the leader of armies. Straight he both will transfix with steel—if remiss, in the rapid race—you remain, with the vilest prize. Pursue, hasten, with all your speed. A thought already ascends in my soul. I will try, in this narrow path—to pass with art. Nor the scheme will deceive.”

THE hero spoke. They dread the threats of their lord. More eager they urge their speed. But Antilochus quickly perceived—the narrow pass of the hollow way: A cleft in earth, which the wintry rains—collected to a torrent, had formed. Profound and steep was the gulph, in the road. Right to THIS, Menelaus advanced—avoiding to shock with his rival's car. Antilochus bending inward his steeds—urged side-long, from the line of his course: And slightly-slanting pursued amain. The son of Atreus in

terror beheld: And thus to Antilochus aloud:  
“ Antilochus too rashly thou driv’st. Restrain,  
warrior, restrain thy steeds. The way is nar-  
row. Soon widening, the space—shall give thee  
scope to rush, with freedom, along. Forbear  
to hurt both, forbear: Nor let car shock with  
car, as they bound.”

HE spoke. The youth adds to his speed:  
Hanging forward, with his whip, o’er the steeds.  
Like one that heard not, he thundered along.  
Far as flies the disk, from the arm robust—of a  
youth, who exerts all his force: So far he shot  
before him, with speed. Backward started the  
steeds of Atrides. The hero forbore to drive:  
Lest the coursers should shock, in the pass,  
overturn the compacted cars—and roll the  
drivers themselves in the dust—contending for  
the prize of renown.

THE yellow-haired Menelaus aloud—thus  
upbraided the son of Nestor: “ Antilochus!  
None of mankind—is more mischievous, more  
pernicious than THEE. Farewell. Mistaken  
are the Argives—who call thee prudent and  
count thee wise! But thou never, without an  
oath—shalt carry this prize away.” Thus speak-  
ing, he roused his steeds. “ Abate not, in aught,  
your speed. Stand not, grieving in heart, for  
the past. Soon THESE shall fail, in the race.  
Their feeble knees shall yield to your speed:  
For both are oppressed with years.”

HE spoke. They dread the voice of the  
king. More eager they thunder along: And  
soon approach the bounding steeds, that had  
passed. The deep circle of the Argive powers—  
beheld the steeds advancing amain: As they  
darted, through the cloud, which they raised.  
Idomeneus, the sovereign of Crete—knew the  
steeds, as they came afar. Aloft, on a rising

ground—the hero sat and beheld the plain. He knew the first driver afar; His urging voice he heard and knew. The marked steed, which led the race, he perceived. Brightly-red was his body all o'er: In his forehead a white circle displayed—like the full orb of the nightly moon. Aloft, the hero arose—and to the Argives his words addressed:

“ O FRIENDS! Leaders, princes of Argos! Discern I alone the steeds? Or come they, perceived, to your eyes? Another driver and other steeds—seem now to lead—than those lately the first in the field. Disabled, somewhere, on the course—the swiftest steeds distant remain. I beheld them first doubling the goal—but, now, they meet, no-where, my sight: Though mine eyes I have rolled, around—along the breadth of the Trojan field. The reins, perhaps deserted the driver's hand: Nor could he restrain the steeds—nor turn, with success the goal. There, I deem, the warrior fell—there he broke his compacted car. His coursers, devious, have turned from the course: After fury had seized their souls. But arise and you, also, behold: Not distinct comes the first to my sight. He seems an Ætolian by birth. Among the Argives, he bears command: The son of the steed-ruling Tydeus—Diomedes renowned in arms.”

THE younger Ajax upbraided the chief. He thus began, with reproachful words. “ Why prates Idomeneus thus? The high-bounding mares of the great Eumelus—still possess the ample field, as they fly. Nor the youngest of the Argives art THOU: Nor look forth the sharpest eyes from thy head. But in words thou yieldest to none. Yet ill it becomes thee to prate—in

the presence of better men. Still foremost are the mares of Eumelus: He still holds the reins, as he drives along."

To him, in wrath, the leader of Cretans: "Ajax! in squabbling expert! In vile reproaches, the first of the Argives! But in merit, thou yieldest to all—harsh, ungentle and haughty of soul. But let us contend, with a stake—a bright tripod, a caldron of brass. Let the king be the umpire to both: Whether these thy favoured mares are the foremost. In thy loss thou shalt feel thy mistake."

He spoke: Straight arose, in his wrath—the swift-footed son of Oileus: Ready to pour forth the reproach. Then farther had extended the strife. But Achilles himself arose: "Contend, with bitter words, no more. Ajax, Idomeneus, cease. It suits not your rank and your deeds: It suits not this presence and time. Others guilty, like you, ye would blame. Act not then, what you would disapprove. Retire. Sit down. Await the steeds. Their coming the whole will decide. Then shall each more certainly know: Which of the steeds of the Argives are first—which the last, in the rapid race!"

He spoke: Tydides came driving amain. Ceaseless resounded his falling lash. High-bounding his coursers flew—and threw back the receding plain. The dust ascended to the high charioteer: The car high-laboured with gold—shot bright, through the moving cloud. Scarce the viewless orbs of the wheels—impressed the sand, so rapid they flew. In the middle the hero stood. Copious flowed the sweat, from his steeds: Down their necks, it fell as it streamed—and wandered again, on their breasts. He bounded to earth, from his shining seat. His whip he reclined, on the yoke. Nor delayed

the gallant Sthenelus—to take the first prize, for his friend. He gave to his partners in arms—to be borne to the tents of their lord—the beauteous damsel and the tripod of brass. He himself loosed the steeds, from the car.”

NEXT the youthful Antilochus—drove amain to the circle his steeds: By art, and not by speed in the race—the chief had outstript Menelaus. Yet, even thus, the great Menelaus—hung close on his rear, with his steeds. Near as is the steed to the wheel—who bears, on the car, his lord—quickly-moving, along the plain. The farthest hairs of his tail behind—touch the orb of the wheel, as it rolls. Near it paces the eager steed: Small the space, between the wheel and his heels—as he urges his steps, o’er the field: Such the distance of great Menelaus—from Antilochus, in battle renowned: Though late, as far as flies a disk—the hero was left behind. But he soon gathered ground, on the youth. The mighty force of the high-maned Æthè—increased, as she flew, o’er the field. If farther had extended the course—soon Antilochus she had passed, in her strength—nor had left him a doubtful prize.

BUT Meriones came behind—the gallant friend of the great Idomeneus: Behind Menelaus he came—far, as flies the quivering lance, from the hand. Slow were his high-maned steeds—and he himself, the least skilled, in the race: Whether the courser to guide—or to poise the flying car, as it rolls. But, last of all, advanced, o’er the plain—the gallant son of the great Admetus: Dragging onward his broken car—driving slowly his restive steeds. While Achilles beheld his plight—he pitied the chief, from his soul: And thus addressed his winged:

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words to the Argives: "The most-skilled drives his coursers the last! But let us give him the second prize. His merit claims it. Let the great son of Tydeus—bear away the first prize to his tents."

THE hero spoke: And the Argives approved. He then had given to the hero the mare—but Antilochus dissented aloud—the prudent son of magnanimous Nestor. Justly warmed he arose and replied—to Achilles, the great son of Peleus: "O Achilles, much my wrath shall arise: If thou thy design shalt perform. ME of my prize thou depriv'st—moved by THIS, that the gods have o'erthrown—his crashing car and have frightened his steeds. Though skilled he is, he ought to offer his prayers—to make vows to the deathless powers: THEN had he not come the last—urging slowly his restive steeds. But if thou pitiest the chief, Achilles! If to be generous determines thy soul: Much gold lies stowed in thy ships—cattle, brass, and deep-bosomed maids. Many high-bounding coursers are thine: Of these for him chuse, hereafter, a prize—of higher value. Or bestow it just now—and obtain the applause of the Argives. I shall not depart, from THIS prize. The mare is mine: And HE of mankind—who dares to dispute my right—means to meet me, in the contest of arms."

HE spoke: And Achilles divine—gently smiled, at the warmth of the youth. He approved of the words of Antilochus—his gallant friend and companion beloved. To him, with winged words, he began: "Antilochus! If such thy commands—I will perform them, for the godlike Eumelus. I will give him the breast-plate of brass—of which I stript the brave

Asteropæus. Round the margin is poured the bright tin. High-valued is the prize I bestow."—He spoke: And commanded Automedon—to bring the splendid gift, from his tent. The hero went, and soon returned, with the prize. He placed it, in the hands of Eumelus. He received it, rejoicing in soul.

IN the midst arose great Menelaus. The hero, grieving in heart, arose. Much he raged against Nestor's son. The herald, in his hand, placed the scepter: And commanded, to silence, the Argives. In the midst spoke the godlike man: "Antilochus! once for prudence renowned! Why, with folly, hast thou tarnished that fame? Thou, at once, hast my knowledge disgraced—and dishonoured my bounding steeds: By driving before me thy steeds—much inferior to mine, in the race."

"BUT to you, O leaders of Argos: To her princes, Menelaus appeals! Decide between us, in this strife. Dismiss all favour for me, from your thoughts. Lest any of the bright-mailed Argives—should, hereafter, affirm with words:—"Menelaus, by oppression, obtained—and bore away Antilochus' prize. More sluggish were his steeds, in the race—though greater his own force and his power."—But why should I appeal to the chiefs? I myself will decide the cause. Nor deem I that any Argive will blame my conduct, in aught: For just the judgment, which I determine to give. Antilochus, advance with speed. Descendant of Jove advance! Stand before thy steeds and thy car. Hold the very whip in thy hand—with which thou hast urged thy steeds. Touch the coursers, with thy whip. Swear by him, who surrounds the world. By Neptune, swear an awful oath—that THOU, nor

by art nor deceit—obstructed my car, in the course.”

To him the prudent Antilochus: “Bear, with patience, this once, O king! I am much younger than thee, Menelaus! In merit, as in years, thou excel’st. Thou hast known the headlong errors of youth: Rash in action, in judgment but weak! Bear, therefore, with patience of soul. I myself will restore the mare. The prize, which I took, I return: Or if aught more pleasing to thee is mine—this instant, I the gift will bestow: Ere to thee, O descendant of Jove! I become odious, expelled from thy soul:—Or forsworn to the deathless gods.”

Thus spoke the son of magnanimous Nestor. He placed the mare in the hands of the king. Sudden joy is poured on his soul—like the dew on the growing corn—when all the fields are waving, with green. Thus to thee, Menelaus renowned! Thy soul is freshened o’er with joy. Rearing his loud voice, he replied:

“ANTILOCHUS! Though great was my rage—to thee I will yield, in my turn: As not of wavering soul hast thou been—nor inconstant and slight of mind. To thee I yield, my friend beloved. Thy youth has subdued my heart. It were better and wiser far—to avoid to deceive the mild: Nor with ease had any Argive but thou—bent my soul to forgive such wrongs. But much hast thou borne, in my cause: Much thy valour has performed. Much I owe to thy father revered—to thy brother renowned in arms. I, therefore, yield my soul to thy prayers. Take the mare, though mine is the prize: That these may own that Menelaus—is never haughty nor ungentle of soul.”

HE spoke: And to the friend of Antilochus—to Noëmon returned the mare. He himself received, for his prize—the splendid caldron, that shone, on the ground. Meriones, the fourth in the race—received the two talents of gold. The fifth prize, undemanded, remains: A double bowl, that beamed to the sight. The bowl Achilles bore, through the crowd—and gave to Nestor the splendid prizé.

“TAKE this!” the hero began: “Be this, O aged, thy splendid prize: The memorial of the hapless Patroclus. Him, hereafter, thou shalt never behold—among the nations of Achaia in arms. Without contest, be this thy prize. Nor thou shalt, at the cæstus, strive: Nor launch the javelin, nor contend, in the race. The vigour of thy years is past. Heavy age sits cold, on thy limbs.”

HE spoke, and placed, in his hand, the bowl. With joy, the hero received the prize: And, thus, with winged words replied: “True are thy words, my son! Replete, with judgment, are the thoughts of thy soul. No longer firm is my strength. My limbs fail, in the feats of renown. Nor move my feet, with wonted speed: Nor active arise my hands. Would I glowed, in the vigour of youth! That my force had firm remained—as when the warlike Epëi—burnt the corse of Amarynces, their king. In Buprasium they burnt the hero. His sons produced the prizes to view. Nor my equal was then, in the field. Nor of the Epëi nor warlike Pylians—nor the Ætolians renowned in arms.”

“At the cæstus I subdued Clytomedes: In wrestling I Ancæus o’erthrew: The son of Enops, from beauteous Pleuron—who arose to contend, with my force. Iphiclus I outstript.

in the race: Unmatched, before, at the speed of his feet: In launching the javelin afar—Phyleus and great Polydorus. I failed, only, at the race of the cars: The two sons of Actor prevailed. By their numbers, the youths overcame. They envied to Nestor the prize: The most-valued, for that contest remained. A twin-monster were Actor's sons: THIS guided the bounding steeds: The bounding steeds THIS guided with care: THAT reined them, with the whip, to their speed."

"SUCH have I been, heretofore. Now let younger men contend—and succeed to such tasks of renown. I obey the mournful summons of age: Though then I excelled, among heroes. But thou return, my son! Pay the honours due to the mighty dead. But THIS I, willingly, receive. A gleam of joy lightens over my heart: As thou remember'st thy friend in years: As it has not escaped thy soul—to place ME, in becoming renown—among the chiefs of the Argive powers. May the gods reward thee, my son! And return thee the favour, thou so wisely bestow'st."

HE spoke: The son of Peleus returned—through the crowded lines of the Argive powers: Having listened to all the praise—of Nestor the offspring of Neleus. The hero, then, produced the prize—for the dreadful strife of the sounding cæstus. A mule, patient of every toil—in the midst of the circle is bound: Six year old, unbroken and hard to subdue. For the vanquished, the hero placed—a massy goblet, both ample and round. He arose in the midst—and, thus, to the listening Argives:

"Sons of Atreus! All ye warriors of Argos! Let two heroes arise, with speed: Two, the best

to wield the cæstus—to mix aloft, their sounding arms in the fight. Let him, who Phœbus shall cover with fame, whom the Argives shall the victor declare—bear the mule to his lofty tent: Let the goblet, both ample and round—be the prize of the vanquished in fight.”

HE spoke: A mighty warrior arose—fierce in mien and large in size: Skilled, in the strife of the cæstus—Epëus, the son of Panopeus. He laid his broad hand, on the mule—and thus, aloud, began: “ Let HIM advance, who wishes to earn the bowl: The mule, I deem that none of the Argives—shall bear, by force, from the hands of Epëus—having vanquished him, first, at the cæstus. In THIS strife I profess to excel. Is it not enough, O Argives—that to others I yield in war? Hard the task it is for man—in every perfection, to shine. But this I denounce to my foe—and what I threaten shall be performed. His whole body I will crush, in my might—and break all his crackling bones. Let his friends, therefore, attend the chief—to bear him hence gasping for life—subdued, beneath the force of my hands ”

HE spoke: Silence darkened, o'er all the host. Euryalus arose alone—a hero, in form like the gods: The son of Mecisteus of the race of the kingly Talafon. Mecisteus, who came to sacred Thebes—to the funeral games ordained—in honour of Oedipus deceased: He there vanquished all the Cadmæi. The son of Tydeus urged the chief. He confirmed him, with many words: And much he wished him success, in the fight. He first threw, round his body, the belt: He then gave him the well-cut thongs—of the hide of a mountain bull.

Now prepared, both the heroes advanced:  
In the middle of the circle, they stood. At  
once, they engaged in fight. At once arose  
their hands robust. Mixed aloft are their crash-  
ing arms. Their jaws resound to repeated  
blows. Sweat flowed amain o'er their limbs.  
Then rushed the noble Epæus. He struck his  
foe, on the jaw, as he turned. Down dropt  
the chief, on the earth. His limbs failed. He  
writhed himself as he lay. As when, beneath  
the sudden blast of the northern wind—leaps a  
fish on the weedy shore: But straight the dark  
wave rolls o'er him, again. Thus bounded the  
chief, at the blow: But the magnanimous  
Epæus—raised the chief, from the earth, in his  
hands. His friends beloved stood around. They  
led him along, on failing limbs—pouring forth  
the clotty blood—and, hanging, on his shoulder,  
his head. Between their arms they led the  
chief: Still wandered his troubled soul. They  
bore away, as they went—the goblet his dear-  
bought prize.

THE son of Peleus produced to the Argives—  
the third prize for the wrestlers renowned. To  
the victor a tripod of brass—beauteous, ample  
and fit for the flame. The Argives, surveying  
it round—at twelve oxen valued the prize. For  
the vanquished the hero placed—a woman skilled,  
in each female art: At four oxen, they  
valued the maid. He stood, and thus to the  
listening Argives: “Let those quickly arise—  
who mean to try their force, at this game.”

HE spoke: And first arose—the mighty  
Telamonian Ajax. Then arose the prudent  
Ulysses—deeply-skilled in every art. Having  
girded their loins, they advanced—to the center  
of the circle of men. They rushed to the rough

embrace. They folded each other in their arms. Like two rafters, in the roof of a dome—which the builder joins firmly above—to bear the headlong force of the winds. Their backs crackled beneath their strong hands—as they drew to each other each. Wide poured the sweat, from their brows. On their sides, on their shoulders broad—the bloody tumours conspicuous arose. For victory, they eagerly strove: For the tripod of beauteous form. Nor could Ulysses his foe overturn: Nor Ajax lay the chief on the ground: For the force of Ulysses, withstood.

THE Greeks were tired, with the tedious strife. The son of Telamon then began: “Or raise me, Ulysses divine! Or I will lift thee aloft, from the earth: And leave the rest, to the guidance of Jove.” He spoke: And raised him, from the earth. Nor Ulysses forgot his art. He struck him, where bends the ham. His limbs failed him. He fell supine. On his breast fell the mighty Ulysses. The host beheld and admired his art. Next Ulysses divine—attempts to raise his foe robust. He moved him a little from earth: But raised him not quite, in his arms. He locked his knee, within the knees of the foe. Both tumbled, side by side, on the earth. Both are soiled with the dust, as they lie.

A THIRD time, having started from earth—they prepared to renew the strife. But Achilles arose and forbade: “No farther renew the strife. Wear not down, with fatigue your souls. The victory declares for both. To each equal be the prize and depart: That other Argives may contend, in the games.”—He spoke: They

listened and obeyed. They wiped the dust from their limbs—and resumed their robes.

THE son of Peleus prepares other gifts—for those, who shall excel, in the rapid race: A silver urn, high-laboured, with art. Six measures its ample size. In beauty it all excelled: By the much-skilled Sidonians framed. The Phœnicians brought it afar—along the dark back of the main. They placed it, in the port of Lemnos—a splendid present to Thoas divine. Euneus, the offspring of Jason—gave it to the hero Patroclus—the price of the youthful Lycæon—the son of the godlike Priam. But, now, Achilles proposed it, the prize—of him, who swiftest should move his limbs—in the strife of the rapid race;—in honour of the fallen Patroclus. For the second, he appointed an ox—large, ample, and covered with fat: For the third, half a talent of gold. He stood and thus to the listening Argives: “Let those quickly arise—who mean to try their speed, in the race.”

HE spoke: And straight arose—swift Ajax, the son of Oileus. Ulysses first in prudence arose: Then Antilochus, Nestor’s son. He, in the speed of his feet—excelled all the youths of the Argives. In order, the heroes stood.— Achilles pointed the goal. From the barrier, they started at once. They stretched forward the race, o’er the plain. The son of Oileus surpassed the rest. Close-followed Ulysses divine. So near; as the shuttle flies—to the breast of a fair-zoned maid: Which she throws, in the ease of her art—from the white grasp of her lovely hand! She raises the warp on the woof: And throws the shuttle across her breast. So close moved the mighty Ulysses. His feet

pressed his footsteps, behind—ere yet the dust had time to ascend. On the head of the son of Oileus—the hero poured his tepid breath: So close he followed his flying speed. The Greeks encouraged the hero, with shouts: Eager of himself for success—and urging forward, with all his force.

WHEN the latter round of the course they drove: Straight Ulysses, within his soul—addressed to blue-eyed Pallas his prayers: “Hear me, goddess! O aid my vows. Give speed to my feet, in the race.” Thus praying, the hero spoke. Blue-eyed Pallas heard, from her sky. She lightened his limbs, as he moved. She kindled vigour, in his feet and his arms. When, now, sousing, they came, on the prize—hapless Ajax tumbled down, on the plain. Minerva had injured the chief. Where lay the dung of the slaughtered beeves—which Achilles had slain, for Patroclus: There fell the swift-footed Ajax. His mouth, his nose, are filled with dung. Ulysses divine advanced—and took the high-laboured urn, for his prize. The ox felt to illustrious Ajax. He held the beast, by the crooked horn: And spitting, from his mouth, the dung—he, thus, addressed his words to the Argives:

“MISFORTUNE only could lose me the prize! A goddess retarded my speed. Like a mother she stands near Ulysses: Ever ready, with aid divine.”—He spoke: Loud they laughed o’er the chief. Antiloehus with smiles, received—the latter prize, and began to the Argives: “Shall I tell you, my friends beloved! What you all must have long perceived? That the immortal gods—ever honour the aged, with success. More advanced than ME in years—is

the illustrious Ajax: But that son of another age—that companion of former men: Though incumbered, with years, he is deemed—hard the task it were, in the course—for any Argive to contend, with his speed: Except Achilles, unmatched, in the race!”

HE spoke: And, with the praise, he roused—the mighty soul of the great Achilles: “Antilochus!” the hero replied: “Nor in vain hast thou uttered the praise. I add to thy splendid prize—half a talent of valued gold.” He spoke, and placed it in his hands. The youth received the present, with joy. But the mighty son of Peleus—in the center placed a long spear: A shield and a burnished helm. The arms of the godlike Sarpedon; of which Patroclus had stript his corse. The hero addressed the Argives:

“FOR THESE, we bid two to contend: Two, the most brave of Argives—assuming their martial arms: And raising high the burnished points of their spears. Their mutual force let the warriors try—in the presence of assembled Achaia. He, who first shall touch, with his point—his adversary’s beauteous form: Who shall pierce the bright armour, with steel—and call forth the starting blood: To him I shall give this sword—distinguished, with silver studs. This beauteous, this Thracian sword—which I took from Asteropæus. These arms shall be their equal prize: With a splendid feast, in my lofty tents.”

HE spoke: And straight arose—the mighty Telamonian Ajax. Valiant Diomedes also arose—the stately son of the car-ruling Tydeus. Apart from the crowd, the heroes armed. Ready to engage, they rushed forth. Sternly looking the heroes strode. Sudden terror ran,

cold, through the Argives. When near each other the chiefs advanced—bending forward to mutual wounds. Thrice they rushed, with all their might. Thrice, hand to hand, they urged their spears. Then Ajax, with tremendous force—struck the round orb of the hero's shield. But he touched not his body behind. The shining breast-plate repelled the point. But then Tydides, above the huge shield—sought a passage for the bright-pointed spear—to the tender neck of the mighty foe. But the Argives alarmed for Ajax—bade the heroes to cease, from the fight—and to bear their equal prizes away. But the hero gave to Tydides—the huge Thracian sword, as a prize: Stretching it forth, in its high-wrought sheath: With its belt with silver adorned.

BUT the hero placed, in the midst—a huge orb of unfashioned steel: Dark and rude, from the forge—once thrown, by the strength of Eëtion. But HIM divine Achilles slew—and bore the mighty mass, in his hollow ships: With other spoils of the fallen king. The son of Peleus spoke to the Argives: “Let those quickly arise—who mean to try their force, at this game. He to whom this prize shall fall—though many and fertile his fields—shall not, for five revolving years—need other iron, but this solid orb: Whether he feed the flocks and herds—or o'er vallies conducts the plough. He needs not to repair to the town. This mighty orb shall supply his wants.”

HE spoke: And first arose—Polypoetes, unyielding in fight: And next the strength unmatched—of Leonteus, in form like the gods. Third, arose Telamonian Ajax: Last, the force of the noble Epëus. In order, the heroes stood.

Epëus assumed the huge orb. He threw it whirling, from his hand. All the Argives laughed o'er their lines. Leonteus next dismissed the mass: Third, threw Telamonian Ajax. From his hand robust it flew amain. Beyond all the marks it advanced. But when the hero Polypætēs—seized the heavy orb, in his grasp: Far as the herdsman throws his crook—swiftly-whirling, o'er the backs of the beeves: Such a space measured the hero—beyond all the marks of the chiefs, who threw. Applause spreads o'er the host. The gallant friends of the great Polypætēs—bore, with joint force, to the ships—the mighty prize of their godlike king.

THE hero, for the skilled at the bow—appoints a prize of steel, for their shafts. Ten large axes he placed, in the midst: Ten lesser of tempered steel: A blue-sterned vessel's mast he reared: Upright it stood in the sand. With a string, to the lofty top—he bound, by the foot, a dove: The fluttering mark for the barbed shafts. “The chief destined to pierce, with his shaft—the timid dove, as she trembles on high: Let him bear to his hollow ship—the larger axes, his splendid prize. But he, who straying from the bird—shall the rope, with his arrow divide: He, as least skilled in his art—shall bear the lesser axes away.”

HE spoke: The strength of Teucer rose: Meriones rose, with speed—Idomeneus's friend beloved. The lots are in the helmet thrown: That of Teucer flew forth the first. With mighty force, he dismissed the shaft: Nor did he vow to the bowyer king—a solemn sacrifice to pay, an offering of his earliest lambs. He strayed, from the fluttering bird, Apollo envied.

renown to his bow. But he cut the string, at the foot of the dove: The string, which bound him to the mast. She flew aloft, to the heavens, The string hangs toward the ground: And, o'er the army, swells loud applause.

BUT Meriones, in haste—took the bow, from the hands of Teucer. Long he held the shaft, on the string—pursuing the bird, with his eye. Straight, he vowed to the bowyer god—to Apollo, who shoots from afar: A beautiful offering of earliest lambs. High, beneath the sable clouds—he beheld the timid dove, as she flew. Her as she circled aloft—he struck, beneath the wing, with the shaft. Through and through, passed the eager steel. Returning it fell, fixed in the ground—before the feet of the godlike chief. But the bird sat, aloft, on the mast. She hung her neck and she droopt her wings. The rapid life flew away, from her limbs. Far-distant she dropt, on the strand. Admiring Argos, astonished, beheld. The larger axes were Meriones' prize: Teucer bore the lesser away.

THE son of Peleus produced, a prize—a long javelin, bright-pointed with steel: A caldron, untouched by the flame—an ox's value, and carved with flowers. In the circle he placed them both. Those, who threw the lance appeared. First arose the son of Atreus—the far-commanding Agamemnon. Meriones also arose—the gallant friend of the great Idomeneus. To them thus Achilles divine: “Son of Atreus! To us is well known—how much, in this, thou all excell'st.—In skill thou, by far, art the first.—in force the first, at launching the spear. Receive then, O king, this prize. Bear it, without contest, away. Meriones the spear shall

receive: If such the pleasure of thy soul: For I, only, presume to advise." He spoke: The king of men obeyed. He gave to Meriones the spear. But, in the hands of the herald Talthibius—the hero placed his beauteous prize.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
BOOK XXIV.

**N**OW dismissed is assembled Argos. The host disperse, through the hollow ships. O'er the camp, the repast is prepared. They resign their souls to pleasing repose. But great Achilles weeps forlorn: Still mindful of his friend beloved. HIM all-subduing sleep deserts. He rolls, ceaseless, from side to side: Much-wanting his loved Patroclus: His youthful manhood, his mighty soul. Their deeds together, in succession arose: Their mighty toils, the battles of men: And the tremendous waves—o'er which, they rolled, on the main.

REMEMBERING THESE, the hero sighed—and poured a copious flood of tears. Now, on his side, he lay—now, supine, now prone, in his grief. Then, starting, he rose from his bed—and wandered, darkly, o'er the shore of the main. Nor unlooked-for appeared to his eyes—bright Aurora, on ocean's stream. He joined his fleet steeds to the yoke—and dragged Hector, behind his car. Thrice he drew him round the tomb of the fallen son of the great Menætius. Again he retired to his tent. He left HIM, prone, extended in dust. But Apollo the corse preserved: Still pitying the hero, though dead. He covered him whole with his golden Ægis: Lest, dragging, HE should tear the fair form.

THUS HE, in his unbounded rage—disgraced the corse of Hector divine. But the blest powers, from their skies—much-pitied the god-like man. They advised the watchful Hermes—to remove him, by stealth, from the ships. The counsel pleased the other gods—but not the haughty soul of Juno. It pleased not the god of the main—nor virgin Pallas, with large-rolling eyes. The queens the expedient opposed: As odious to their heavenly souls—was sacred Ilium and the people of Priam—for the wrong done by youthful Paris. HE condemned, with contempt, their charms—when to his cottage, for judgment, they came: And gave his voice to the smiling queen—who bribed his soul with destructive love.

BUT when sprung the twelfth morning in heaven: Then Phœbus Apollo arose—and thus addressed the deathless powers: “ Gods! cruel at once and unjust! Forgot by all is Hector divine? His offerings of the thighs of bulls? His altars smoking, with chosen goats? Yet

permit him not in death—to be borne from his ruthless foe: To be given to the eyes of his spouse—his mother, his infant son: To the aged eyes of his father Priam—to his people dissolved in tears: To give his body to the flame—to pay the last rites to his shade.”

“ But you, ye gods! would favour in all—the wild rage of destructive Achilles: Whose soul, nor justice ever warmed—nor pity ever moved. Like a lion, constant only to rage—following headlong the savage bent—of brutal force and of soul untamed: Who rushes on the flocks and the herds—careless of all, but of blood. Such is your favoured Achilles! Lost to pity, lost to shame! Which often hurts the human race—which aids them, when cherished, with care.”

“ OTHERS lose their friends beloved. Some their brothers, and some their sons. But when they have wept o’er their urns: They dismiss both their sorrow and rage. Fate has formed the minds of men—to feel with keenness, but with patience to bear. But THIS man, with rancour untamed—after having deprived him of life—drags bound to his chariot-wheels, the mangled corpse of Hector divine—round the tomb of his friend beloved. Nor this brings honour to himself—nor avails it, in aught, his friend. Brave, as he is, let HIM beware—lest the rage of the gods should arise. All-furious, he throws disgrace—on a clod of insensible clay.”

To him in wrath replied—the white-armed daughter of Saturn: “ Be thy counsel in all obeyed, O bearer of the silver bow! If the gods, in equal honours have placed—great Achilles and Hector divine. Hector of a mortal born—sucked the breast of a mortal dame. But

Achilles is the race of a goddess: A deathless power, whom I bred and reared: Whom I gave to a hero, Peleus—beloved, from their souls, by the gods. At the nuptials of bright-footed Thetis—the race of heaven were present all. Thon also feasted'st there, with the rest—holding thy resounding lyre. Thou, companion of the bad! Lost to faith as deprived of shame!”

To her the storm-ruling Jove: “Juno, restrain thy wrath. Turn not thy rage on the gods. Nor equal are the honours of both: But Hector was most beloved of the gods—of all who dwelt, in sacred Troy. To the soul of Jove he was dear. Never wanting were his gifts in my fane. Never empty stood the altar of Jove—of suiting sacrifice deprived: Of libations poured, on the earth—of savour that ascended to heaven. These the honours, we partook, from his hands! But let us drop the design of Hermes. Nor by stealth, nor unknown to Achilles—must daring Hector be removed from the ships. Near him, day and night, sojourns—his watchful mother of race divine. But should any deathless power—call to ME the bright-moving Thetis. Prudent counsel I will suggest: That Achilles may desist, from his rage—receive rich presents, from aged Priam: And Hector redeemed restore.”

HE spoke: Various Iris arose: And equalled the winds, in her speed. Between Samos and rocky Imbros—she plunged in the darkened main: The troubled ocean groaned around. Like a plummet she dived in the deep: A plummet, which suspended, with care—to the horn of the mountain-bull—descends quickly beneath the wave—bearing death to voracious fish. She found the queen, in the hollow cave. Other bright daughters of ocean—sat, frequent, around

her throne. She, in the midst of these, be-moaned—the coming fate of her gallant son: Who was destined to perish at Troy—far, far from his native land. Near Thetis stood the various power. Thus the swift messenger began:

“ARISE, bright Thetis, arise! THEE Jove, eternal in wisdom, calls.” To her the bright-moving Thetis: “Why commands the mighty god—wretched Thetis to ascend to his halls? I dread to mix, with the deathless gods. Many sorrows sit deep, on my soul. But yet I will obey. Nor in vain shall issue his words: Whatever his high command.” She spoke: And assumed her dark veil: Nor less dark were her flowing robes. Shrouding, thus, her beauties divine—the most stately of goddesses moved.

THROUGH the troubled billows, they rose: Wind-footed Iris led the way. Divided round are the waves of the main: They arose all-bright on the shore: Then ascended, at once, to the heavens. They found the far-resounding Jove: And around him the deathless gods. Frequent and full the assembly sat: The happy powers, who for ever live! Thetis sat by father Jove: Minerva yielding her place to the queen. Juno placed, in her snow-white hand—the golden cup, filled with Nectar divine. She comforted the queen, with words. She drank and restored the bowl.

To them the father of gods and of men: “Thou hast come to the snow-clad Olympus—O goddess Thetis! though sad, in thy soul, Sorrow not to be forgot—lies deep, in thy deathless breast. To ME not unknown are thy woes. But I will, now, inform thee, Thetis! Why I called thee to the presence divine. Nine days

has subsisted strife—among the race of the deathless gods: Concerning the body of Hector—and Achilles the destroyer of towns. They bade the watchful Hermes—by stealth, to remove the corse. But I the glory for Achilles reserve: Revering thee and thy friendship for Jove. But quickly descend to the camp. Instruct, with thy words, thy son. Tell him, that the gods are enraged: But Jove, the most of all the gods: Because, with ever-furious mind—HE Hector detains, at his ships—nor restores him, redeemed, to his friends. If, in aught, he dreads Jove in his soul—let him quickly restore the chief. But I will, to godlike Priam—dispatch Iris, along the winds: That he may ransom his son beloved: Bearing gifts to the navy of Argos: Bearing gifts to the great Achilles—to appease his relenting soul.”

HE spoke: Beauteous Thetis obeyed. From the summits of snow-clad Olympus—she plunged, with force, on the rushing winds. \* She came to the tent of her son. The hero, within, she found: Pouring frequent groans, from his breast. His companions were busy around: Preparing the grateful repast. A huge sheep, with her heavy fleece—lay slain, in the lofty tent. Near him sat his mother divine. She gently touched him with her hand—and thus, in his ear, she began:

“ My son! how long in thy grief? Thus resigning thy soul to woe? How long, wilt thou, thus, devour thy heart? Forgetful of food and of love? Good it is, when the soul is oppressed—to mix in love with a woman’s charms! Not long is thy term of life. Death approaches, with eager steps. O’er thee hovers thy fate. But listen quickly. Obey my words. To thee I

bring the commands of Jove. The gods, he says, are enraged—but Jove himself, above all the gods. Because, with ever-furious mind—  
 THOU Hector detain'st, at the ships: Nor restor'st him, redeemed, to his friends. But thou restore him redeemed. Receive the ransom, for the corse of the slain."

To her great Achilles replied: "Let him, who redeems, appear. Let him bear, from hence, the dead: If, with soul determined, great Jove—sends his awful commands, from the sky." Thus they, in the ships of the Argives: The mother and son conferred. The son of Saturn commanded Iris—to Ilium exposed to the winds: "Arise, rapid Iris, arise! Leave the seats of the deathless gods. Bear to Ilium my high commands: To godlike Priam bear my commands: To ransom his son beloved: Bearing gifts to the navy of Argos: Bearing gifts to the great Achilles—to appease his relenting soul."

"ALONE let the aged go: Nor other Trojan attend his steps. Let some herald, stricken in years—attend him to guide the mules: To direct the revolving car—to bring the dead to the lofty town: The mighty dead by Achilles slain. Let not death come across his soul. Let no terror creep cold, through his frame. Such a guide, we shall give to his way—watchful Hermes, the friendly god! He shall lead him safe to the ships—and place him before Achilles. Nor shall the hero slay the king. He will protect him, from all his foes. Nor imprudent, nor rash is the chief. Nor yet forgetful of his duty in all. His soul will, with pity, relent. He will spare the suppliant man."

HE spoke: Various Iris arose—and equalled the winds, in speed. She came to the halls of

Priam. She found but laments and woe. The sons around their fathers sat—in the lofty hall of the regal dome. O'er their garments descended their tears. In the midst lay the aged in grief: With a mantle covered his head. Much ashes and sordid earth—strewed the head and the neck of the king. These his hands had poured amain—in the rage of his bitter woes. His daughters and the wives of his sons—lamented aloud, through the halls: Remembering the many and brave—who lay cold and of life deprived—beneath the deadly hands of the Argives.

NEAR Priam stood various Iris. With low voice, the bright goddess began. Sudden starting, he heard her with awe. A sudden tremor ran cold through his joints. “Confide, Priam! Be confirmed in thy soul. Fear not aught. I come not, a foe. I come not some ill to foretell. I come with benevolent soul. To thee I bear the commands of Jove: Who though from THEE so far remote—employs, for THEE, his heavenly care: And pities thy distress. Jove bids thee, with speed, to redeem—the corpse of Hector divine, from the foe: To bear gifts to the great Achilles: To appease his relenting soul.”

“ALONE thou must go to the ships. No Trojan thy steps must attend. Let some herald, stricken in years—ascend to guide the patient mules: To direct the revolving car—to bring the dead to the lofty town: The mighty dead by Achilles slain. Let not death come across thy soul. Let not terror creep cold, through thy frame. Such a guide he will give to thy way: Watchful Hermes, the friendly god. He shall lead thee safe to the ships: And place thee, before Achilles. Nor shall the hero deprive thee

of life. He will protect thee, from all thy foes. Nor imprudent, nor rash, is the chief: Nor yet forgetful of his duty in all. His soul will, with pity, relent. He will spare the suppliant man."

SHE spoke: And mixed, with the winds. But Priam commanded his sons—to join the mules to a four-wheeled wain. He bade them to bind aloft—an ample coffer, the gifts to contain. To his fragrant chamber with speed—descended the eager king. With cedar were lined the walls. Lofty rose its roof to the eye. There laid up were his precious stores. He called Hecuba, his spouse, and began:

"UNHAPPY woman! This instant, from Jove—his messenger came; on the winds. He commands me to ransom my son. To go to the navy of Argos. To carry presents to great Achilles: His relenting soul to appease. But thou, unhappy, convey to mine ear—what seems best to thy mournful soul. Much my mind commands me to go: To bear the gifts to the ships of the Argives—to the wide camp of the ruthless foe."

HE spoke: Loud-shrieked his sad spouse: And thus to her husband began: "Ah! whither is that prudence fled? That wisdom, which heretofore—raised, through foreign realms, thy renown? And rendered thee honoured at home? How can'st move afar alone—to the ships of the Argive powers? To the sight of that ruthless man—who slew thy sons, many and brave? Thy soul is distemp'ered, with grief. Thy heart is to iron turned. Should'st thou fall in his deadly hands: Should he, once, roll his eyes on thy form: The cruel, the perfidious man—with not pity. He will not revere. But let us pour, apart, our tears: Sitting distant, within our

halls. This with his thread, destructive fate—mixed, at the birth of my son. Doomed, when first I brought him to light—to be, thus, devoured by the dogs: Subdued by a relentless man—from his parents distant far. O would that I could quaff his blood! And, on his liver, feed in my woe! Then his wrongs to my son were repaid! Nor, like a coward, Hector fell: But standing, undaunted in fight: For the Trojans and Trojan dames. Unmindful of shameful flight. Undeclining the contest of spears.”

To her the godlike Priam replied: “ Detain me not determined to go. Be no disastrous bird, in my halls: No omen of dire portent. Cease thy request. Dismiss thy fears. Me thou shalt not persuade. Had any other urged my design—any mortal, who treads the earth: Whether prophet or augur divine—or priest, inspired by his god: The tale I might have disbelieved—and avoided to obey the command. But, now, that I heard the voice—that I beheld the speaking power: I will obey, with eager speed. Never vain are the words of the gods! If I am destined to fall—at the ships of the Argives to die—there let me die! Let the ruthless Achilles—lay me dead on my fallen Hector. Let him slay me, when my aged arms—hold fast my departed son: When half my sorrows are dissolved in my tears.”

He spoke: And opened his fragrant chests. Twelve beauteous robes he withdrew, from his stores. Twelve single mantles of splendid size. Twelve carpets, twelve beauteous cloaks: As many vests of glossy hue. Ten talents of the purest gold: Two burnished tripods and caldrons four. A high-laboured bowl he produced

—which Thrace, in solemn embassy—had bestowed on the sovereign of Troy. A mighty gift! but this the aged—spared not, within his lofty halls. Much he wished from his inmost soul—to redeem his son beloved.

THE king, from his lofty gates—drove the Trojans, with bitter words: “Go, unhappy, deserving reproach! Have ye not enough of grief? Dwell no sorrows within your halls? That thus, ye crowd around my gates—to add to my mighty woes? Feel ye no regret for ME? For ME, whom Saturnian Jove—has covered, with so many ills—and deprived of the first of my sons? Ye, also, soon shall feel his loss. His death has made the sons of Troy—a much easier conquest to Argos. But ere I shall behold, with these eyes—my people slaughtered, my city destroyed—may my mournful soul descend—to the dreary regions of death.”

He spoke: And drove them from his gates. They retired, from the wrath of the aged. But he upbraided his own brave sons. On his offspring he poured reproach: On Helenus, on godlike Paris—on Agathon of form divine: On Pammon, on gallant Antiphon: On Polites in battle renowned: On Deiphobus, on valiant Hippothous: On Dios, in form like the gods. These nine, the last of all his race—the aged upbraided with words:

“ARISE, my inglorious sons! O worthy of reproach and shame! Would! that all, at once lay slain—instead of Hector, at the ships of the Argives. Ah me! the most wretched of men! Many gallant sons I begot—the glory, the defence of Troy. But now no remnant remains to my age! Lost for ever is Mestor divine: And Troilus, unmatched on his car!

Hector, mighty Hector is fallen—a descended god among men. He seemed not the son of a mortal man: But of a god, who for ever lives! These all has ruthless Mars destroyed; But ye a mere reproach remain. Deceivers! Dancers! Debauchees! Public robbers of lambs and of kids! Why prepare ye not my car? Why place not the presents aloft? That I may turn my steps, from hence—and perform my journey, with speed.”

He spoke: They revering their chiding sire—drew forth the wain for the mules: Beauteous, fitted with wheels—lately made and compacted with care. Aloft, the ample coffer they bound. The yoke they brought down, from its place. Made of box and well-fitted with rings. The traces they brought down, with the yoke: Nine cubits in length they flowed. These they fitted to the high-polished pole: And drew them backward, through the ring, at its end. Thrice they bound them to the navel before: While behind, each singly was tied. From the bridal chamber, they bore—and placed, aloft, on the polished wain—the rich price of the corse of Hector. They joined the beauteous mules to the car: The splendid gifts of the Mysians to Priam.

For Priam himself, his sons—led forth his beauteous steeds to the yoke: The steeds, which the hands of the aged—fed, with care, in the polished stall. These the herald and godlike Priam—both endued with prudence of soul—join to the car, in the lofty dome. Near, Hecuba, mournful in soul—approached, with sacred wine in her hand. The gold cup she reached to the king—to pour the libation to Jove. She stood

before the beauteous steeds—and, thus, to the godlike Priam:

“ TAKE this. Pour libations to Jove. Raise thy vows to the father of gods: That sale thou may'st return—from the hands of the cruel foe: As thy soul impels thee, with force—against my will, to the navy of Argos. But thou pour thy fervent prayers—to the storm-ruling off-spring of Saturn: To him who, residing on Ida—surveys all Ilium, from high. Demand his own rapid eagle—his most beloved of all the birds: The strongest of the winged race. Demand him, on the right, to fly. Then, beholding the happy sign—thou, with courage, may'st urge thy way—to the ships of the car-ruling Argives. But should the high-rcsounding Jove—his broad-winged messenger deny: Then would I not thy steps impel—to the ships of the warlike Argives: Though eager to redeem thy son.”

To her the godlike Priam replied: “ O woman! I will not refuse—to perform, what thy soul suggests. It is but just to raise my hands to great Jove. The god may hear and pity my woes.” Thus spoke the aged king. He commanded a damsel to pour—purest water, on both his hands. She stood, by the side of the aged—and held forth the bason and ewer. But when he had washed, he received—the golden bowl, from the hand of his spouse, In the sacred circle he stood. He poured forth, in libation the wine. Eycing heaven, with awful regard: He, thus, in prayer aloud:

“ O FATHER Jove! Who reign'st from Ida! Most renowned and greatest of powers! Send me grateful to the tent of Achilles—an object of pity to his soul. Send thy own rapid eagle

abroad : Thy most-beloved of all the birds !  
The strongest of those that fly. Send him  
abroad, on the right : That, beholding the happy  
sign—with courage, my way I may urge—to  
the ships of the car-ruling Argives.”

THUS praying, the aged spoke : Prescient  
Jove heard, from heaven, his voice. Straight  
he sent his broad-winged eagle : The most  
perfect of omens, that fly : The prey-chasing eagle  
of fens—wide-sailing along the winds. Wide  
as the broad-folding gates—of the dome of a  
wealthy man : So broad spread, on either side  
—the ample wings of the sounding bird. To  
the right, he appeared to their eyes—rushing  
large o'er the sacred Troy. Beholding, they  
all rejoiced. Sudden gladness is poured on  
their souls.

WITH eager speed, the aged king—ascended  
the polished car. He drove forth from the  
echoing porch. The mules drew the four-  
wheeled wain, before. These the prudent  
Idæus drove. Behind moved onward the  
steeds : Which the aged lashed forward to  
speed : Quick-flying through sacred Troy. His  
friends all followed his steps. They mourned  
their sovereign, as advancing to death. They,  
now, descended from the gates—and held  
forward their way to the plain. His sons, his  
friends returned to Troy. The aged drove  
slowly along. Nor unobserved, by high-thun-  
dering Jove—they held their way, along the  
field. He spoke to Hermes, his son beloved :

“ O HERMES !” began the god : “ Thee it  
pleases, above other powers—to give thyself, a  
companion to men. Thou hear'st whom thou  
wilt and thou aid'st. Go. Descend, my son.  
So lead Priam to the ships of Achaia—that no

eye shall behold the King : That no Argive shall perceive his approach—till he comes to the son of Peleus.”

He spoke : Not the god disobeyed. Straight he bount to his feet divine—his pinions beauteous and bright, with gold. These bear him, with the speed of the winds—along the face of the troubled main : Along the breast of the wide-spreading earth. He took his wonder-working rod, in his hand : With which he shuts the eyes of mortals, in sleep—or weakens those who are drowned in repose. Holding this, in his hand divine—potent Hermes flew a-main, on the winds. Straight he came to sacred Ilum—to the Hellespont's echoing stream. He began to move, on the land—a princely youth in all his gait : Now on the verge of manhood—graceful in the bloom of his years.

WHEN the aged had driven their cars—beyond the lofty tomb of Ilus : They stopt their mules and their beauteous steeds—to drink of the rushing stream. Doubtful twilight had now spread the world. The aged herald first perceived—the near approach of Hermes divine : And, thus, he spoke to the godlike Priam : “ Consider well, Dardanian Priam. Our wretched state demands prudence of soul. I behold an advancing warrior. Soon, I deem, we are destined to die. Or let us fly, with speed, with our steeds : Or intreat him, seizing his knees : If, perhaps, he will pity our years.”

THE soul of the aged was confused. Dreadful terror invaded him whole. His hair rose upright, o'er all his limbs. Astonished, amazed he stood. Hermes, advancing near—seized the trembling hand of the aged : And, thus he

mildly began: "Whither, father, direct'st thou the mules—thy bounding steeds, through the night divine? When darkness lies heavy on earth? When other mortals enjoy their repose? Dread'st thou not the strength-breathing Argives? Thy mortal foes, and encamped so near? Should any of these behold thee—laden with wealth as thou art—moving forward through darkness and night: What would THEN be the state of thy soul? Nor thou thyself art young, in years—and aged is HE, who attends: How could'st thou ward away a foe: Should he turn, on thy life his arms? But THEE I will not molest in aught: Nay I will others repel: For I compare thee to my father beloved."

To him godlike Priam replied: "True are thy words, my son beloved. All thou hast spoken is true. But, hitherto, some one of the gods—protects me, with his heavenly hand. He sent forward upon my course—THEE, the happy guide of my lonely way: As graceful in thy port and thy form—as prudent and wise is thy soul. May this kindness be repaid by the gods—O thou of happy parents born!"

To him powerful Hermes replied: "True is all, that the aged has said! But tell this; and disguise not the truth. Send'st thou these treasures, so many and rich—to foreign kingdoms, to save them from foes? Or have ye all, astonished with fear—deserted Ilium exposed to the winds? For such was THAT most valiant man—thy son beloved, who has perished in war! Nor, yielded the hero, in aught—to the Argives, with brazen mails."

To him godlike Priam replied: "Who art thou, O best of men! Of what parents art

thou born? Who know'st so well my wretched state? And the death of my hapless son?"

To him began the powerful Hermes: "Thou temptest me, aged king! In, thus, enquiring about Hector divine. Often, in the strife of renown—have these eyes beheld the chief: Driving the vanquished Greeks to their ships: Breaking their firm ranks, with his spear. We, standing, admired the hero. Achilles, with Atrides—enraged—detained us, on the shore, from the fight. His servant I am, in the war. The same vessel brought us both to high Troy. Of the Myrmidons I am; My father Polyctor is called. Abounding in wealth is the chief: And, like thee, he is stricken in years. Six sons still remain in his halls: I, the seventh, came, o'er ocean, to Troy. The lots were thrown between us all: Fate decreed me to follow Achilles. But now I came, from the ships, to the field. Tomorrow, the black-eyed Argives—will urge the battle around thy walls. Ill they bear to sit secure, in their camp: Nor can the kings of assembled Argos—restrain them, in their ardour for blood."

To him replied the godlike Priam: "If, in truth, thou art the follower in arms—of Achilles, the son of Peleus: Tell me truly the state of things: Remains still, at the ships, my son: Or has Achilles exposed him to dogs—to be torn, limb by limb, as their prey."

"O AGED king!" replied the god: "Nor the dogs have devoured thy son: Nor rest, upon him, the birds of prey. Still he lies at the ship of Achilles: Neglected in the tents of his foe. The twelfth day has passed o'er his fall: Nor yet his body is tainted, in aught. Him no lazy worms devour—wont to feed, on the

slaughtered in war. Him, round the tomb of his friend beloved—he drags unaided behind his car—when beauteous morning ascends on the world. But the body remains unsoiled. Him, with wonder, thine eyes shall behold. In dewy slumber he seems to lie. The blood is washed away from his corse: In no part disfigured or torn: His wounds all are closed to the sight. The many wounds, which, along his bright form—they inflicted, with pointed steel. Such care have the deathless gods—employed, for thy son, though dead: For much beloved was the chief, by their souls.”

REPLETE with joy, the aged replied: “ Good it is, my son beloved! To pay their just rights to the deathless gods. Nor ever did my gallant son—while yet he breathed and saw the light—forget, in his halls, the gods: Who broad Olympus possess, on high. They, therefore, have remembered my son—even, in the shadow of ruthless death. But thou receive this gift, from my hand—this beauteous, high-laboured bowl. But thou protect me, bear me safely along—under the guidance of favouring gods: To the tent of the great son of Peleus.”

To him friendly Hermes replied: “ Tempt not my youth, aged king! ME thou shalt not persuade. Bid me not to receive thy gifts—unknown to the mighty Achilles. Much I shudder and dread in my soul—to despoil him of aught of his due: Lest evil should follow the crime. But thy leader and guard on the way—I would go to the far-famed Argos: Or in the swift ship, o’er the main—or companion of thy journey, by land. Nor should any, despising thy guide—lift his arms against thy life.”

HE spoke: And Hermes, with a bound—mounted the resounding car. He seized the reins and the whip, in his hand. He breathed strength, on the mules and the steeds. But when they came to the towers of the Argives—to their wall and their trench profound: They found the guards preparing the repast. The god poured slumber, o'er all their lids. He opened at once the gates—throwing back the mighty bars, with his hand. He brought forward the godlike Priam: With all the treasure stowed, on the wain.

Now they came to the lofty tent—of the mighty offspring of Peleus. The tent, which the Myrmidons reared—for their car-ruling king, on the shore. Its pillars and walls were of pine: The roof, aloft, was covered with reeds—shorn, with care, from the fenny field. Paled around was the whole with thick stakes: Forming a wide court for the king. One huge bar of mountain-pine—held fast, with massy length, the gate: Which three Argives could scarcely close. Three could scarce unbar the door: Achilles shut it, with ease, alone. This Hermes opened wide to the aged: And led, inward, the splendid gifts—now destined, for the swift son of Peleus.

HE descended, from the car, on the ground: And, thus, to Priam his words addressed: “O aged king! A god I am. Deathless Hermes, I descend from the sky. Jove gave me, as thy leader and guide—through the night to the navy of Argos. But I will return to the dwelling of gods: Nor will I come to the eyes of Achilles. Unbecoming it were for the deathless powers—thus openly to favour mankind. But enter thou the lofty tent. Embrace the

knees of the great son of Peleus. Adjure the hero by his father—by his mother of charms divine: By the soul of his son beloved: That thou may'st move his mighty soul” . . .

Thus speaking, friendly Hermes retired. To the snow-clad Olympus he rose. Priam lighted, from his car, on the ground. He left without, the aged Idæus. He remained to restrain the steeds. Right forward the aged moved: To where sat Achilles, beloved by the storm-ruling Jove. Two only remained of his train. They standing await their lord: The hero Automedon,—and Alcimus, a branch of Mars. The king had just ceased the repast: Nor yet was the table removed. Unseen of all entered Priam divine. Standing near, he seized the knees of Achilles: And kissed his terrible, his slaughtering hands: Which so many of his offspring had slain.

As when evil comes, with weight, on a man—who has murder committed at home. To a neighbouring nation he flies: To the halls of some wealthy man. Silent, at once, he appears: Wonder stiffens all those, who behold. So astonished was great Achilles: When first he saw Priam divine. The others stood, amazed, around: On each other, they looked, with surprise. Then Priam, with a suppliant voice—thus began, in the hero's ear:

“REMEMBER thy father, O Achilles in form like the gods! Thy father, equal in years with ME: On the last limits of feeble age! Him, perhaps, his neighbours, in arms—oppress, on every side, with war. Nor any is near the aged—to turn evil and destruction away. Yet HE, still hearing that THOU liv'st—admits a beam of joy to his soul. From day to day, the hero

hopes—to behold his son beloved—returning from Troy with renown.”

“ BUT I, the most unhappy of men ! I begot many valiant sons—in the wide limits of sacred Troy : Nor deem I that ONE remains. Fifty gallant sons were mine—when the sons of the Argives came. One and twenty of one mother were born : The rest other dames brought forth—in my lofty halls in Troy. Of these the most, destructive Mars—unbraced in death, in the contest of spears. HE alone who remained to ME—who defended the people and town : Him thou lately hast slain—fighting for his native land. Hector, THOU hast lately slain : For his sake have I come to the ships. To ransom his corse, from thy hands—rich and many are the presents I bring. But thou revere the gods, Achilles. Pity, also, hapless ME. Remember thy father in years. Him I, in wretchedness, transcend, I sustained, what no mortal ere bore—no wretch, that crawls o’er the earth : I sustained, in my sore distress—to lay to my lips, that hand : That slaughtering hand, that still seems red—with the blood of my many sons.”

HE spoke : And awaked to the hero—the mournful memory of his sire. Taking, in his hand, his hand—he gently removed from him, the aged. Reflecting on the past, they wept. THIS remembering illustrious Hector—poured amain his flowing tears : Rolled in dust, at the feet of Achilles. But Achilles mourned his father : To Patroclus, sometimes, wandered his soul. Their groans were mixed, as they rose—and filled the halls of the slaying king. But when Achilles divine—had glutted his soul with woe : When the darkness dispersed from his mind—and soft regret vanished away. Straight

he started, from his seat. He raised the aged by the hand. He pitied his snow-white head—his beard now hoary with years. With winged words the hero began:

“AH hapless man! Surely THOU—many evils hast suffered, in soul. How could'st thou sustain alone—to come to the navy of Argos? To come to the eyes of a man: Who so many has slain of thy sons? Thy mind is hardened, in thy breast. Thy heart is covered, with steel. But now, with confidence, sit, in thy place. We must suffer our woes to abate: Though grieving both in our souls. Unavailing is bitter grief. Yet such the fate, which the gods have imposed—on hapless mortals: To live in tears! Whilst they themselves, in bliss, sojourn.

“Two urns are placed above—at the threshold of storm-ruling Jove. The one with evils replete: The other filled with good. HE, to whom the thunder-delighted king—shall mix, from both, his fated cup: Now is plunged in dreadful ills—now, with happiness is crowned. But HE, to whom the evil he gives—is rendered ever obnoxious to wrongs. Him dire calamity pursues—o'er the face of the bounteous earth. He strays, unhonoured by the gods: By mortals detested, despised.”

“THE deathless gods, from his birth—with their blessings covered Peleus divine. Above other mortals he rose adorned—with wealth, with honours, and with power. O'er a people, he reigned with renown. They gave a goddess, a spouse to his arms. But even on him, Jove evil poured. No offspring were born, in his halls—to succeed to his scepter and throne. One only son the chief begot: And he is destined to early death. Nor cherish I the king, in his

age. Far, far from my native land: I sit here before high Troy: Pouring sorrows, on thee and thy race."

"Thou also, as fame reports—wert covered once with wealth and with power: From beautiful Lesbos' blissful seats—to Phrygia's utmost bounds: From its limits, that verge to the south—to the Hellespont's echoing streams: All, old man, obeyed thy voice: All others excelling in wealth, in the number of gallant sons. But ever since the deathless gods—have poured this destruction on Troy: Ceaseless battles are urged round thy walls: Thy plains are drenched, with the blood of thy friends. But bear all. From thy soul dispel—the ceaseless grief that shrouds it around. It nothing avails to mourn—for ever to grieve for thy son. He shall not arise, at thy voice: Thou sooner shalt feel other woes."

To him Priam, in form like the gods: "Place me not, in that chair of state, O descendant of prescient Jove! Whilst Hector unburied remains—stretched in death, in thy lofty tents. But quickly restore my son: That these eyes may roll over his wounds. But thou receive the gifts,—which many and rich we have brought. May'st thou enjoy them long: And return safe to thy native land: As thou hast pitied my sore distress: As thou hast suffered me still to live—to behold the splendid light of the sun."

STERNLY-looking on the king—the great Achilles replied: "No farther tempt my soul, old man! I myself had already resolved—to restore Hector, for presents of price. The messenger of thundering Jove—came the goddess, who brought me forth—the bright daughter of hoary Nereus. But well, Priam, I know, in my soul: That some one of the deathless gods—led

thee hither to the ships of the Argives. No mortal durst have entered this camp: Though brave in battle and blooming in years: Nor could he our guards deceive: Nor, with ease, have disclosed our gates. Rouze not, therefore, my soul to grief: Nor renew my declining rage: Lest, old man, I suffer thee not—though a suppliant, within my tents! Lest I break the commands of Jove.”

He spoke: The aged shuddered, with fear. He obeyed the high command. The son of Peleus, like a lion in force—bounded forth, from the hall, alone. Two followers attended his steps: Automedon and Alcimus brave. These he honoured most of his friends—since Patroclus resigned to death. They loosed from the car the steeds: The beauteous mules, from the four-wheeled wain. They led the herald to the tent: And placed him, in a lofty seat. From the polished seat of the wain—they unloosed the ransom of Hector divine. Two palls and a glossy vest—they left to cover the body from view. Achilles called forth the maids—to wash the corse, to anoint it with oil. He bade them to bear it apart—lest Priam should behold his son: Lest his rage should kindle, in grief—at the sight of the mangled dead: Lest Achilles again provoked—should slay the aged, in fury of soul: And break the awful commands of Jove,

When the damsels had washed the corse—and anointed it over with oil: They cloathed it with the glossy vest: And threw the beauteous pall above. Achilles placed it himself, on the bier: His friends raised it to the seat of the wain. The hero groaned from his inmost soul: And called, by name, his departed friend: “Let not, O

Patroclus beloved! Let not thy wrath arise:  
Should'st thou hear, in the regions of death—  
that I have Hector restored to his sire. Not  
unworthy are the presents he gave. Thy share,  
as becomes, shall be thine: But let not thy  
wrath arise.”

HE spoke: And Achilles divine—returned to  
his lofty tent. He sat in his high-laboured seat  
—which the hero had left, when he rose. He  
sat against the wall opposed—and thus he, to  
Priam, began: “Thy son is restored, aged  
king! Thy commands in all obeyed. He lies  
on his lofty bier. When the morning shall rise,  
on the world—thou shalt bear him hence and  
behold. But now let us think of repast: For  
even the long-haired Niobe—thought of food  
in unequalled woes. SHE to whom, in their  
blood—twelve children lay slain in her halls.  
Six daughters of beauty divine—six sons, in the  
bloom of their years. These Apollo slew, with  
his silver bow—enraged at Niobe's vaunts:  
Those fell by the shafted Diana—who delights  
in the sounding bow: Because Niobe equalled  
herself—to bright Latona with long, heavy  
locks. The goddess two brought forth, she  
said: To herself many were born: But these  
many perished, at once—beneath the hands of  
the heavenly two.”

“NINE days they lay stretched, in their  
blood. None remained to bury the dead: For  
the son of the prudent Saturn—had converted  
the people to stones. When the tenth sacred  
morning arose—the deathless gods interred the  
slain. Yet SHE remembered the repast—when  
tired of pouring her tears. Now some where,  
among the rocks—on the sides of the desert  
hills: In Sipylus, where, they say, are the halls

—the secret chambers of the light-tripping nymphs—who lead the dance near huge Ache-lous: THERE, though changed into a stone—she still suffers the heaven-sent woes. But let us remember the pleasing repast—O aged king of form divine. Hereafter thou may'st weep o'er thy son—thy son beloved, when borne to Troy. Regretted by thee is the chief: And worthy of many tears.”

Thus saying, great Achilles arose. He slew a snow-white sheep, with speed. His friends flead and dressed it, with care. The pieces cut are transfix'd, with spits. They roasted the whole, with skill: And placed the meat, on the smoking board. Automedon, in beauteous baskets—handed, round the table, the bread. Achilles himself divided the flesh to all. Then THEY to the ready food—extended, at once, their hands. But when the desire, for food and wine—was removed from their sated souls: Dardanian Priam, with wonder gaz'd—on great Achilles the son of Peleus. He admired his stature, his beauty, his shape: For, like the gods, was the hero in form. But the mighty Achilles admir'd—the awful looks of Dardanian Priam: Beholding his graceful mien: And hearing his princely voice.

BUT when their souls were satisfied—in sur-veying each other, in silence: To the hero first began—aged Priam, in form like the gods: “Send me quickly to rest—O favoured descendant of Jove! Suffer me, with pleasing repose, to indulge my weary limbs: For never shut have been mine eyes—beneath these wake-ful, tearful lids: Since that day, that beneath thy hands—my son poured his soul, on the winds. Ceaseless, arose my groans. I suffered

a thousand woes: Rolling in the dust obscene—  
in the court of my lofty dome. Now, at length,  
I have tasted food—and shared the draught of  
dark-red wine. Of neither, till now, I partook.”

HE spoke: Achilles issued commands—to his  
friends and attendant maids: To spread the  
beds, in the lofty porch: To lay the purple  
blankets, beneath—to spread the beauteous  
carpets above: To stretch along the ground,  
with speed—the ample breadth of the shaggy  
hides. The maids issued forth from the hall:  
Holding each a torch, in her hand. Two beds  
they suddenly formed. Meantime Achilles  
divine—rouzed false fear, in the soul of the  
aged:

“ SLEEP without, beloved old man! Lest  
some chief of the Argive powers—should come,  
as wont, to my lofty tent—to ask my advice, in  
the war. Should any leader of these behold  
thee—lying here, in the night divine: Straight  
he would convey the news—to the shepherd of  
his people Atides. Then, perhaps, some delay  
might be formed—against redeeming the corse  
of thy son. But now tell me truly, old man!  
How many days shall the rites require—for the  
funeral of Hector divine. That I myself may  
abstain, from the fight: That the troops I may,  
also, restrain?”

To him answered the godlike Priam: “ If  
thou permit'st me, with pomp, to consign—the  
corse of Hector divine to the tomb: Great the  
favour thou grant'st, O Achilles! And grateful  
to Priam's soul. Well thou know'st, high  
descendant of Jove! That inclosed we are, in  
our walls: That distant far is the wood—on the  
brows of the echoing hills: That the Trojans  
are afraid of the foe. Nine days shall we weep,

in our halls: On the tenth inter the dead—and spread the funeral feast to the host. On the eleventh, the tomb we shall rear: On the twelfth, rush again to the fight: Since hard necessity commands.”

“It shall be so!” Achilles replied: “Aged Priam, thy commands are obeyed. For so long I will hinder the fight: And grant the request of thy soul.” He spoke, and took the hand of the aged: His right hand, to confirm his soul. Both lay in the porch of the hall: Aged Priam and the herald divine—both replete, with prudence of soul. But Achilles retired to rest—in the inmost recess of his tent. He lay by the graceful side—of Briseïs with long, heavy locks.

THE other gods are sunk in rest. Men resign the night to repose. Subdued with pleasing sleep, they lie: But slumber rests not on art-loving Hermes. The god revolves deep in his soul—how to lead Priam away—from the navy of warlike Argos: To the sacred guards of the gates unknown. He stood, above the head of the aged—and thus poured his voice divine, in his ear:

“COMMANDS not thy state aught of thy care? Whil’st thus thou yieldest to repose among foes? Unhurt thou remain’st by Achilles. With much wealth thou hast ransomed thy son. Yet thrice the wealth, thou hast bestowed—thy children left shall pay for THEE: Should Agamemnon, the son of Atreus—should all the Argives know that HERE—thou passest the night, in repose.”

HE spoke: The old man shuddering arose. He awaked the herald divine. Hermes harnessed the steeds and the mules. He drove them quick, through the camp of the Argives:

And none perceived them, as they passed. But when they came to the clear-rushing stream of gulphy Xanthus, descended of Jove: Hermes rose, on the winds, to Olympus: Aurora, in her saffron-robe—spread her light, o'er the face of the world. The aged, with groans and loud laments—drove forward their steeds to the town. The mules bore the body along. Nor any other of men—of women elegantly zoned—perceived the aged, as they came: But Cassandra, like golden Venus. Ascending high Pergamus, the maid—beheld first her father beloved. She beheld him, in his polished car—with the herald divine, by his side. HIM she saw, on the waja—stretched in death, on the lofty bier. Shriill rose the voice of her woe: She, thus, aloud, as she rushed, through the town:

“Go forth, O Trojans and Trojan dames! Go. Meet Hector—if him when alive—ye met with joy returning from war. Great the gladness was the hero to all—to the city, to the people of Troy: But, now, he returns, their woe!” She spoke: They pouted all, through the gates. Nor man nor woman remained in Troy. Sorrow not to be borne—rushed darkly, on all their souls. Near the walls they met the corse. His spouse beloved, his mother revered—tore their hair, as they rushed to the wain: And touched the head of their much-beloved. The whole people stood around, in their tears. Now had they wept down the whole day—to the fall of the western sun: Pouring forth a flood of tears—for Hector divine, at the gates: If the aged had not, thus, from his car—addressed his people all wailing around:

“GIVE way, my people beloved! Open wide a path for the mules. Ye may glut yourselves

with tears—when I shall bear him home to his halls.” He spoke: They divided apace. They opened a path for the wain. When they bore, to his lofty halls, the dead: They placed him, on a beauteous bed. The mournful singers are near him disposed—to raise the doleful funeral-song. They mixed the sad air, with their groans: Women, near, raised the voice of their grief. The white-armed Andromachè came. She first began the mighty woe: Holding in her snow-white hands—the graceful head of the slaying king:

“ My husband, fallen in early youth! ME a widow, thou hast left, in thy halls. Thy son, an infant, thou hast left: The wretched son of a hapless pair. Nor he, I deem, shall rise to man. Soon this city shall sink to the dust. Thou, its defender, art gone: Thou, the guardian of lofty Troy! The preserver of its feeble dames—of its infants of tender years! But THEY shall be borne o’er the main: And I, among the weeping slaves. Thou, my son, shalt attend: To be employed, in unworthy toils: To labour for some lord unkind. Or some ONE of the Argives—shall hurl thee, headlong, to death, from a tower: Enraged for the fall of a brother—a father or son beloved—whom Hector slew, in the strife of renown. For many warriors of distant Argos—bit in death, the bloody ground: Beneath the hands of Hector divine. Not mild was thy father, in dismal fight: For this his native city mourns: For this his people are melted in tears. Endless, Hector, are the woes—the sorrows unspeakably great—which cloud thy wretched parents, in years. But I, the most, am abandoned to grief: More heavy is the weight, on my soul. Thou hast not stretched

to ME, from thy bed—with feeble effort, thy dying hand: Thou hast not poured thy latter words, in mine ear: To be recorded in my soul—day and night, the subject of flowing tears.”

Thus weeping Andromachè spoke. The dames added their sighs to her groans. In the midst hapless Hecuba rose: And thus began the bitter woe: “Hector, most beloved of her sons—by Hecuba’s mournful soul. Surely thou, while yet alive—wert dear to the deathless gods. To thee, also, they extended their care—when covered, with the cloud of death. My other sons, destructive Achilles—when he seized them, he sold afar: Across the waste waves of the main: To Samos, to rocky Imbros—to Lemnos destitute of ports. But when, with his long-pointed spear—he deprived thee, O Hector, of life: He dragged thee dishonoured, around—the lofty tomb of his friend Patroclus: Whom thy spear laid in death, in the fight. But now, though dead, thou seem’st to lie—in dewy slumber and fresh in the halls: Like HIM, whom the bowyer Phœbus—lays in death with his gentle darts.”

Thus weeping, the mother spoke. She waked the voice of sorrow round. Beauteous Helen came, the third: And thus the queen began the woe: “O Hector, most beloved, by my soul—of all my brothers in lofty Troy. Would! I had perished, ere that day—when Alexander of form divine—brought me hither to Ilium, espoused. The twentieth year is rolling past: Since I left, in evil hour—the loved shore of my native land. Never from thee, O Hector—heard I a hard, a reproachful word. But when, in the lofty halls—any other upbraided Helen: Or brother or scornful sister,

—haughty, with her sweeping train: Or even Hecuba. Princely Priam—like a father, was ever mild: Thou did'st always restrain their scorn: And soothe me, with gentle words. For this, I mourn thee laid in death: In thee, my hapless self I mourn: And feel the sorrow deep, on my heart. For now, in wide-extended Troy—no friend, no protector have I. By all hated, by all abhorred—an outcast, forlorn and lost!”

Thus weeping, spoke beautiful Helen. The whole people loud-wailed around. Priam spoke, at length, in the midst. Troy listened to the voice of her king: “Haste. Bring wood to the city, O Trojans. Fear not, in your cautious souls—the deep ambush of warlike Argos. Achilles, when he sent me to Troy—from the hollow ships of the Argive powers—promised to abstain, from the fight: Till the twelfth morning shall arise, on the world.”

He spoke: They were roused to the toil. Mules and oxen were joined to the wains. Nine days, they gathered the wood: But when the tenth morning arose—displaying light to mortal men. Then they brought forth, in their tears—the corpse of the daring Hector. They placed it, on the top of the pile: And kindled, below, the flame. But when the daughter of the dawn—the rosy-fingered Aurora appeared: The frequent people convened—around the pyre of Hector divine.

When all were convened around—spreading wide their murmuring lines: They extinguished the pyre, with red wine: All that the flame had seized. Then his brothers, his companions beloved—collected the snow-white bones. Frequent rose their heavy groans: Fast descended

the tears, on their cheeks. In a golden urn they disposed the bones: Wrapt round with a soft, purple veil. They placed the urn, in a hollow trench: Above they laid, in order, huge stones. Around the whole they rolled the mound. Scouts were placed, on every side: Lest the Argives should descend, on the town. Having gathered the mound, they returned: Sitting frequent they shared the sad feast: In the halls of the godlike Priam: A king descended from thundering Jove!—Thus THEY paid the funeral rites—to Hector, the breaker of steeds.

*Thus they gave  
the funeral . . .*

FINIS.



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